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The International Magazine for Men

September 1994

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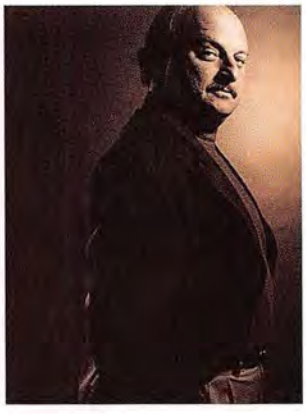

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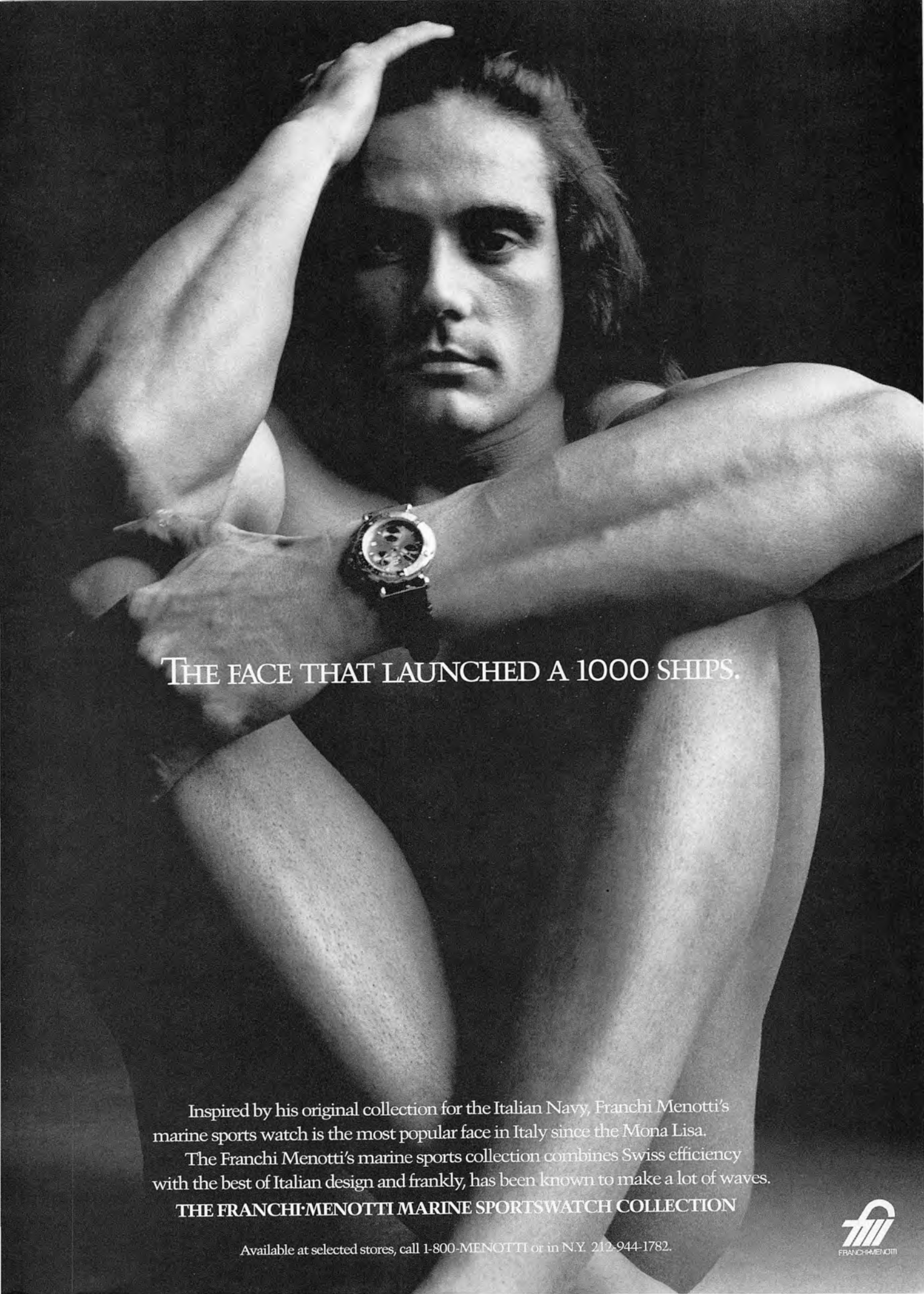
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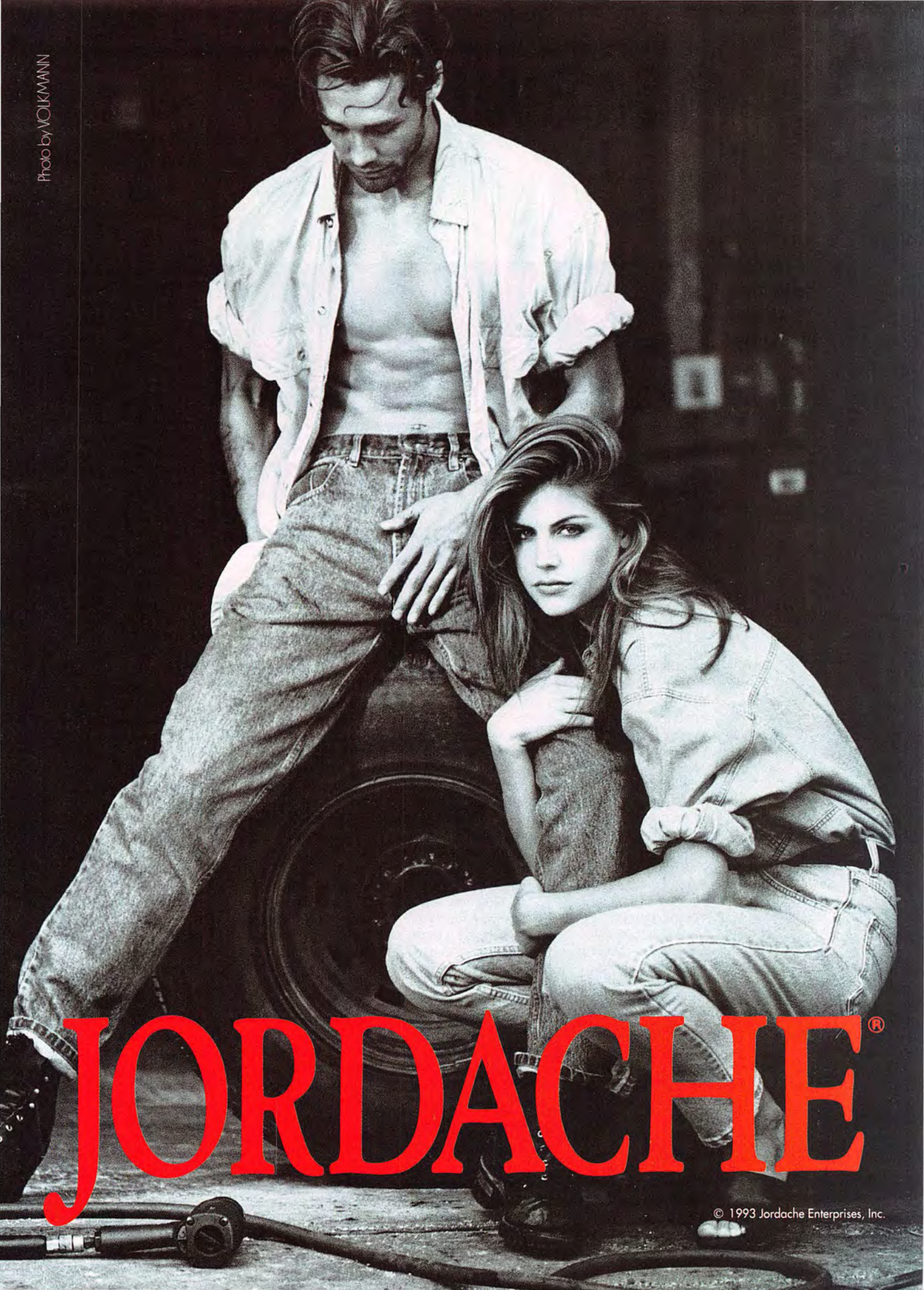
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HOUSECALL

An open letter from all of us to all of you.

Dear Readers:
Welcome to our birthday party! You're holding the largest, most expensive, most visually stunning, and most controversial issue of any magazine that we—and probably anyone else—have ever produced. Beauty and controversy: Those are the hallmarks of *Penthouse* magazine, now and when our story began.

It's strange. In several respects, that time was eerily similar to today. Emerging from years of sexual repression and denial, young people in the late 1960s were ready to celebrate their own sensuousness, rejecting generations of puritanical overlords. Similarly, it's thrilling to see today's youth beginning to cast aside the deadly anti-sexuality of the radical feminists and their bedfellows of the religious right.

But, of course, the changes that have transpired during these last 25 years have been staggering. For one thing, the very notion of this huge and expensive issue, overflowing with advertisements for some of the world's leading companies, would have been dismissed as our own sexual fantasy at the time that we first introduced *Penthouse* to America.

In 1969, few advertisers were ready to help support a publication that gloried, as we do, in the explicit and truthful representation of beautiful human beings enjoying the bodies that nature gave them. It's almost laughable to recall, in these days of naked models spreading their wares over advertising billboards, that we ignited an international scandal when we became the first national magazine to show real women with real pubic hair.

We also dared to publish articles that affected the lives of our readers. At the time the Vietnam War was still raging, for example, we exposed in dozens of articles the shocking neglect and abandonment that the veterans of that terrible war were suffering. And throughout the past 25 years, we've continually reported on the genocide committed by the medical establishment, the abuses of our so-called intelligence community, and the eternal permutations of government and organized crime.

All these traditions, we're proud to say, are still very much alive and thriving. At a time when "journalism" of the rich and famous has reached its nadir in airbrushed promotional profiles, you'll discover among these pages—as if you haven't already looked!—the most candid and intimate celebrity pictures ever published. But you won't want to overlook our other pictorials, each one a red-hot, multifaceted paean to sensuality.

And side by side, you'll find some of today's best writers and artists, each with a compelling point of view—Pulitzer Prize winners **Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.**, and **Sydney H. Schanberg** on the dangers of the P.C. movement on campus and the ongoing cover-up of Vietnam War POWs ... an excerpt from **Nick Tosches**'s sizzling new novel, *Trinities* (to be published by Doubleday) ... **Gary Null**'s report on the mysterious Gulf War Syndrome and how our own government inflicted more injuries on American GIs during Desert Storm than did Saddam Hussein ... drawings by **Edward Sorel**, probably America's leading satirist ... and much, much more—a virtual cornucopia of reading and visual splendor.

Finally, we'd like to pay tribute to those who are more crucial to our success than any writers, photographers, or advertisers ... you, our wonderfully loyal readers, friends, and supporters, whose letters and encouragement have been absolutely vital to us for all these years. This magazine is dedicated to you. Enjoy all of it ... keep in touch ... and join all of us in a toast to the next quarter century.

Salut!

—The *Penthouse* staff

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

The Best of All

For this special Anniversary Issue, we're happy to present some of the best "Forum" letters, which have amused, shocked, titillated, thrilled, and turned on hundreds of millions of readers for the last 25 years. We hope that millions more of you will contribute to "Forum's" next quarter century.

Auto-Suck

I'm one of those fortunate guys who is able to suck himself off. It isn't that my cock is so long (not quite seven inches)—rather, it is my ability to bend my body more than most people.

The first time I was able to touch the tip of my cock with my tongue, I really went wild. For two or three weeks, I was making myself come that way five or six times a day. Actually, I was a little afraid that I was becoming a sex maniac, but I just couldn't resist. The more I did it, the more of my cock I was able to get into my mouth. (Incidentally, I'm convinced that anyone with a cock the size of mine can train himself to do it.)

It was only about a year ago that I learned I could make good money by putting on a show. At that time, I met a really horny broad, and during one of our sex sessions, I offered to demonstrate. I drove her wild, and she asked me if I would put on a show for some of her friends. I was sort of reluctant at first, but then she said she was sure she could get all her friends to chip in at least $10 each. She didn't tell her friends what they were going to see, except that it was a sex thrill they wouldn't believe.

When the day came, we went into the bedroom. The women undressed me, and I climbed on the bed. With all those sexy women around, with their sexy perfume, I had no trouble getting a good hard-on. I began jerking myself off, and one of the ladies said, "Is *that* what we paid ten bucks to see?" Then I put it in my mouth and sucked until I got a mouthful. I let it drip out over my cock and balls.

The women thought it was the greatest show they'd ever seen, and a couple of them were so hot, they asked me to fuck them right there. My girlfriend, however, who's a little jealous, said they only paid to see me blow myself.

I've put on shows for a number of groups since then, some including guys as well as gals. It's a nice, easy way to bring in some extra cash (although now, putting on a show is such a great experience for me, I'd probably do it for nothing).—*Name and address withheld*

Blender Sex

I have an enlightening experience to relate to your readers. After reading about and trying some of your ways of jacking off, I have found my own unique way.

I put a banana into an empty blender, then I add a good amount of rum. I turn on the blender and mix until the concoction is mildly chunky. Next I insert my hard cock into the blender and turn it back on—slowly at first, then faster (those of you who are especially large, watch out for the blades at the bottom!).

The first time I tried this, I

found it to be the most electrifying experience I had ever had, and I came like I'd never come before! My wife loves to lick me clean, then we share the enriched drink. It tastes like no other.—*Name and address withheld*

Editor's note: Obviously, no sane person would do this. However, you might want to try this tasty cocktail without turning on the blender ... or at least not until after *you're safely away from the blades.*

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SEPTEMBER

FOR A BETTER HEAD ...

My boyfriend sure enjoys his blowjobs, and I usually don't mind giving them, but several weeks ago, he asked me to go down on him when I had a terrible cold. I didn't feel like it, but after a little persuasion, I did it. I did not take the mentholated cough drop out of my mouth, and he said it added a special tingle to the head of his cock. In no time at all, he was coming like *mad*! He said that it was so good, we should share it with the public.—*Name and address withheld*

SPECIAL SAUCE

I was always afraid of writing to "Forum" about what turns my girlfriend and me on, because I always felt that it was a bit perverted. But after reading this magazine, I've come to the awareness that nothing is perverted.

When my girlfriend does not feel like cooking dinner, which recently has been practically every night, I stop off at McDonald's and buy four Big Macs. Two are for dinner, and the other two help give us sexual pleasure.

After eating, we take the Big Macs into our bedroom, undress, and get into bed. My girlfriend takes one Big Mac and spreads the special sauce on my cock. Then she takes the all-beef patties, forms a tube around my dick with them, and proceeds to jerk me off. I just can't describe how great my orgasms are because of the unique texture of the patties.

While she's doing this, I grab the other Big Mac. I make a simple dildo out of a patty and jerk her off with it, using the sauce as lubricant. Lately, she hasn't needed the lube because she comes just *looking* at a Big Mac.

After we're both finished, we lick each other clean. I wonder if any other people enjoy this type of sex. If not, I would seriously recommend it to everyone.—*Name and address withheld*

BAG OF TRICKS

The amount of truly enlightening letters that *Penthouse* publishes each month is really encouraging to the modern-day sexual athlete. By reading your magazine, many rewarding approaches to sex can be added to one's repertoire of "tricks," so to speak. I have been fortunate enough to learn several interesting sexual techniques, two of which I shall now relate.

I spent last New Year's Eve at a New York night spot, and I met a rather good-looking young Spanish woman. She took me home to her place and practically demanded that I strip stark naked. Then she taught me her first trick, which was a masochist's delight. She called it "buddy breathing," and it is accomplished by two people breathing in and out of each other's mouth while not allowing any outside air to enter through their nose. Needless to say, the choking sensation derived from this is sheer ecstasy.

When we were both on the verge of collapse from lack of oxygen, she ran into the kitchen and, to my surprise, returned with a tray of ice cubes. After placing several in her mouth, she began sucking voraciously on my enlarged member. I can assure you that a climax achieved under such circumstances is something akin to an explosion.

When I recovered enough to move, she manipulated me into a state of unsurpassed erection from which I have yet to recover. I urgently entered her, and it was then that I discovered she was a virgin, previously untouched by a phallus. This added to my intense emotion and proved to make it an even more satisfying event. "Learn by doing" is my lifelong motto. I have since married this girl, and we wear each other out several times a day.—*Name and address withheld*

THREE'S COMPANY

Your magazine has been instrumental in solving a problem that my husband and I had for the last six years of our eight-year marriage. Your article on troilism [threesomes] and the "Forum" letter describing a sexual encounter with a woman hitchhiker combined to provide the solution. Perhaps it will be of interest to others.

I married my husband when I was quite young and a virgin. Getting married caused me to cut short my college career after barely beginning. Within two years I began to resent the marriage because it had happened too soon. It had denied me the sexual experimentation that I had always believed to be an intrinsic part of a college education. This resentment culminated in an arrangement to have a motel owner send me lovers during weekends that my husband was away. I sexually satisfied over a dozen men, but strong feelings of guilt prevented me from reaching an orgasm. Your troilism article caused me to realize that while I desired sex with other men, I could not gain any satisfaction without my husband's participation.

Since I disclosed the motel affairs to my sympathetic and intelligent husband a few months ago, we have enjoyed sexual threesomes with hitchhikers. Our method, though we were clumsy and self-conscious at first, is really quite simple and very exciting. We have an automobile that sits three in the front. A U.S. Marine training base some distance from our home provides an abundance of young, handsome, and clean hitchhikers. A touch on my husband's leg signals my approval of the hitchhiker and the start of our mutual seduction.

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It is not difficult to get a young marine involved in a chat about sex. We encourage this by telling each young man of our own experiences, and we never fail to mention troilism. The conversation is deftly directed to my legs, and my husband raises my skirt to demonstrate his point. Then, illuminated by either daylight or a dashboard light, our young friend is treated to a view of sexy panties or the very smooth mound of a shaven pubis. The dialogue of sex increases, as do my passions.

Then my husband starts to masturbate me, in partial view of our new friend. This is not enough to encourage assistance from my right. It takes a whispered "Play with me, too," which almost always results in the man starting to fondle my breasts. There seems to be a universal aversion to one man touching another, even while both are being satisfied by the same woman.

When I sense that our hitchhiker is aroused, I have intercourse with him in the backseat while my husband drives and listens. Several times I have found the man to be so exciting that we then spent the evening in a motel, during which time the only limit was our joint imagination.

Our threesomes are lessening in frequency, from two or three an evening to about once a month. I feel that I have made up for lost time, and now this game is just another sexual variation for us—important, but not our prime outlet.—*Name and address withheld*

BLINDMAN'S BUFF

Here is what I think is a great party game, one that we students at a good Arizona college originated. It was a sultry evening, and we had a party at a male student's apartment. As it was the beginning of the term, we didn't know one another too well. There was one boy who had great physical attraction for me, but it was impossible to get to know him, what with a full curriculum and sports activities, and he seemed to care little for females. I'd begun fantasizing about him, but that night was my chance.

The game goes like this: Each boy or girl can cross the line and kiss someone of his (or her) choice, then follow it up with one minute of mild petting. Then the boys are sent out of the room while the girls undress. Each participant must wear a paper bag over his or her head to blind them and to make facial recognition impossible. The boys, fully clothed with paper bags over their heads, now enter. They grope for the object of their desire and hopefully, after much manhandling, recognize her by what they imagined she would feel like. After each boy thinks he has found who he was looking for, he puts a label with his signature on it on her behind.

Then the boys undress, and the girls try to identify the boy of their desire by running their hands all over each one. I imagined my fellow to be fairly well-endowed, with hair on his chest and some on his belly. After about five or six explorations, during which I gauged for height, muscle tone, penis size, and hairiness, I found him—only he was smooth-skinned, had a lovely muscle tone, and what a straightforward erection! I was so sure it was him, I tried to kiss him, but then I remembered those big shopping bags on our heads. I put a label with my signature on one of his hard ass cheeks.

When we took those silly bags off our heads, there was great rejoicing in the room. I inspected the label on my ass, and lo and behold, there was his signature on it.

The prize for mutual recognition was a nearby motel room, prepaid. Now Freddy lives with me.—*Name and address withheld*

THE HUSBANDLY HARD-ON

Many years ago, I found I was playing second fiddle to a beautiful and buxom neighbor in the important wifely function of building my man's hard-ons. Our marriage had started much like most. We met at a college dance back in the days when you danced cheek to cheek and belly to belly, holding your partner close as your legs slid together to romantic music in a dimly lit hall. He had a terrific erection that was soon boring against my girlish vulva. For once I didn't pull away or pretend to ignore it, but I decided to grind back as lewdly as I knew how at the age of 19. I whispered in his ear that he felt "just marvelous and so big." Naturally, he asked me for a date the next night. I gave him my address, and I also told him that I hoped he would bring his "big friend."

He did just that, and though we went to a movie, we were soon petting intensely. We left the movie early and drove to a lover's lane, where we had sex with each other for the first time almost as soon as we arrived. When we came up for air, I began to giggle at my boldness of the night before. My wandering hands began petting him again until he had another hard-on, and then we had even better sex. This was a definite change from my usual pattern of behavior. I was not a virgin, but I had never taken such overt actions.

We married two and a half months later. Our honeymoon was sex, sex, sex day and night. I would greet him at the door with a French kiss, and I'd unzip his fly so I could stroke his penis and feel it jump to life in my fingers, even if we didn't fall into bed immediately. This idyllic period lasted a year and a half, until he graduated. Then we moved to another city. Our relations were heavenly whenever we had them, but the frequency was far less. We rarely did it

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two nights in a row, and sometimes we would go almost a week without finding the time or the inclination.

Two things happened to open my eyes. First, my sister and I overheard our husbands talking to each other when they didn't know we were around. The men were on our apartment balcony when our neighbor came out wearing a sunsuit. She was a really stunning gal, a few years older then me, a redhead (dyed, but a good job), with a pair of 40-inch honeydews straining her thin cotton halter almost to splitting, as well as practically spilling out of the deep-cut neckline.

I heard my husband tell my brother-in-law that this neighbor was always giving him a hard-on. My sister's husband replied that he was a tit man, too. He asked my guy if he had ever gotten a "piece of that" and my husband said no, but he would like to. He grumbled that I almost never gave him a hard-on anymore. My brother-in-law said that my sister was "getting too settled down" and always "acting like a wife." Were we girls surprised and mad! We sneaked out of the house and went for a long ride to talk things over.

While thinking about how I had failed to remain sexy, I began to realize that my husband and I were doing so many things for the community and the church, we weren't leaving time for a decent sex life. I knew the next move was up to me. I dispensed with girdles, which I hadn't really needed, and I began buying sexy French undies from mail-order houses. I bought dozens of naughty panties, wicked bras with holes for my nipples to poke through, and tiny, beribboned garter belts. I would give him a show at least once a week. My new nighties were for wearing around the house, not for in bed. I would wear just a sheer slip to cook dinner in, to keep his interest up—and his penis, too.

I am careful to tell my man if another guy gets hard looking at me, and this always pleases and stiffens him. I also smooch him shamelessly at movies, cocktail parties, even in lover's lanes once in a while, and I don't give a damn who knows it or thinks I am making a fool of myself. I like what he has in his pants, and that's what I am a fool about. I have even taken hula- and belly-dancing lessons so I can keep him erect. I have bought him girlie magazines, and I've sent away for nude photos and porno films. I introduced *him* to *Penthouse*. I watch for sexy things to call to his attention. If I see a well-stacked woman coming along, I nudge him and point out the jiggling yummies with a manly, ribald comment.

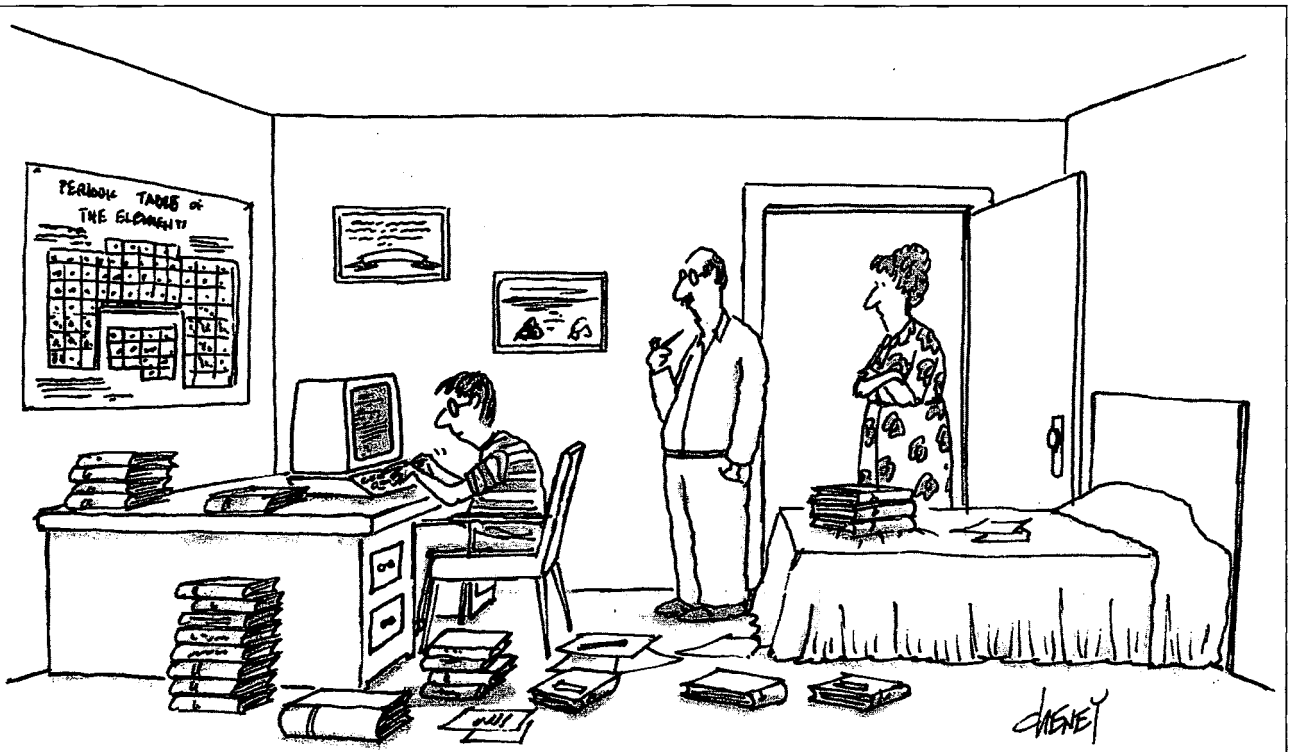
Many women tell me that they envy my sex life and that they wish they could get away with my lack of inhibition, enthusiastic emphasis on bedroom activity, and determination to erotically monopolize my husband. I tell them to let themselves go, and I am quite sure some of them have done so, even after years of lukewarm, married sex.—*Name and address withheld*

MONOPEDE MANIA

Several years ago, a friend of mine persuaded me to date his girlfriend's cousin. My reluctance at the time was due to the fact that the girl I was supposed to date had had both legs cut off well above the knees.

The appointed night came around, and I presented myself at her door with visions of all sorts of embarrassment and the prospect of a generally unpleasant evening. However, nothing could have been farther from the way it turned out.

Mary's father said that she would be ready shortly. In the meantime, we had several drinks and chatted for a while. During that time, her father told me what a fine young man I was so often that it became a little embarrassing. Mary finally got herself ready, whereupon her father went upstairs, brought her down, and put her in my arms. At that point, my feelings about amputees began to change. She had the most beautiful blue eyes, radiant blond hair, and luscious knockers I have ever seen. Her personality was something



"Son, your mother and I feel that the time has come for you to learn how to abuse yourself."

that anyone would have benefited from, for her attitude about being an amputee was extraordinary.

All things considered, we decided that the best thing to do would be to go to a local drive-in movie. Now, screwing in a car at a drive-in movie is something I thought I had given up several years ago, but I soon found myself in one of the most passionate embraces I have ever known. One hates to admit that anyone could teach a man in his late twenties *anything* about sex, but such was the case.

Two o'clock in the morning found us sitting in front of her house, both of us quite exhausted. She asked me if I would take her around to the side of the house before saying good night, which I did. In her father's lovely little garden, we sat on a bench under a willow tree and talked. At least, it started out as talking. Soon I had "the horn" again, and nothing would do but that she satisfy me once more. Well, the way she went about it will not easily be forgotten. She had me lift her a few inches to a low-hanging limb of the willow tree, then lie flat on the bench under her. Then she lowered herself onto me and, by alternately pulling herself up and spinning around while hanging on to the limb, she gave me ecstasy I shall not forget.

We finally got to her front door some minutes to three in the morning and were met by her father. He asked me to wait and have a drink with him after he took Mary upstairs. He kept repeating his earlier remarks about what a fine boy I was, but much more vigorously this time. Finally, I could take no more. I told him that even though his daughter was an amputee, she was a fine, beautiful girl, and any boy should be glad to go out with her. His answer to that was, "If that's so, why did the last S.O.B. she dated leave her up in the willow tree?"—*Name and address withheld*

It's not only exciting to make love to an amputee girl, it's convenient. We start our activities on the couch. She lies down, and I can perform cunnilingus while sitting on the floor, with no legs in the way. Later, in the bedroom, it's so much easier to change positions. It's much better, too, when we do sixty-nine, because some women clamp my head with their legs. She can't!—*Name and address withheld*

For a long time, I've been reading articles about love and female amputees. When are you going to print an article dealing with love and male amputees?

When I returned from Vietnam minus my legs, I thought it was the end of the world, much less my sex life. The girl I had been engaged to before leaving for 'Nam a year and a half earlier Dear John-ed me when she heard the news. I was down and out. While confined to a Veterans Administration hospital back in the States, I couldn't see why I should continue living. I thought no one would ever consider dating me, much less living with me.

One afternoon, when I thought no one else was around, I indulged in some self-pity. My nurse, an attractive blonde in her early twenties, happened to be checking out my medication at the time. She inquired what was wrong: I told her that day was the day I was supposed to be married. She displayed a great deal of compassion. I never suspected that it could have been anything more serious, for who could love a man without legs?

The next day, the nurse removed the bandages from my stumps. Was it my imagination? Was she just removing my bandages or was she actually caressing my stumps? I glanced at her—she smiled. As she continued to feel my stumps, I developed an intense erection. I knew then that I wanted to make love to her—not so much with my penis, but with my stumps.

Our love developed quickly. She bathed my stumps daily—it gave her

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an excellent excuse to finger them. When our relationship developed further, she gave me what I consider to be the climactic experience of my sexual career. She sucked my stumps, gently plying each bump with her soft, sensuous tongue. She loved to rub her crotch on my stumps, and she would occasionally bite them! Needless to say, we were soon married, and we have since made out very well.

I am not ashamed of my stumps. They helped me win the woman of my dreams.—*Name and address withheld*

ON THE SATIN SIDE

The article about men who like to wear women's undergarments brought back memories of what I experienced five years ago. I was 38 at the time, and my sex life and marriage were on the rocks. If my wife and I had relations every other week, we were lucky.

One night we were going to a masquerade party, and my wife decided I would go as a vamp. I showered and shaved my legs to the knees, and I was standing naked in the bedroom. My wife handed me an old satin half-slip she wore when we were first married. Without realizing it, I put it on inside out, and I was adjusting it around my waist when I got a hell of an erection. I felt like I was on fire. I grabbed my wife and started kissing her neck and breasts. I suddenly sat on the floor and performed cunnilingus on my wife for the first time. She quickly climaxed, but she wanted more, so I had her lie on the bed. I inserted my finger and played with her until she was again ready to climax, then I pulled up my slip and climbed on top of her. She was hopping all over the bed and begging me to come. When we climaxed, it was the greatest ever. We just lay there, completely exhausted.

At the party, my penis kept slipping out of my shorts and rubbing against the satin side of the slip, keeping it half-erect most of the night. At about eleven o'clock, my wife went upstairs to the hostess's master bathroom. I followed her, and we made love on the bathroom floor. At 1:30, she asked me if I would fuck her again—a word she could not stand to hear or use before. We left the party and went home.

We started to strip, but she told me to leave the half-slip on. She rubbed up against me, then she asked me to make love to her the way I did before we'd gone to the party. All the time we were going at it, what amazed me was that I could do it three times in one night. I felt as if I were 20 again.

My wife begged me to sleep with the satin half-slip on, and she said that if I woke up with an erection, I should wake her up. I did, and we did. What a great way to start the day!

When I got home from work that night, I found that my wife had gotten rid of the kids. She took me up to the bedroom and had me put on the half-slip again, satin side in. She started to kiss me, and at the same time, she massaged my penis with the slip. It is impossible to describe the pleasurable feeling that gave me. I started kissing her and sucking her rock-hard nipples. My penis was throbbing from the satin-slip massage and the foreplay, so I hopped on top of her. I thought the bed would break.

Later that night, over dinner, she told me how much she loved me and how hot she had been all day just waiting for me to come home from the office. In fact, she had never enjoyed sex so much, and she couldn't get enough. For the first time in her life, she felt like a whole woman. We made love twice more that night.

Since that time she has ordered satin sheets, more satin half-slips, and some full-length satin nightgowns. When we rub against each other, it gives us a soft, smooth feeling that drives us up the wall.

During the past five years, we have made love four to five times a week. With kids around the house, sex is hard at times, but my resourceful wife finds a way. We both feel like we have been reborn and liberated. All I know is that satin has added spice to our life.—*Name and address withheld*

IT'S ALL IN THE HEAD

I just had the most fantastic experience, and I would like to share it with your readers. I work for a large company, in an executive position, and I have my own personal secretary. This girl has been with me for more than two years now, and we get along very well. She is quite good-looking, but not what you would call beautiful. Flowing red hair and a good body make her very sexy. At 34 she is still single, but she has had her share of male companions, and I am quite sure they weren't all platonic. From the very first day, I was attracted to her, but I refrained from making any advances, since I didn't have anything to offer. There are many women who I would like to go to bed with, but unless the circumstances are right, I don't like to make a fool of myself.

A couple of months ago, I left a copy of *Penthouse* on top of my desk, and when I returned to the office the next day, she was reading it. She smiled at me and made a funny remark regarding the kind of magazines that her boss brings to the office. I offered to lend it to her, but she laughed and said that if she kept reading, she wouldn't be able to concentrate on her work. That night I offered it again, and that time she took it.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

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Twenty-five years ago, V.D. was not only *not* a threat, to many it was a joke. Today we're singing a very different tune.

By B. D. Colen

The most astounding thing to consider when confronted with the fact that *Penthouse* has been with us for 25 years is how long ago 1969 really was. Man walked on the moon for the first time in 1969. Charles Manson was on the loose in 1969. The Beatles were still together in 1969. Richard Nixon became president in 1969. The Vietnam War was at its height in 1969. Teddy Kennedy went off Dyke Bridge in 1969. Most abortions were still illegal in 1969. And in 1969 AIDS was spelled with a *y*, and it was a diet candy, not a fatal sexually transmitted disease.

In the 25 long—or short, depending on your age—years since this magazine first appeared, the Sexual Revolution came and went. Born-again moralists would argue that the revolution petered out because people came to realize that sex without love was demeaning and unsatisfying. Public-health experts would tell a very different story.

When the revolution began and American youth slipped out of the sexual straitjacket that had been binding the nation since the Great Depression, venereal diseases were not only *not* a threat, they were something to joke about—or so everyone under 30 thought. After all, syphilis was no longer a chronic, debilitating disease that could lead to eventual madness and death. It was a minor inconvenience that could be cured with a shot of penicillin. And gonorrhea? Well, an easily catchable "dose" was also easy to cure, and it was practically a badge of honor. After all, 25 years ago we still suffered under the arrogant misimpression that antibiotics were indeed "miracle drugs" and doctors were omnipotent.

As the sixties gave way to the seventies, public-health specialists were becoming increasingly aware that the piper would indeed have to be paid for playing at the orgy. The first real sign of change came in the form of the antibiotic-resistant strains of V.D. that returning GIs brought home from Vietnam. But even lingering clap wasn't enough to slow things down—that took herpes.

Remember herpes? Remember the herpes jokes? (What's the difference between herpes and a condo in Houston? If you live long enough, there's at least a chance you can get rid of the condo in Houston.) Like a diamond, herpes was—and still is—forever. Those infected with genital herpes were condemned to repeated and painful outbreaks. They were shunned, forced to form their own dating groups and social organizations. They were modern sexual lepers.

The herpes epidemic is generally credited with making people take stock and question just how much meaningless sex they really wanted. It is credited with slowing, if not ending, the Sexual Revolution. That is probably true, but it is the least of what the herpes epidemic did.

The herpes epidemic is probably responsible for saving tens of thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of lives. For at least in the straight world, the fear of herpes caused a sharp decline in sleeping around *before* the AIDS epidemic was really under way. If you don't think that made a difference, if you don't think it averted a disaster of almost biblical proportions, consider for a moment what would have happened if AIDS had hit at a time when most single heterosexuals were sleeping with dozens, if not hundreds, of different partners each year. Imagine what would have happened if AIDS had entered the heterosexual community in 1969. You can't imagine that? Then just consider what AIDS did to the gay communities in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Atlanta, Washington, Houston, and just about every other major city.

If you still can't imagine what would have happened if AIDS had entered the straight world in 1969, consider what is happening today in sub-Saharan Africa and Thailand, where the AIDS epidemics are heterosexual epidemics. In some areas of Africa, the disease is threatening to literally wipe out a generation. And in Thailand, where the infection rate is quickly reaching unbelievable levels, vacationing businessmen from Japan, the Philippines, and Western countries are being infected by prostitutes and carrying the H.I.V. virus back to their wives and girlfriends.

What is the common denominator in those heterosexual epidemics? It appears to be common venereal disease, the same V.D. that was so incredibly prevalent among America's sexual revolutionaries in 1969.

So how long ago *was* 1969? Long ago enough to have been *before*—before AIDS.

"I didn't use one because I didn't have one with me."

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FAST FORWARD

The great films of the last 25 years: Where were you then? How do they look now?

Film

By Marcia Pally

The best films released since the inaugural issue of *Penthouse* may be remembered today for things not seen at the time of their release. Looking back at the best English-language films since 1969, I find:

Films for when car alarms go off at four in

the morning: *The Godfather* (1972, Francis Coppola); *The Godfather, Part II* (1974, Coppola); *Straw Dogs* (1971, Sam Peckinpah); *Mean Streets* (1973, Martin Scorsese); *Taxi Driver* (1976, Scorsese); *Raging Bull* (1980, Scorsese); *Jaws* (1975, Steven Spielberg); *Dressed to Kill* (1980, Brian De Palma); *Do the Right Thing* (1989, Spike Lee); *Goodfellas* (1990, Scorsese); *Patton* (1970, Franklin J. Schaffner); *A Clockwork Orange* (1971, Stanley Kubrick); *The French Connection* (1971, William Friedkin); *Unforgiven* (1992, Clint Eastwood); and, for the girls, *Klute* (1971, Alan J. Pakula) and *Thelma & Louise* (1991, Ridley Scott).

Films for when I want to go off at four in the morning: *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* (1975, Milos Forman); *M*A*S*H* (1970, Robert Altman); *Catch-22* (1970, Mike Nichols); *The Exorcist* (1973, William Friedkin); *Dog Day Afternoon* (1975, Sidney Lumet); *Zelig* (1984, Woody Allen); *Brazil* (1985, Terry Gilliam); *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover* (1990, Peter Greenaway); *Silence of the Lambs* (1991, Jonathan Demme); *Bad Lieutenant* (1992, Abel Ferrara).

Films for when I'm too depressed to go off: *The Last Picture Show* (1971, Peter Bogdanovich); *Midnight Cowboy* (1969, John Schlesinger); *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* (1969, Sydney Pollack); *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* (1977, Richard Brooks); *Chinatown* (1974, Roman Polanski); *The Remains of the Day* (1993, James Ivory); *Reservoir Dogs* (1992, Quentin Tarantino); *Naked* (1993, Mike Leigh).

Films for when I'm busy at four in the morning: *Last Tango in Paris* (1972, Bernardo Bertolucci); *The French Lieutenant's Woman* (1981, Karel Reisz); *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* (1971, Robert Altman); *My Beautiful Laundrette* (1985, Stephen Frears); *The Crying Game* (1992, Neil Jordan); *The Piano* (1993, Jane Campion).

Markers for their

time: *Easy Rider* (1969, Dennis Hopper); *Five Easy Pieces* (1970, Bob Rafelson); *Carnal Knowledge* (1971, Mike Nichols); *Dirty Harry* (1971, Don Siegel); *Goodbye Columbus* (1969, Larry Peerce); *Cabaret* (1972, Bob Fosse); *Nashville* (1975, Robert Altman); *Annie Hall* (1977, Woody Allen); *Tootsie* (1982, Sydney Pollack); *Bob Roberts* (1992, Tim Robbins).

Other "markers" include the pre-Beatles nostalgia craze: *American Graffiti* (1973, George Lucas); *Grease* (1978, Randal Kleiser); *Diner* (1982, Barry Levinson); *Tin Men* (1987, Barry Levinson); the techno-toys flicks: the launching film was *2001: A Space Odyssey* (1968, Stanley Kubrick), followed by *Star Wars* (1977, George Lucas); *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (1977, Steven Spielberg); the *Star Trek* series (1979, 1982, 1984, 1986, 1989, 1991); *E.T.—The Extra-Terrestrial* (1982, Spielberg); *Alien* (1979, Ridley Scott); *Aliens* (1986, James Cameron); the Vietnam movies:

Apocalypse Now (1979, Francis Coppola); *The Deer Hunter* (1978, Michael Cimino); *Platoon* (1986, Oliver Stone); *Full Metal Jacket* (1987, Stanley Kubrick); and the Holocaust films: *The Sorrow and the Pity* (1970, Marcel Ophuls; English subtitles); *Shoah* (1985, Claude Lanzmann; English subtitles); and *Schindler's List* (1993, Steven Spielberg).

Finally, the honorary award for best film goes to a movie released before 1969, *Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb* (1964, Stanley Kubrick), for explaining men, money, might, and "precious bodily fluids," which come to the same thing.

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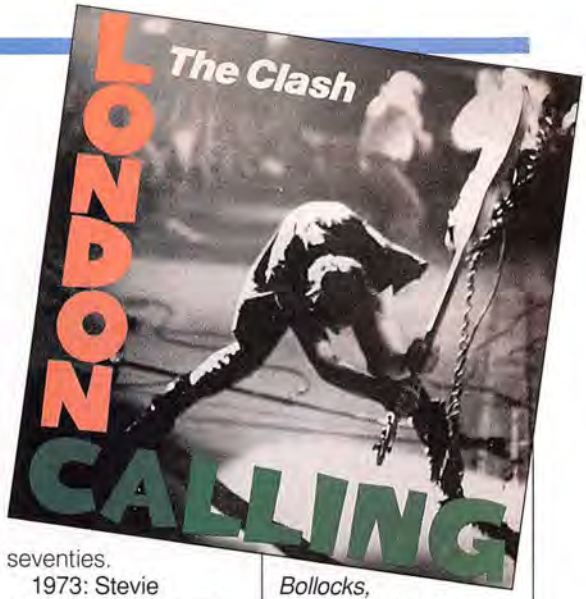


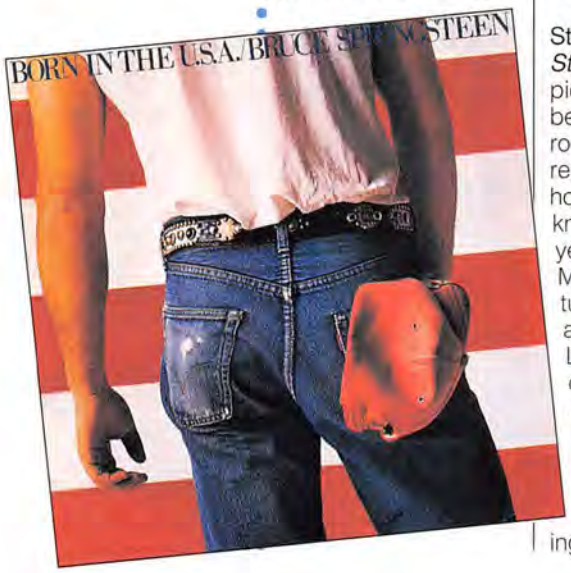
***Penthouse* is celebrating its silver anniversary, so it's the perfect opportunity to appreciate the seminal albums of the past 25 years.**

Sounds

By Wayne Robins

Choosing an album to represent each of this magazine's years was

only slightly easier than figuring out how many angels can dance on the head of a pin or the number of inches from here to Pluto. My decision was based heavily, but not entirely, on what I thought was the best album of each year. Factored in was the impact of certain watershed records that changed the direction of the music business and pop culture. Some records may not have been particular favorites for their given year, but they've been so durable that they've attained classic stature.



1969: The Beatles, *Abbey Road*. The last great album by the Fab Four; the line "Oh, that magic feeling, nowhere to go" summed up both the restlessness of the era and the Beatles' fate.

1970: The Grateful Dead, *Workingman's Dead* and *American Beauty*. These song-oriented albums would provide the musical and lyrical backdrop to keep the Dead truckin' for the next quarter century.

1971: *Led Zeppelin IV*. Officially untitled, this album provided the stairway to heaven

that made Led Zep legends.

1972: The Rolling Stones, *Exile on Main Street*. The easiest pick of the lot. The best album by the best rock 'n' roll band, a relentless parade of hot riffs and carnal knowledge. All these years later, it inspired Marty Stuart to cover tunes from it and alternative heroine Liz Phair to make a concept album—*Exile in Guyville*—that does for female sexuality of the nineties what the original did for raging hormones of the seventies.

1973: Stevie Wonder, *Innervisions*. Wonder's pinnacle, the defining moment in his evolution from Motown

child star to superstar.

1974: Steely Dan, *Pretzel Logic*. Quirky lyrics and harmonic sophistication helped make Steely Dan a haven for eccentric, thoughtful cynics who felt isolated by the seventies. Now there are millions of us, as last year's hugely grossing tour proved.

1975: Bruce Springsteen, *Born to Run*. An obscure critics' favorite made the cover of *Time* and *Newsweek* (in the same week), with the most authentic populist voice that rock has ever produced.

1976: *The Ramones*. Although *Frampton Comes Alive!* became (temporarily) history's best-seller, four knuckleheads from Queens, New York, reclaimed the innocence of both sixties garage bands and early Brian Wilson, inventing punk rock.

1977: The Sex Pistols, *Never Mind the Bollocks, Here's the Sex Pistols*. In the year that saw the Eagles' *Hotel California* and Fleetwood Mac's *Rumours* sell tens of millions of copies, Johnny Rotten shouted "No future!" and perfected punk rock.

1978: Funkadelic, *One Nation Under a Groove*. Amid gyroscopic fluctuations in the music biz, from Elvis Costello to Waylon & Willie, from *Saturday Night Fever* to the Talking Heads, George Clinton's Parliament/Funkadelic organization floated like the mother ship over all. The link between funk and rock was established here in perpetuity.

1979: Neil Young,

Rust Never Sleeps. This album reconciled Young's country-rock roots with the punk insurgency, with a purity of spirit that has made him his generation's most durable creative force.

1980: The Clash, *London Calling*. Beyond the Pistols' inchoate rage, the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 292

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Celebration is the mother of invention—five top bartenders create anniversary cocktails.

Spirits

By Alexis Bespaloff

The past quarter of a century has seen, if not a revolution, then certainly an evolution in cocktails and mixed drinks. A number of classic drinks are as popular as ever—the gin or vodka Martini, the Bloody Mary, the Screwdriver, the Daiquiri, the Margarita, and the Mint Julep.

Today, many cocktails feature new spirits, such as flavored vodkas and spiced rum, new combinations of exotic fruit juices mixed with different spirits, and also incorporate a variety of liqueurs. Although the possible combinations of flavors are almost unlimited, it takes a skilled bartender to come up with a drink that is both different and delicious.

To celebrate *Penthouse*'s silver anniversary, we asked the owners and bartenders of some of the country's top spots for a special cocktail, and each created a drink for the occasion.

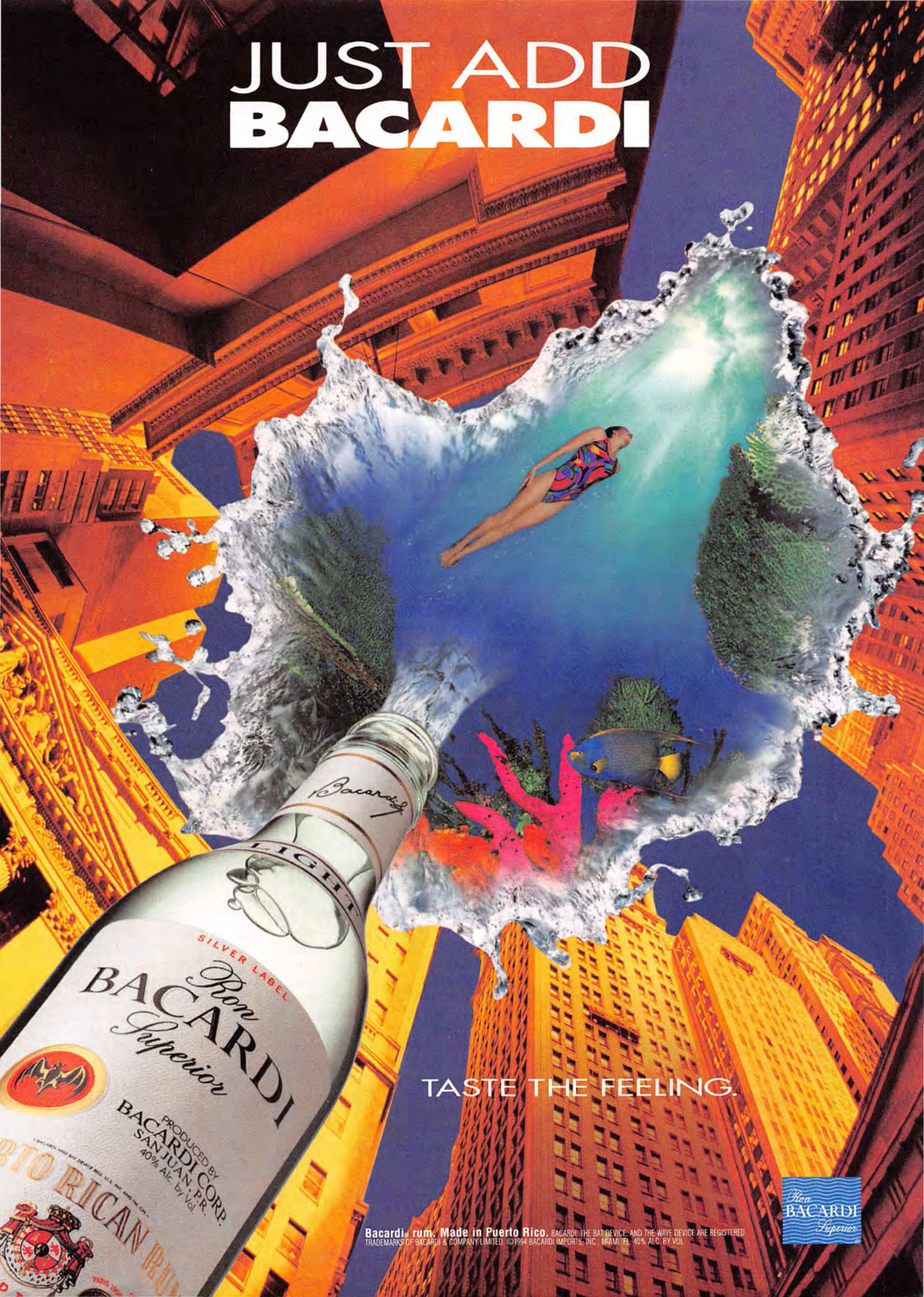
When New York's Rainbow Room, on the 65th floor of Rockefeller Center, opened in 1934, one critic wrote that it was "like being in a movie musical." Sixty years later the magic is still there, in the restaurant or in the Promenade Bar, where the head bartender, Dale DeGroff, has come up with the Naked Lady: two ounces of gin, one ounce of apricot brandy, and one ounce of fresh lemon juice, shaken well with ice and poured into a stem glass.

Stars, in San Francisco, has been called "America's most comfortable and sophisticated bistro," and the spacious restaurant has been packed ever since it opened in 1984. Chef-owner Jeremiah Tower has sent us Stars' Vodka Julep, made with three to four ounces of vodka, a sprig of fresh mint, and one tablespoon of superfine sugar. Put the mint and sugar in a wineglass and crush the stems with a muddler or a wooden spoon. Fill the glass with crushed ice, then with vodka; garnish with mint and serve with a red straw.

Gordon Sinclair opened Gordon's, in Chicago, almost 20 years ago. This popular restaurant continues to draw crowds, especially on weekends, when there's both dining and dancing. Gordon's bar is known for its selection of infused vodkas, but this special creation, called 43 Amigos, features tequila and an unusual Spanish liqueur: one ounce of Jose Cuervo Gold, one and a half ounces of Liquor 43, one and a half ounces of triple sec, and the juice of half a lime, shaken and poured into an oversize martini glass; garnish with a lime twirl.

The century-old Willard Hotel, in Washington, D.C., was restored and reopened in 1986 as the Willard Inter-Continental. The Round Robin Bar is presided over by the inventive and indefatigable Jim Hewes, who came up with several new drinks, including the Perfect 36: Put two ounces of Macallan 18-year-old Scotch whisky (or Bushmills' Black Bush Irish whiskey) and a half ounce of Frangelico liqueur in a shaker with ice and stir 36 times; swirl two or three drops of Drambuie liqueur in a chilled cocktail glass; strain the whisky mixture into the glass and garnish with lemon peel.

Don Mills, head bartender at the Hotel Bel-Air (described by its clients as "an oasis in Los Angeles"), explains that it's tough to create a new rum drink because every possible combination has been tried. He shares with us the simple and refreshing Bel-Air Bolero Cocktail: Rim a rocks glass with sugar; fill the glass with a combination of half ice cubes and half crushed ice; add Bacardi Añejo dark rum; garnish with a lime wedge and a cherry.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Looking for a way to pick up mileage and speed? Running camps may be the answer you've been searching for.

Sports

By Lisa Goodkin

Go go go! Go go go! You can do it, you can do it! Go go go! That's my mantra as I near the last mile of my daily five-mile run. Anyone who's experienced the high that running delivers knows that it has to be one of the most intoxicating feelings life has to offer. But, like many of life's pleasures, running requires motivation, education, and time in order to maximize both its physical and mental benefits.

Now there's good news for those who simply can't get enough. First-rate running camps and vacations are helping even the most motivated athlete reach the high of his life and are making professional facilities available to everyone who loves to run.

Most seasoned runners practice speedwork during marathon training. By improving running form and leg strength, the extra discipline and effort can reap huge payoffs. A variation of speedwork is high-altitude running, which also requires doubling your normal effort and is an excellent training tool.

Running 60 to 70 miles a week at a base elevation of 9,000 feet provides the campers at the Colorado High Altitude Running Camp excellent training for high-altitude marathons, as well as drastically improving sea-level running. High altitudes require the body to work overtime, producing red blood cells in order to increase the amount of oxygen available for breathing. When a runner returns to sea level, the body is conditioned to work twice as hard to accomplish the same distance, so speed can be drastically improved.

Psychologically, camp director Alan Johnson says, after running the mountains in Colorado and hearing the war stories of your fellow campers, "You are hungry, and there is no mountain or hill you can't run." For more information, call (719) 591-9316.

Marathon training involves more than sweat.... Correct daily training patterns, proper rest periods, and a good diet can make a world of difference. Preparation—mental as well as physical—is the key to marathoning success, but overtraining must be avoided.

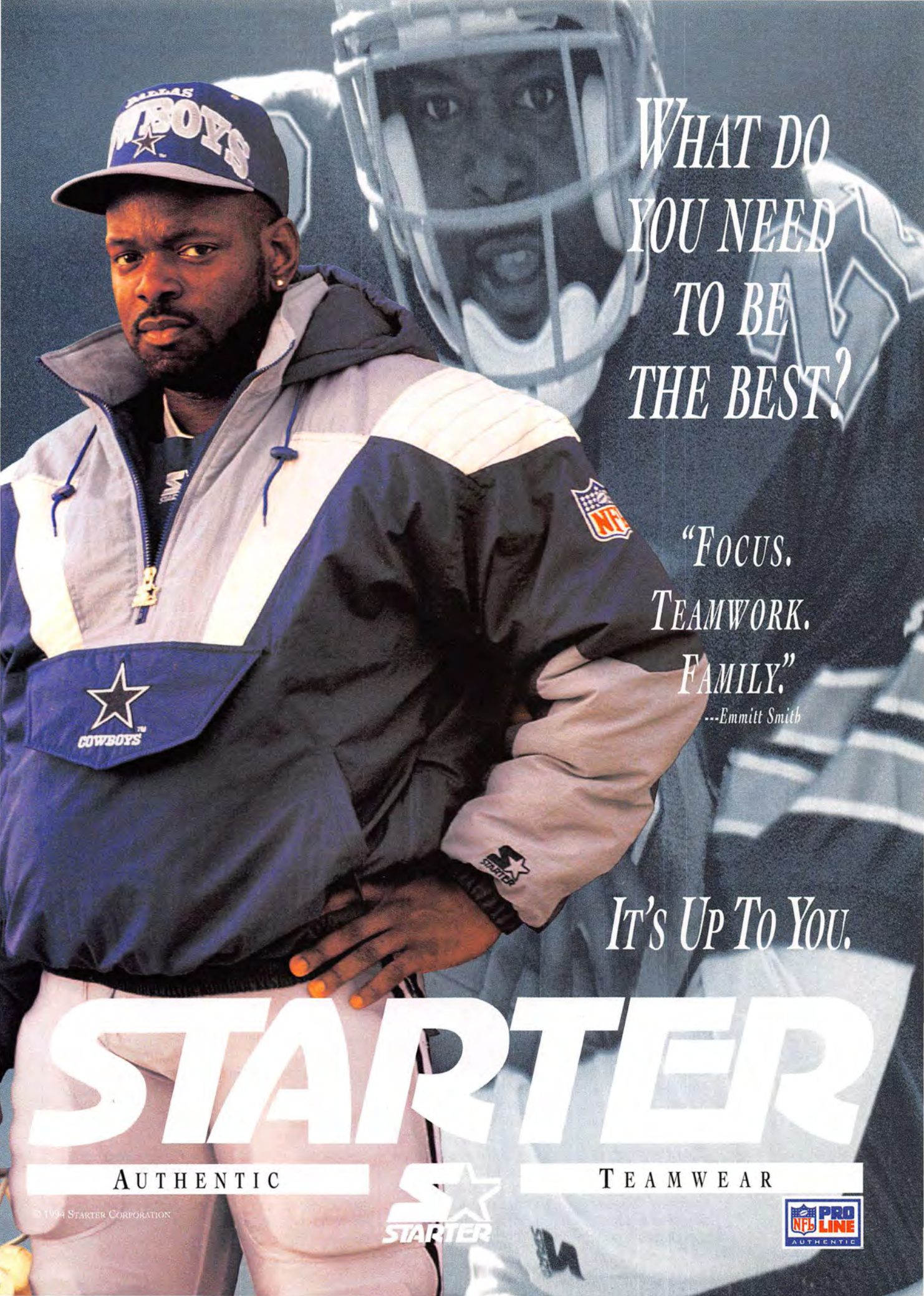
The Gold Medal Camp—a family operation founded in 1969 by John Harwick—was started because Harwick *lost* his first race. The Harwicks are dedicated to preparing long-distance runners, and they offer extensive distance training with concentrations in strategies, tactics, and form. According to one participant, "The entire experience has moved me to a new level of running. What used to be impossible is now working in my normal training." For more information, call (412) 254-2369.

Of course, most of the millions of Americans who enjoy running as a form of exercise are not marathoners. However, even the most recreational runners have their own hurdles to jump, namely, motivation, injury prevention, and proper nutrition.

Throughout the summer, the Craftsbury Sports Center, in Craftsbury Common, Vermont, offers a number of week-long camps serving everyone from the novice to the "master" runner. Daily classes concentrate on nutrition, sports medicine, and physiology from the perspective of the group in session. Video analysis is available, as are one-on-one coaching sessions—the camp averages one coach to every five campers—to formulate individualized running programs. For more information, call (800) 729-7751.

Running vacations are an excellent way to reignite your passion for the sport while enjoying the company of like-minded peers. The Big Lake Fitness Vacation Camp, located in the Cascade Mountains of Oregon, attracts runners of every level, and if your family does not share your enthusiasm or if your feet get tired, there are a number of other outdoor activities available. For more information, call (503) 643-6184.

Finally, if running's your thing but roughing it isn't, Backroads, a company that has been offering a variety of active vacations since 1979, is introducing its first running vacations this year. Unlike more intense training camps, these trips are designed as noncompetitive getaways for athletes who can run at least 15 miles a week. Running will take you through beautiful Marin County, California—on the Pacific Coast just north of San Francisco—with luxurious accommodations and fine dining functioning as the ultimate finish. For more information, call (800) 426-2848.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Travel

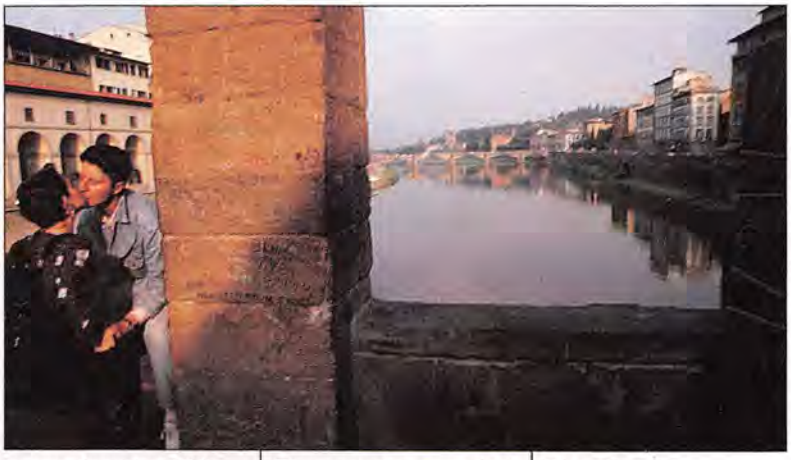
By Gael Greene

Romance is a cinch. Romance is a challenge beribboned with cliché.... April in Paris, getting lost in the hill towns of Tuscany, Venice anytime. Romance is perversely eccentric, like falling in love at a salad bar or trapped in an airport during a snowstorm.

• Explore Granada, Málaga, Córdoba, the magic of Spain by car, headquartered in a luxurious suite at La Bobadilla, set like a Moorish dream on 1,200 acres of woods and olive groves. It has its own fitness spa, tennis courts, stable, organ recitals in a tiny chapel, flowers everywhere. Breakfast in your suite on your private terrace. (011-34-958-32-18-61)

• Hotel Colón, overlooking Barcelona's gothic catedral, is your retreat from languorous days spent exploring the lively La Rambla, exotic Gaudí architecture, and La Boquería, the great covered market where you breakfast on custard-filled doughnuts and espresso at Bar Pinocho.

• The two of you bask on your own small terrace of a rustic casita with a cathedral-beamed ceiling at Enchantment Resort. Get nicely tipsy on a great Margarita as the sun streaks the sky scarlet on weather-sculpted red-rock mountains and intense green desert outside Sedona, Arizona, with its New Age vibrations. ([800] 826-4180)



• Escape Paris for a sense-stirring weekend in Reims at the elegant, sophisticated château, Les Crayères. Explore the chalk caves of the great champagne houses, the cathedral, or just linger in a grand *toile de Juoy*–festooned room overlooking the garden. Lush food by your host, Gérard

Boyer, and the ghost of Jeanne d'Arc are the only distractions. (011-33-16-26-82-80-80)

• Settle into a stylish suite in one of the duplex cottages at New Zealand's Huka Lodge, set on a fog-misted bank of Lake Taupo and surrounded by redwoods and firs. Between tennis, trout fishing, sailing, and jet boating, take a siesta before a candlelight dinner. (011-64-07-378-57-91)

• Once it was the Court of Love; now all that is left are ghosts and ruins in France's wild, ghostly Alpilles and the ancient village of Les Baux-de-Provence. Spend the night at Oustaù de Baumanière and dine on the terrace, if the rude mistral winds permit. ([800] 372-1323)

• Late spring or early fall are the best times for the Wauwinet, a lovingly restored nineteenth-century landmark on a narrow spit of land between the bay and the ocean dunes of Nantucket Island. Expect wicker, folk art, stenciled floors, and a homey parlor with a fireplace. ([800] 426-8718)

• Watch the sun set over the mountains from a hot tub at 10,000 Waves and brave fiery green chili on a side trip to Taos. Then find New Mexico's serenity in the intimacy and perfection of Santa Fe's Inn of the Anasazi, plus sophistication in its dining room. ([800] 688-8100)

• Gourmands celebrate the pampering luxury of a penthouse suite in the antique-lavished Inn at Little Washington, in Virginia's hunt country. Between sensual meals, hike or bike or surrender to sheer hedonism. ([703] 675-3800)

• Explore Australia's mythic coral reef from the seclusion of Lizard Island, planted all by itself on 2,500 acres, with white-sand beaches. Borrow a boat and motor off with a picnic lunch to sunbathe naked on some nearby deserted island, then return to make love before dinner at this paradise for divers and serious fishermen. ([800] 551-2012)

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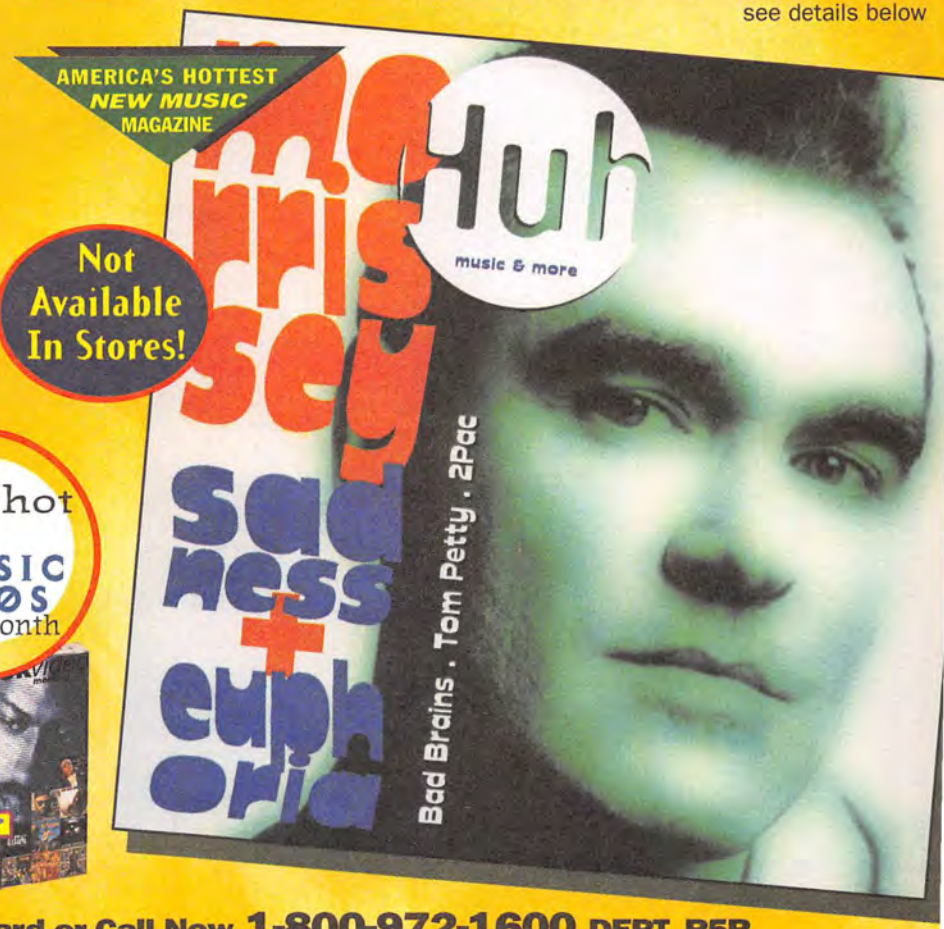

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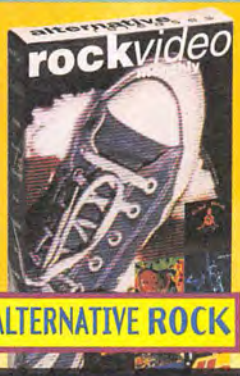

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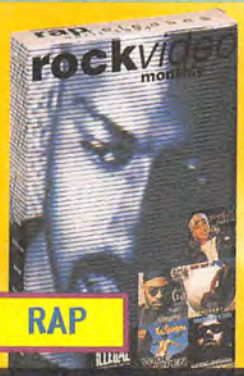

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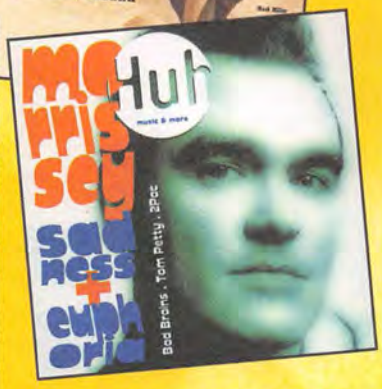

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Scenes

By Tom Moon

They're describing it as "Two More Days of Peace & Music," but the way it's shaping up, the Woodstock Music and Art Fair '94—which, on August 13 and 14, marks the 25th anniversary of the most famous Aquarian Age event—might need to add "commerce." The original festival's organizers—Michael Lang, John Roberts, and Joel Rosenman—and their new partner, John Scher, of PolyGram Diversified Entertainment, can't escape the fact that the industry has changed massively since that muddy, hastily organized fete that was a catalyst for—and came to symbolize—a generation.

"The first Woodstock happened almost by spontaneous combustion and word of mouth," observes Scher, a veteran of the concert industry. "We can't rely on that this time, but we're trying to be reverent to the spirit of the original." What that means is, lots of tie-dye and a special platform for honorary emcee Wavy Gravy, but also a full range of commercial tie-in opportunities. If you can't get to the show, which promises music on two stages from noon until 2 A.M. both Saturday and Sunday, you can watch it live on Pay-Per-View. Two weeks after the dust settles, organizers vow they'll have a behind-the-scenes book on the stands. There will, inevitably, be a full line of T-shirts and official merchandise, and don't be surprised to see it hawked on MTV and cable shopping networks. In November, A&M Records will issue a double live CD. A feature film is also planned.

Apparently, one anniversary concert is not enough. Yasgur's Farm, the site of the original concert, is hosting an event the same weekend. Designed to be much smaller, Bethel '94: The Reunion at Yasgur's Farm will feature performers from the '69 show (Richie Havens, Judy Collins, and Ray Charles are on the short list) and, according to organizer Anthony Rhulen, will play up the fact that "it's on hallowed ground."

The spirit of Woodstock pervades the reunion's eclectic talent lineup, which has changed many times and, organizers warn, is subject to further revision. Confirmed bookings at press time include Bob Dylan, who somehow missed the first one, and at least two returning acts—Santana and Crosby, Stills, and Nash. Then there's Aerosmith—singer Steven Tyler has said that attending Woodstock sent him into a career in rock 'n' roll—and the Neville Brothers, who helped the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival celebrate *its* 25th anniversary this spring. Also signed up are Alice in Chains, the Rollins Band, Porno for Pyros, Melissa Etheridge, Peter Gabriel, the Red Hot Chili Peppers, Nine Inch Nails, Johnny Cash, positivist rappers Arrested Development, and Jimmy Cliff's Reggae Jam.

Diversity was the primary objective in booking talent, says Lang. "Woodstock is meant to be a bridge between people, and if these artists can get people who normally don't communicate to talk with each other, then it's a success."

For artists, playing Woodstock is symbolic. "When they first told us about it, we felt really honored," says Alice in Chains bassist Mike Inez, who was three years old in 1969. "It felt like somebody was inviting us to be a part of history."

In an interview published earlier this year, Graham Nash recalled that the original Woodstock was important because it represented "kids realizing they had value in society" and could "affect the direction of the world." Few are expecting such high-impact sociological changes to emerge from this follow-up event, but organizers say they believe the shared experience of music can foster communication. One of Woodstock's sideshows is a computer-based interactive "amusement" center, another is an "eco park," displaying ways that citizens can improve the environment. "We want to create an atmosphere that will give this generation a forum," says Scher. "We'll be encouraging people to talk about issues that are plaguing us all today—it's time for another gathering of the tribes."

***Penthouse* isn't the only pop-culture icon hitting the quarter-century mark. The eclectic lineup for the Woodstock reunion includes Santana, Aerosmith, and the Red Hot Chili Peppers.**

USA confidential

By Sharon Churcher

HE GOT HIS JOB THROUGH *THE NEW YORK TIMES*

Henry Kissinger once boasted that "power is an aphrodisiac," but, according to one man who claims he knows, that power seemed to impress Henry himself most of all.

Oleg Kalugin, until recently the K.G.B.'s chief of counterintelligence, reveals that Kissinger became an "intelligence" target for the Soviet espionage agency in the sixties. And just how was that intelligence obtained? Among other ways, by the K.G.B. tapping his phone, Kalugin told us, chuckling that "this major coup for the Soviets" disclosed that Kissinger was hung up about his appearance. "It was rather funny listening to Henry's private life, because he was a little bit boastful," the ex-K.G.B. official says. "I remember the conversations he had with his would-be bride [Nancy Maginnes]. He was much more interested in himself than his bride-to-be."

Kalugin has penned a memoir, due out this month, titled *The First Directorate*. In addition to Kissinger—who couldn't be reached for comment—the book promises to embarrass other members of the Washington, New York, and Hollywood social set—who wined and dined Kalugin while he was in this country, posing as a journalist and diplomat but actually working as K.G.B. deputy-station chief. Kalugin even wheedled an invitation to the Rockefeller's Vermont estate out of young Jay Rockefeller, who went on to become the West Virginia governor and then a senator. Kalugin says he stayed buddies with the Rockefeller scion for about six years, until the F.B.I. apparently persuaded Rockefeller to cut off relations. (A Rockefeller spokesman did not respond to requests for comment.)

What amuses Kalugin even more than the naïveté of the American rich and powerful is that he got his first toehold in this country with the help of a valentine in *The New York Times*. He had come here, the newspaper of record burbled in a profile of him written at the height of the Cold War, to study journalism. "He was selected," the story explained, "by his professors and Soviet educational authorities on the basis of his knowledge of English and general ability." His father, the article went on to say, was a Leningrad clerk.

Had the *Times* bothered to check even one basic fact, instead of reprinting this Soviet propaganda, the United States might not have been so welcoming to Kalugin. His father was actually a veteran of the Soviet secret police. With the *Times* having established his cover, however, Kalugin went on to feats even more important than eavesdropping on Kissinger. He was in charge of overseeing the work of John Walker, perhaps the most important traitor that the K.G.B. would ever recruit.

FERGIE'S "UNPROVEN" THERAPY

Until recently, Britain's duchess of York was most famous for that infamous picture of one of her male friends nibbling away at her toes. Perhaps to dispel that unfortunate image, she has now become a patron of a self-help organization for parents of brain-damaged children.

Fergie: A tragic heroine?

Fergie's own goddaughter was born brain-damaged and given little hope by doctors. The child is undergoing a form of therapy that closely follows techniques pioneered by a Philadelphia physical therapist, Glenn Doman.

Doman, who cites nearly 6,000 success stories, claims that even the most severely retarded children can become normal—or even geniuses—if their families, aided by teams of volunteers, subject them to hour after hour of intense stimulation. "It's sweet of her," says Doman of Fergie's decision to become patron of the British Institute for Brain Injured Children.

Although the fundamental principles of the therapy have been excoriated as unproven by a leading physicians' group, the same techniques are lauded by many parents who say they have seen miraculous improvement in their children. When we asked the American Academy of Pediatrics about the therapy, however, a spokeswoman said they haven't changed their mind since publishing a 1982 statement that called it an "unproven" technique that places such demands on families "that in some cases, there may be harm in its use."

"What the duchess is doing is very tragic, because it gives credibility to a therapy that my research has shown raises false hopes," says

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Don't miss your chance to win the Silver 1995 KIA SPORTAGE S.U.V.! Send in your entry today. If the entry coupon has been removed, follow instructions in the official rules and send your entry to: SILVER SWEEPS SPECTACULAR, Box 563, Gibbstown, NJ 08027. Entries must be received by 12/31/94.

YOU COULD WIN A '95 SILVER KIA SPORTAGE S.U.V.!

OFFICIAL RULES

1) No purchase required. Complete entry form per instructions. If entry form has been removed, print your name, address, date of birth and the number shown above each miniature ad, along with the name of the product that corresponds to each number on a 3" x 5" piece of paper. Mail to: "Silver Sweeps Spectacular", Box 563, Gibbstown, NJ 08027. Program begins 8/1/94. Entries must be received by 12/31/94.

2) Sponsored by PENTHOUSE International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, NY 10023. Winner will be selected by 1/20/95 in random drawings conducted by POWER GROUP, INC., an independent judging organization whose decision is final. Enter as often as you wish; each entry must be mailed separately. Not responsible for lost, late, illegible or misdirected mail. Odds determined by number of entries received.

3) Open to U.S. residents, 18 and older, except employees and their families of PENTHOUSE International, Ltd. and POWER GROUP, INC., their respective parents, affiliates and/or any other person or organization directly connected with this program. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. Void where prohibited.

4) Prize/Value: 1995 KIA Sportage Sports Utility Vehicle/$18,000. NOTE: KIA Sportage shown is a prototype for illustration purposes only, price and specifications subject to change. Prize is not transferable or redeemable for cash. No substitution of prize except as necessary due to availability. All taxes are winner's responsibility. KIA Sportage must be picked up at nearest designated dealer. Licensing, transportation, registration, dealer charges and optional equipment are winner's responsibility. Acceptance of prize by someone under 21 will require consent of parent or guardian. Winner will be notified by mail and required to execute and return an affidavit of eligibility and release within 21 days of date on notification. Except where prohibited, winner agrees to use of his/her name and likeness for advertising and publicity without added compensation.

5) For the solution, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to "Silver Sweeps Spectacular" Solution, Box 615S, Gibbstown, NJ 08027 by 11/30/94; no return postage required for residents of VT and WA. For winner's name, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to "Silver Sweeps Spectacular" Winner, Box 615W, Gibbstown, NJ by 12/31/94. Requests will be fulfilled after the sweepstakes ends.

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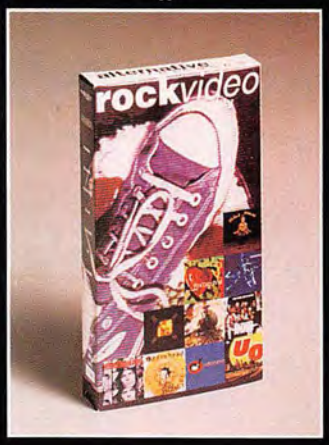

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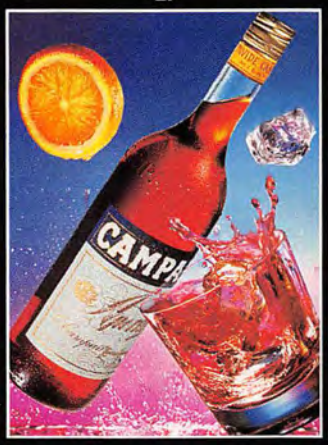

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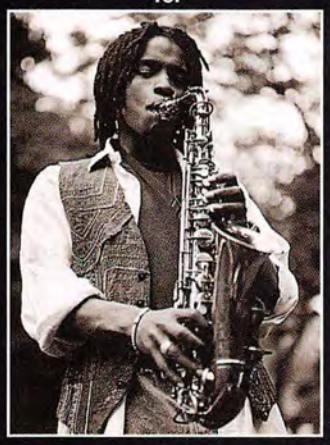

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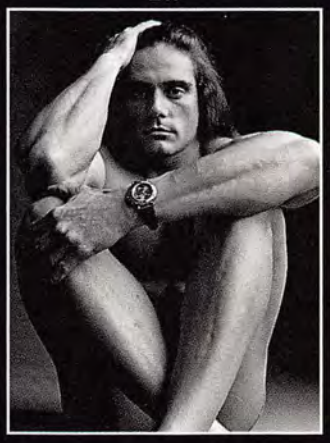

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HOW TO PLAY

Shown on these two pages are miniaturized versions of some of the ads that appear throughout this issue. Headlines and other copy have been removed.

It's easy to enter the 25th Anniversary Silver Sweepstakes. Just find each full-size version of the ad, match it to the copy lines shown below, and write the product name next to the number in the coupon that corresponds to the number shown above each miniaturized ad (see ad #9 for example).

- Do what you love. The rest comes
- 101 proof, real Kentucky
- It's a Paba-free sunscreen
- What do you need to be the best?
- Original spiced rum
- Absolut Bravo
- The Little Rascals
- The Aperitif
- revolutionary. evolutionary
- Go bump in the night
- It's all in the wrist
- Get Real
- Pure Surprise
- The face that launched a 1000 ships
- (yes, it's real gold.)
- The Look
- Not just after dinner, after all
- What dreams are made of
- Zapping your brain
- There can only be one champion
- Do you want quality?
- 10 hot new music videos every month
- STAR TREK. The Next Generation

The ads (product names) on these pages are for Treo, Wild Turkey, Raffaelo, Smirnoff, Franklin Mint, Campari, Absolut Vodka, Columbia House, Seagram's Gin, Casio, Southern Comfort, Starter, Goldschlager, Trojan, Captain Morgan, Franchi•Menotti, Cockburn's Port, Xanthus, Penthouse Cologne, Rock Video Monthly, Cybergenics, Zygon, Ultimate Fighting Championship III, and Pitbull Gym Fitness Wear.

ENTRY FORM

Send to: **Silver Sweeps Spectacular**
Box 563, Gibbstown, NJ 08027

1. _____ 13. _____
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4. _____ 16. _____
5. _____ 17. _____
6. _____ 18. _____
7. _____ 19. _____
8. _____ 20. _____
9. **ZYGON** 21. _____
10. _____ 22. _____
11. _____ 23. _____
12. _____ 24. _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Date of Birth _____

Yale University psychologist Edward Zigler. He conducted a control study that concluded that seriously retarded children pursuing a program modeled after Doman's techniques did no better than children whose families simply put them in an institution.

A spokeswoman for the British organization told *Penthouse* she is aware that some medical professionals have been sharply critical. "They don't like to admit something they don't do themselves works," the spokeswoman contended, adding that she hopes Fergie's gesture will cause the critics to think again. "It's very hard to say this doesn't work if you see the children as she has." The spokeswoman cited a British academic study that concluded the program brought about "an increase in the quality of the [children's] life."

ANTI-SEMITISM RAGE AT BERKELEY

As hotbeds of leftism, the University of California at Berkeley and the surrounding city pride themselves on their political correctness. At the school, professors as well as the 30,000 students are offered "diversity awareness" courses, designed to sensitize them to "overt and covert" discrimination against poor people, gay people, female people, old people, disabled people, people of color, and foreign people of every ilk. The Berkeley City Council is famous for its "sister city" policy (which has included adopting a black South African township) and for its predilection for helping "oppressed" criminal people.

If all these people are being oppressed, however, it raises the question of just who is responsible for this terrible state of affairs. Many socially conscious radicals at the university and in the city claim they know the answer: Jews.

One New York professor was shocked when he arrived at the campus to discover that some faculty members at the school stereotyped all Jews as members of a rich ruling class. In one lecture, a professor suggested that "rich Jewish producers" controlled Hollywood. Another professor used Judaism as a term of abuse: Whenever he wanted to put something down, he would sigh, "But that must be a Hebrew interpretation." For the New Yorker, however, the biggest shock came when he was instructed to join other faculty at a "multiculturalism" workshop.

"I was astounded by the amount of anti-Semitism that came up in the workshop discussions," the professor told "U.S.A. Confidential."

"One participant talked about how 'Jews are a privileged class,' but, he added, there were some 'good Jews' in the labor movement," the professor continued. "Another of my colleagues claimed that when Jesse Jackson ran for president, 'the Jews' had bought up all the Chicano broadcasting stations to stop them from endorsing Jesse. He said this had been 'covered up.' Another faculty member brought up the movie *Fiddler on the Roof*. He said that even one of the poor characters in it wanted to be a Rothschild, hence proving that all Jews want to be rich.

"Several other Jewish members of faculty have had similar experiences."

Indeed, one woman faculty member who is Jewish recalls receiving anti-Semitic hate mail from a senior professor. Once when she was en route to lead a class discussion about fascism, her colleague stuck his head around the door and taunted, "I'm not going to your lecture because I don't think you'll do Hitler justice."

"There's definitely an increase in open Jewish hatred at Berkeley," says Robyn Alana Engel, a Berkeley grad who recently surveyed anti-Semitism at the school for her masters thesis. "One professor told Orthodox students that they should drop a class because they could not attend Saturday field trips due to their observance of Shabbat."

> *"THERE'S DEFINITELY AN INCREASE IN OPEN JEWISH HATRED AT BERKELEY," SAYS A GRADUATE STUDENT WHO RECENTLY SURVEYED ANTI-SEMITISM FOR HER MASTERS THESIS.*

This attitude seems to be spilling over into Berkeley's city school system. For instance, after Jewish parents protested the use of Palestinian propaganda materials in a ninth-grade history class at Berkeley High, a Jewish educator, Deborah Enelow, was invited to talk to the school's students about Judaism. "My sense was that the Jewish kids at the school were very intimidated and reserved," she says. She soon had a sense of the reason. "As I was speaking, one African-American student screamed, 'Jesus is not a Jew! Everybody knows that Christianity comes before Judaism!' " she recalls. "He got up and marched out. What surprised me was less his outburst than the reaction to it of the teacher in charge of the class. He said, 'Well, we all have to learn to talk about these things.' He didn't confirm the historical accuracy of what I'd said, and I considered that very problematical."

Anti-Semitism, according to studies by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai Brith, is on the rise on campuses throughout the country. But while in most places, this intolerance is fueled by extremist black and Arab groups, such as the Nation of Islam—whose followers at least can claim to have experienced oppression themselves—most of the anti-Semites setting the pace in Berkeley are said to be middle-class whites, some of whom are even Jewish themselves.

"Berkeley is a progressive place, and I think this began to build up from left-wing ideologies in the sixties after the Arab-Israeli war, with the notion of a poor Palestinian population being oppressed by imperialists," says Enelow. "From that anti-Israeli feeling, all Jews came to be somehow lumped in with the oppressors and not regarded as victims of oppression, as they historically had been in European civilization. The way the story is told, Jews are very ready to jump in with any oppressors because we are very good at making money and materialistic, as opposed to Christians, who are so spiritual.

"There is also a sort of religious anti-Semitism among feminist intellectuals," Enelow continues, "who blame the patriarchal quality of Western civilization on Jews, and Berkeley is a university that has a concentration of feminists."

Adds Nancy R. Diner, associate director for the A.D.L.'s Central Pacific Region, "Anti-Semitism is increasing all over the country. Berkeley is very much for the oppressed, but everyone's definition of oppression is different."

Robyn Engel says that more than two out of three of the Jewish students she interviewed at the university had encountered some kind of anti-Semitism. One spotted another student posting fliers with swastikas on them. Others told of being harassed with remarks about Jews being cheap, having big noses, and being back stabbing. Graffiti saying things like "Hitler was right" has appeared, and messages have popped up on the campus computer network alleging that "Jews control the media."

Where do such sentiments come from? Engel concurs that anti-Israeli leftism may have something to do with it, and she suspects the recession is also causing the scapegoating of Jews. What is most outrageous, however, according to her research, is that, for all the lip service to "diversity," even professors at Berkeley who aren't anti-Semitic don't seem to think that Jews rate in the pantheon of politically correct victims. "When I told my professor I was researching a paper on anti-Semitism, he said I should pick a topic people care about," Engel explains.

Nothing fake on this page, fellas.

(yes, it's real gold.)

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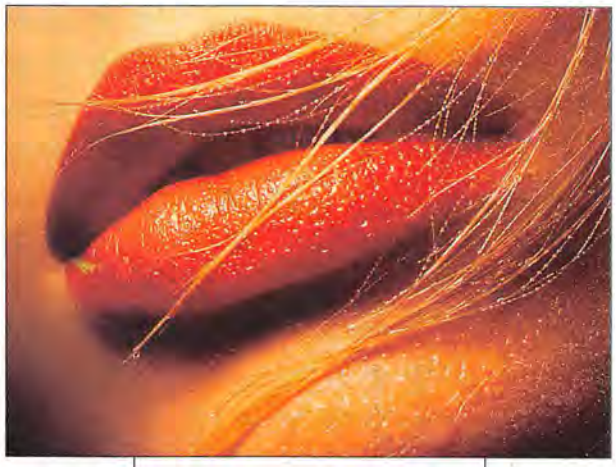
XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM



Penthouse *was described by someone as a bad place for a good girl and vice versa, but I can only say that it has been a very good place for me. If that makes me a bad girl, so much the better. I would like to propose a toast to this wonderful magazine, which has been more faithful than most of my lovers and certainly longer lasting. After a quarter of a century,* Penthouse, *like the Statue of Liberty, stands as a guardian of America's freedom in the shape of a beautiful woman.*

The following collection of yesterday's pleasures and perplexities proves that man's problems have not changed very much with the passage of time and that the American male is still as free as he ever was to choose his own form of government: blond, brunette, or redhead.—Love, Xaviera

WHORE AND PEACE

I am a very lonely person, and I masturbate at least six times a week. One night I joined a whorehouse, and now I am a prostitute. I have fallen in love with one of my customers, but he doesn't want to get married—all he wants to do is have intercourse with me. I love him very much, but his attitude hasn't helped to cure my loneliness—it's just turned me into a cocksucker. How can I persuade him to marry me?—L. S.

Did you honestly think you could be cured of your loneliness by joining a whorehouse? Let me tell you one thing, young lady—after having been a hooker for quite sometime and having my whorehouse for many months, I can assure you that the life of a prostitute must be about the loneliest life there is. All you see of the men who pass through is a face and a body on a one-hour basis. Do you honestly think you can fill up your loneliness with one-hour stands?

You have to separate your private life from the business life you are involved with. Take weekends off, shut off the phone, and try to find someone who's understanding. Most men who go to hookers and, in particular, to a brothel want variety, and most of them are married. There is a good quote—"Once a john, always a john," meaning that a customer will remain a customer.

You will hardly ever find a customer in a whorehouse who wants a steady involvement with any of the girls. If he wished to do so, he would go out and get himself a straight chick and keep her as his mistress. It is hard to accept, but being a hooker is definitely not the solution to loneliness.

QUI S'ABUSE, S'AMUSE

My wife and I have been married for five years, and we have a very robust sex life. However, a problem arose recently that has caused us great distress. About a month ago, we returned from a party and began to make out. I suggested we masturbate ourselves for a new kick. My wife responded enthusiastically, and while she played with herself, I knelt beside her and masturbated. We got really turned on watching each other, and I climaxed on her breasts and stomach. The next morning, though, my wife told me that what we had done was disgusting and she never wanted to do it again. I told her that we should do anything that turns us on, but she still regards it as dirty. Am I wrong? I found it highly erotic, and I know that deep down she enjoyed it as well, but somehow she thinks that masturbation after marriage is perverted. Don't most men and women like to see their partners masturbate?—Jeff

Some men feel very insecure about their masculinity when they see their wife masturbate. They think they have

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Based upon the series distributed by King World & Turner Entertainment.

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failed in pleasing their woman if she has to satisfy herself. There are also many men who satisfy their wife by intercourse and then jack themselves off until they reach orgasm—often because the vagina of a woman who has had several children may be too wide to give sufficient friction.

Tell your wife that if both partners are mature lovers, they will both realize how exciting it can be to see the other masturbate. Why should any sexual enjoyment be dirty? It's also exciting for ae man to masturbate a woman while she does it to him simultaneously. If your wife still has a mental block about it, don't force her; simply try to get her into the mood for it some other time. Your consideration will pay off one day.

NEEDED: A VIRGIN BED

During our short and uneventful marriage of only five months, my wife and I have had sex only four or five times, including our honeymoon night. It has been almost three months since the last time. We live in a furnished apartment, and my wife claims that she can't do it on a bed that someone else has used. Every time I touch her sexually, she complains that I'm being rough and pawing her all over. Before we were married, she never complained. We had more sex during one date than we've had in the last five months. We enjoyed everything, including cunnilingus and fellatio. We are both 21 and healthy, so I can't understand her change of attitude. Have you ever heard of a situation like this? What would you advise me to do?—D. D.

Buy a new bed.

DON'T SHOW YOUR GOODIES TO THE DO-GOODERS

For years I have found exposing myself to older, dignified women to be erotically stimulating. I've discussed this penchant with my girlfriend, who insisted it was a horrible perversion, so I never mentioned it again.

Recently, I was invited to her parents' house for dinner, and I suddenly had an uncontrollable urge to expose myself to her mother. Expecting me to carve the roast, she turned to me, and I quickly lowered my trousers, exposing my manhood. Needless to say, she screamed. When her husband learned what I had done, he threw me out of the house and told me never to come near his daughter (or wife) again. I can't say I'm sorry for what I did, because it gave me a great thrill and I've had many orgasms just thinking about it. I haven't done anything to hurt anybody, but now my girl won't talk to me. What can I do to get her back?—Perplexed

Keep your chin *and* your zipper up.

A NOT-SO-HOT TWAT

From the day I was married, five years ago, until now, my husband has complained that my vagina is not "hot." Other than this small problem, our sex life is great. It really doesn't seem to be a big problem. We are both very satisfied, but if other women's vaginas are hot—according to my husband's premarital experiences—why is mine just lukewarm? What can I do? I just want to make my vagina more comfortable for him. Please help me.—Mrs. Cool

Either your husband's memory is failing him or his fantasies are overcoming his common sense. "Hot pussy" is just an expression that means "eager and ready." Yes, the body temperature does rise a little as the blood rushes to a sensitized area. Friction will also produce a small and localized rise in temperature—but *hot*? He must be kidding. Even the earliest so-called porno novels would only go so far as to describe the vagina as being "warm and moist."

If your sex life together is as great as you say, then maybe the problem is not your "fever" but his thermometer.

CAN THE NEIGHBORS HEAR US?

In order for my girlfriend to reach orgasm, I literally have to go like a racehorse, using every possible type of stimulation and position possible. Believe me, I've even screwed her on a stepladder. I usually have to keep this pace for a good three to six hours before she can climax. Unfortunately, I'm not always up to winning the Kentucky Derby. Sometimes I just don't feel like

"Last question, Mr. Saujders....
Do you mind working for a company that has no men's room?"

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2 Easy to use	✓ YES No assembly/ disassembly required between exercises.	✗ NO Requires assembly/disassembly between exercises.	✗ NO Requires assembly/disassembly between exercises.
3 Leg Extension Unit included	✓ YES Permits both leg extensions and lying leg curls.	✗ NO Costs $200 extra.	✓ YES, **BUT...** Leg unit included doesn't permit lying leg curls.
4 Butterfly Unit included	✓ YES No extra cost.	✗ NO Costs $200 extra.	✓ YES, **BUT...** You must assemble before each use, and disassemble to use bench press.
5 Strength conditioning for all five major muscle groups	✓ YES **HEALTHMAX** strengthens all five: arms, legs, abdominals, back and pectorals.	✓ YES, **BUT...** You must purchase $400 in extra accessories to do comparable exercises for legs and pecs.	✓ YES, **BUT...** Why would you pay $700 more than **HEALTHMAX**?
6 Comfortable bench	✓ YES Padded bench is a full 47" long, 12" wide, and a comfortable 20" high.	✗ NO Padded bench is only 40½" long, making some lying down exercises awkward.	✗ NO Padded 40" bench is short, narrow (only 9" wide), and too high (24") off the ground.
7 Hydraulic cylinder resistance system	✓ YES Adjusts to your personal resistance level with a simple twist of a dial.	✗ NO Uses rubber bands which must be changed to vary resistance level.	✗ NO Uses complicated cord/pulley/mechanical resistance system.
8 Full refund of return freight if unit returned	✓ YES If not satisfied, we will refund your cost, shipping/handling charges, and all return freight!	✗ NO You pay over $85 to return. It must go by truck to Oregon!	✗ NO They keep your $99 shipping and handling payment.
9 Payable in installments	✓ YES 9 easy credit card installments of just $36.56! ($49.00 S/H added to first installment.)	✓ YES, **BUT...** You pay $39 per month for the next *2 YEARS!* (includes 10% interest)	✓ YES, **BUT...** You pay $200 plus $99 S/H up front and then $39 per month for 23 months! (includes 12% interest)

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going crazy for hours. But when I try to enjoy a short-but-sweet screw with her, I come quickly, and she becomes very angry about her "lack of fulfillment." We've discussed this and have come to no conclusions. Can you tell us what's the matter before I wear myself out and break my back?

Also, while I'm out trying to win the Belmont Stakes, she sounds like the St. Valentine's Day massacre. She doesn't emit just little love grunts—this girl screams and moans bloody murder! From the sound of things, she obviously enjoys sex like no one I've ever met. I'm growing tired of all the little comments by the neighbors and the guys across the street. Yes, she's that *loud! I've asked her, and I know she's tried superhard, but she can't seem to subdue her screams. Do you have any solutions for me before I accidentally suffocate her by trying to shove a pillow down her throat?*—S. F.

This is a very original cry for help, indeed. Why don't you buy her a good vibrator that can take over when you run out of gas? It is nonsense for you to work yourself into a frenzy to please her. I do sympathize with a woman who has a premature ejaculator in bed—it can be quite a letdown—but you don't have to sacrifice your health for her orgasm, either. Have you tried oral sex? Often a woman cannot reach a proper orgasm unless her clit is well-stimulated. Maybe all your pumping away is simply in vain, because you're not hitting the "man in the boat." If she is a screamer, just be happy she is not a scratcher.

BALD AND BEAUTIFUL

I'm 23 years old, I have a cute figure, and I enjoy a good sex life with my boyfriend, Joe.

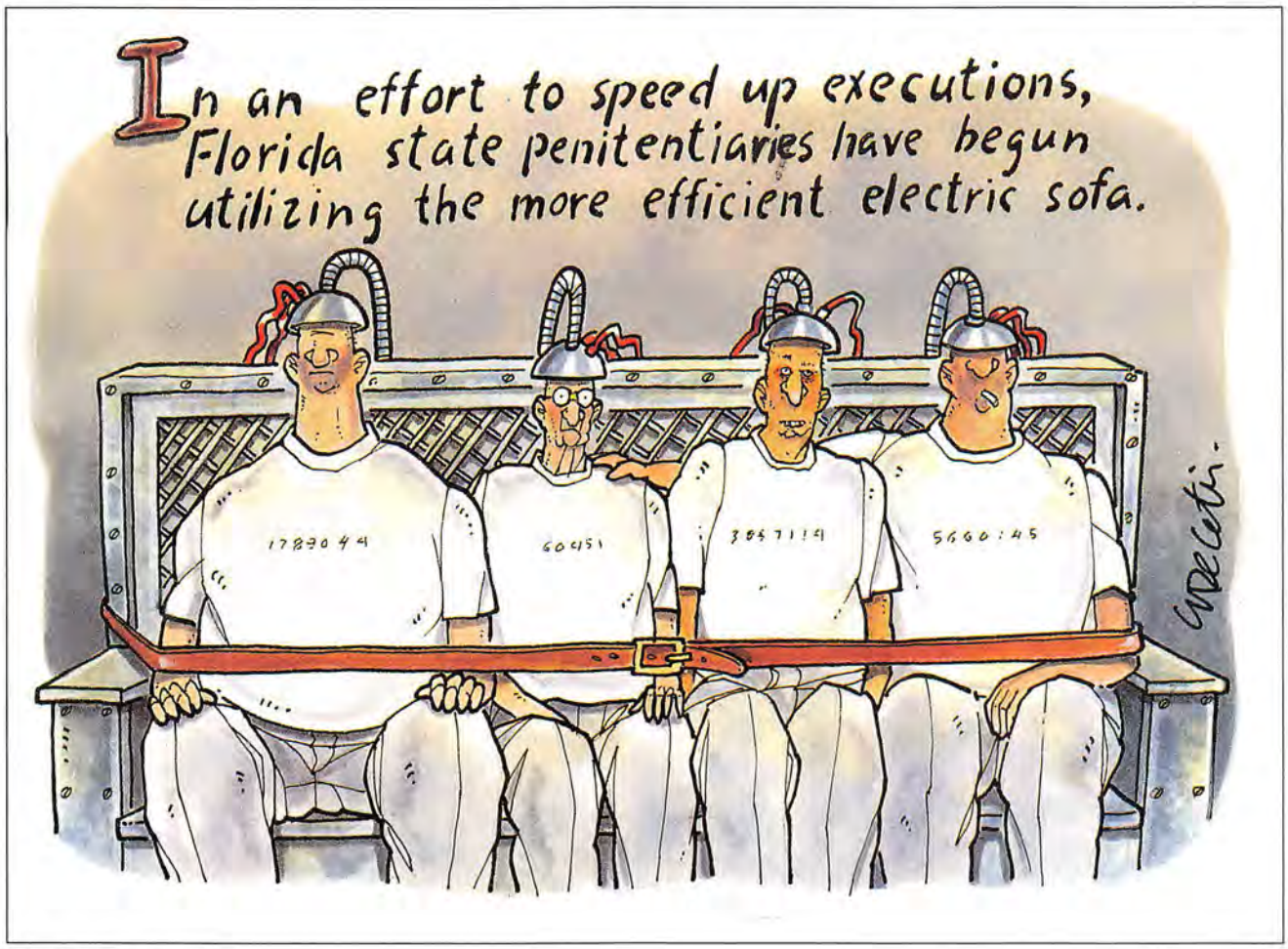
Several weeks ago I was trying on bathing suits while shopping with a close friend, Linda. I found a terrific one-piece suit that did dynamite things for my figure. But, as usual with sexy, revealing bathing suits, it also revealed too much of my overabundant pubic growth. I have discussed this problem on several occasions with both Joe and Linda, but I have never had the courage to do anything about it. It is a problem only when I try on new suits, as I usually just end up buying the less revealing kind. But I really wanted this one. Linda saw the suit on me in the dressing room and exclaimed, "It looks terrific on you, but if you plan on wearing it, you'd better get out your razor."

Later, I was just about to put the suit back on the rack when I thought about the letter to you from the secretary who'd had her pussy shaved by her boss's wife. I turned to Linda and said, "If you'll take care of my problem, I'll buy the suit." She knew what I meant, smiled, and said, "Go buy that suit."

Once back at her apartment, I tried the suit on again while Linda got things ready. After I modeled it in the living room, Linda had me go into the kitchen, where she had spread a towel out on the table. I was very apprehensive and nervous about what I had agreed to, but Linda simply told me to strip out of the suit and lie down on my back on the table. Without another word, she began clipping the hairs. She lathered the area up with shaving cream and began shaving the hairs off.

As more and more of my pubic flesh was exposed, I became very aware of what an erotic situation this was. I had never felt so naked as then, with Linda fully clothed, standing between my legs, and me so completely exposed. As the wetness began to seep from my sex, I became embarrassed and hoped that Linda would not find out how turned on I was getting.

Up until Linda began to shave my most intimate parts, I was trying very hard to control myself. But my nipples were hard as rocks, my breasts ached, and my pussy was soaking wet. As Linda shaved around my pussy lips, her fingers were inside my slit, pulling the skin taut. Several times her finger-



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tips pulled across or exerted pressure on my clit and invaded the entrance to my vagina. I felt sure these were necessary "accidents," and it was all I could do to control my breathing and not give away how turned on I was. When she had finished with the front, Linda had me get up on my hands and knees with my butt up in the air, so she could shave around my rear. I thought we were finished, but she said to lie down again on my back.

When I was once again on my back with my legs apart, all pretenses on her part dropped. Linda began rubbing baby lotion all over my shaven pussy. No longer were there any "accidents," for her fingers were rubbing and probing all over my slit. Capturing my clit between her fingers, she would rub back and forth, even inserting one or two well-lubricated fingers deep into my vagina. Her fingers were gliding all over my shaved pussy. I was just on the verge of having an orgasm when she stopped. I was ready to scream, "You can't leave me like this," but I dared not. Linda wiped off the area with a washcloth, and for the first time since starting, we looked at each other. I was terribly embarrassed and not sure what to do next, but she said, "I know just what you need." She quickly bent down and placed a kiss on my bald pussy. Then her tongue began to run up and down the length of my slit, which she made completely open and exposed with her fingers. Linda licked my clit and inserted her tongue deep inside me. I had a powerful orgasm, which was followed by several less intense ones. I was completely drained and exhausted. Linda said, "I think you should shower and dress now," as she stepped away, allowing me to get up.

After dressing, I came out into the living room with a sheepish look on my face. This being my first lesbian experience, I was very unsure of myself. Linda sensed this and simply said, "Any time you need a touch-up, don't hesitate to call." I have had several of these "touch-ups," and each time Linda has made love to me without asking any favor of me in return.

Now that I am what Joe calls his "slick chick," I am enjoying a highly charged sex life. Joe does not know that it was Linda who shaved me or about our little affairs. He is, however, paying much more attention to my pussy, and oral sex is much more frequent. Because of itching, I am wearing a lot more dresses with no panties or panty hose; I am naked underneath except for a garter belt. This has made me much more aware of my femininity and of how beautiful and arousing my hairless pussy is. Joe delights both of us by telling me to lift my dress up and show him my pussy. This is deliciously indecent, and we have even done this in public when we were sure no one else could see. I have a fantasy that Joe will ask me to lift up my dress and expose myself to some of our friends. If he does, I think I would. Do you agree that men get more turned on by a shaven pussy?—L. L., Texas

Depends on the man. I suppose most would find it a diverting novelty. No doubt they'd start seeing your pussy in a new, not to say nude, light, since most women don't go through all the trouble of shaving themselves between the legs. But some men really go for a lot of pubic hair on their women. So there you are—you just can't please everybody. Of course, you don't have to, and your man seems to really enjoy your shaved pube. Why ruin a good thing and let it grow back?

During the warm weather, I particularly enjoy having a shaved pussy. It feels cooler, and I, too, enjoy running around without any panties on.

The only drawback to shaving your crotch is that those hairs are a dry lubricant. If you're bald down there, your man won't slide in and out quite as easily as he did before you shaved. From the sound of your letter, it's obvious that this small drawback is not enough to make you give up on the razor.

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TRISEXUAL TREATS

For the past ten years, my wife and I have been occasional swingers, and we very much enjoy the excitement of meeting new people. Last year we were introduced to "threesome" sex when my young and beautiful wife did an impromptu striptease in front of one of my friends and me. My wife's undulations were very stimulating, and soon my friend and I joined her in disrobing. I found myself extremely excited by listening to and watching my wife make love with another man.

Since that experience, we have had threesomes whenever we could find a young, attractive man to join us. Our most exciting encounter was with a young black guy who had an extremely large penis; it was at least eight inches long. My pleasure peaked when this guy let me help him place his penis in my wife. I gently held the base of his cock as he rhythmically penetrated her. When he came, I could feel his juices pouring through his cock.

My questions are: How prevalent do you think this type of behavior is with newly married couples? Why should I receive such pleasure from watching my wife have sex? (I have no sexual interest in the men.) What experiences, if any, have you had with threesomes, Xaviera?—R. J.

I have seen it all, I have done it all, and I have had enough of it, because I found one man whom I love 100 percent. I don't need all the other activities to make me happy.

I must confess, however, that sometimes I do feel that little tinge of desire to organize an orgy. But then I realize that no other man or woman can really please me more than the one man I love, so why look for it elsewhere? Why ask for trouble? The man I love is a typical one-woman man, but our sex life is imaginative and varied. Each day we grow closer, and this has been going on for more than two years.

In my book *Xaviera Goes Wild,* there are plenty of chapters on wild orgies and group sex in Paris and Saint-Tropez, so I am obviously the last person to condemn your actions. Read the book, and the rest of your questions will be answered.

NO OUTCOME

I feel that my problem is very serious. I have no trouble getting dates. I'm in the military, and I'm in good physical condition. My cock is of average size (six inches), and I am an attractive person. The problem is that I can't seem to come while having intercourse with a woman.

Not too long ago, I had a date with an attractive European woman. She was hot, to say the least! We had a traditional date of dining and dancing, and then around midnight, we went to her apartment. The rest of the night was wall-to-wall sex, and we fucked in every position possible. I had no problem satisfying this lovely girl, but even after hours and hours of straight sex, I still could not come. The poor girl thought it was her fault, but I explained to her that it happens to me all the time—especially when I try to come from intercourse alone. She was so understanding and gave me a blowjob to ease my tension. I came, and all was well. Xaviera, can you please shed some light on my dilemma?—H. V.

Almost every man I know would be delighted to have your problem—that is, if you really think that being able to fuck for seven and a half hours without getting your rocks off or going soft is problematic. On reflection, I get the feeling that maybe you are boasting rather than complaining, but I'll give you a few hints anyway, in case your preoccupation with your own orgasm builds up to a genuine psychosis.

> *AS LINDA SHAVED AROUND MY PUSSY LIPS, HER FINGERS WERE INSIDE MY SLIT, TURNING ME ON.*

As a loyal and patriotic soldier, you no doubt spend a lot of time polishing your weapon, oiling it, stripping it down, and so forth, and quite rightly. These exercises are essential for maximum efficiency in the field of battle. However, it is also important to be prepared when expecting an encounter with the enemy. When your sergeant wakes you in the morning with his familiar "Hands off cocks and on with socks!" command, you should obey him, and stay off the beat for a few days before your next appointment with a woman. A period of abstinence in a healthy young man does no harm, and in your case, it may well produce a level of horniness on your next date that will make you shoot your load somewhere between the soup and the fish. Not an ideal situation, in my opinion.

Pussies come in as many shapes and sizes as there are people, and it may be that in your chance encounters, you have never gotten into a vaginal vault that really matches your private part. Furthermore, even though you say you have tried every possible position, there may be one or two that you've missed. Highly recommended for maximum penile stimulation are the following:

1. The man lies on his back, and the woman kneels astride him. She can raise and lower herself on his phallus, and he can thrust from below. She can also make rotary movements. Her hands are free, so she can stimulate the base of his penis, his nipples, or any other part of him that tickles her fancy. If she squats instead of kneeling, her pussy will be tightly contracted and the results will be even better.

2. In this much neglected variant of the missionary position, which is, in fact, how you start, the woman puts her legs together once penetration has been achieved. This position is particularly useful with small or slightly flaccid cocks.

3. Probably the best position of all is an extension of the doggie-style position that I call the froggie-style. It is best done on the carpet rather than in bed. The woman puts her hands on the floor and bends her knees, with her toes—rather than her knees—supporting her weight. Apart from differences in limb length, it is exactly the posture of a frog on a lily pad. The man is in the same position behind her. He grasps the sides of the woman's buttocks and enters her vagina from behind, moving up and down on his toes.

4. One final alternative is to come as close to climax as possible in the sixty-nine position. Just before the man comes, switch to fucking. The change of stimulation usually allows the man to hold his orgasm for several strokes, and when he finally achieves it, it lasts.

CHAIRPERSON

I'm a 20-year-old male, and some say I'm good-looking. I'm in a wheelchair, but that's not my problem.

My problem is that I'm still a virgin. I've tried every way I can think of to get laid, but I've had no luck. I had a date with a young lady set up, but her parents decided to take her on a trip the night we were to rid me of my cherry. I'm at a loss. I'd like to have a steady girlfriend, but I'd really *like to find out what all the hype is about sex.*

Have you any suggestions on how to get laid? I'm an avid reader of your column, and I would appreciate any help you could give.—S. V.

I was recently invited to appear on a TV panel and, as usual, there was some sort of strike affecting air travel. My flight was diverted, and I ended up having to catch a suburban train along

CONTINUED ON PAGE 272

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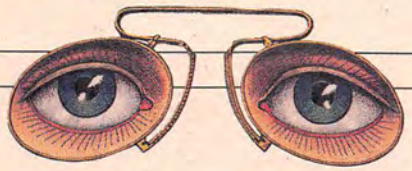


ANNIVERSARY WALTZ

By Emily Prager

Penthouse is celebrating its 25th birthday. I'm celebrating 17 years of being with *Penthouse*. And after all this time, I can only say this: I would not trade it for all the tea in China, but I would trade it for a decade in Maui, all expenses paid. Or free Jaguar rentals for ten years. Or the title to the co-op above my own. Or an eye job from Diane Sawyer's plastic surgeon.

I've changed in 17 years. I'm not the same bohemian teenager I was when I began. I have expensive tastes now. I've become a yuppie—no, worse. I've become queen. Queen of the Columnists. If you wish to depose me, you'll have to pay big.

I've earned this monarchy in spades. In 17 years I've written 240 columns of 204,000 words, all of them on a typewriter. None of those fancy word processors or new-fangled computers for this columnist. When I make a mistake, I use Wite-Out like a pro. When I finish a piece, my fingers are often bloody from the pounding it takes to get those jokes out and get them out funny. My fingers are so calloused, I have no fingerprints. My fingers and forearms are so strong, I had to register them with the New York Police Department as literary weapons.

After 17 years of scanning the papers, I know more about foreign policy than Warren Christopher, President Clinton, and Dick Cheney put together. In this column I predicted that Reagan's Star Wars scheme would be a bust, that Muammar Qaddafi would get revenge (Lockerbie), and that Vietnam would open to tourists, to name but a few. Domestically, I predicted teenage killers, mass homelessness, yuppiedom, incest lawsuits, and all kinds of American mayhem that has more than come to pass.

About Russia I wrote, "Any country that stands on line for lettuce is no threat to us." And I was right. About China I wrote in 1979, "She opened the doors with cloth shoes. Give it 20 years, and she'll rule the world export market." Right again. About Bush I wrote, "He's a toothache of a man, like every woman's ex-husband." Right again. Yet over and over, I've been called warped, twisted, irreverent, a satirist, a parodist, a jokestress, anything but the lucid, farsighted, bone-crushingly honest reportrix that I so clearly have been.

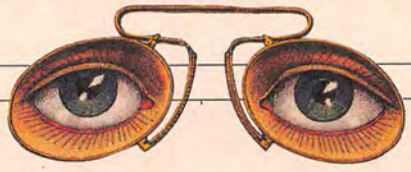
What I failed to predict was that humor would become as common as mineral water. Or that Richard Nixon would have his own holiday. Or that someone would invent a female condom. I am not, after all, a psychic.

Over the years I've received many tributes, but three stand out in my mind. The first was from Planned Parenthood–World Population thanking me for my pro-choice columns. The second was a heartfelt letter from a man in prison, saying that my columns had changed his attitude toward women for the better. The third was a letter from Santa Claus, a reply to a gloomy "Dear Santa" column I wrote one year. In his adorable missive, Santa told me that things would improve.

After 17 years, I have a lot of people to thank, but let me limit it to Ronald Reagan and George Bush and you, the readers. Thank you, Ronald Reagan and George Bush, for 12 wonderful, humor-filled years. I luv ya. And thank you, readers, for continuing to read me so I would continue to write. It's been worth all the harassment I've endured from anti-pornography feminists and all the leering I've put up with from people who think I write sex columns. Thanks, readers, you've taken a lot of ribbing from me. And I can promise you, you will again!

If I had to, I'd trade this column for a decade in Maui—but fortunately, dear readers, I don't have that option!

VIEW FROM THE TOP



TIMES CHANGE

By Ben Stein

Twenty-five years ago, the world had never heard of William Jefferson Clinton, Apple Computers, Boris Yeltsin, Smashing Pumpkins, Roseanne Arnold, *Roe* v. *Wade*, Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome, or kids killing kids with machine guns.

In 1969 the Soviet Union was the eternal foe of the United States. The war in Vietnam was killing roughly 1,000 Americans per month.

Roughly half the school districts in the Deep South were still segregated by race. There were no compact discs or Lexuses or frequent-flyer miles or pizza within a half hour guaranteed. Richard Nixon was president and in the midst of a program to remake the Republican party into a more socially enlightened, radically open body. Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix and Elvis Presley were alive.

Times change.

I was at Yale Law School, a third-year-student-to-be, about to be a schoolmate, if not a classmate, of an earnest-looking Wellesley grad named Hillary Rodham. Although I had been a longtime fan of Nixon's, I had briefly converted to the antiwar movement, and was marching and screaming about the war on the New Haven Green. In between that and a few classes, I was also marching around and singing and screaming about my heroes of the day, the Black Panthers. The day before my wife and I left New Haven to go home to Washington, D.C., for Christmas vacation, a vigorous black woman from the Panthers wished me well by hugging me, giving me the clenched-fist salute, and saying, "Don't do it up too much and intensify the class struggle." That was laugh-out-loud funny.

Will we ever forget the sight of young men on stretchers being carried away by helicopters over the Vietnam jungles?

This morning I've been besieged with calls from insurance salesmen and brokers who want to help me be fiscally prepared for death. Not as funny.

Twenty-five years of a kaleidoscope of sights, sounds, and even smells: hundreds of thousands of us running at midnight to "storm" the South Vietnamese embassy on Massachusetts Avenue; the popping sound and punishing smell of tear gas; the sight, night after night, of American young men on stretchers being carried away by helicopters over the jungles of Vietnam; Nixon leaving the South Lawn in another helicopter, the victim of another kind of ambush; standing on stage 15 at Paramount playing a teacher while the cast and crew looked on and the audience burst into applause; seeing the smoke and fires of the L.A. riots from my house in Malibu 40 miles away and smelling the smoke from Compton in the middle of the night; Michael Milken in a courtroom; Michael Milken in front of a class at U.C.L.A.; a girl in the front row of my own class at the University of California at Santa Cruz telling me that she would rather die than eat meat; my son saying "Good night, Daddy" for the first time from his crib; my son saying I didn't love him if I didn't take him to Toys "R" Us; the endless sound of sirens in the night in Los Angeles; my son sitting behind me in a jet boat on a sparkling fall day, shouting, "Faster, Daddy, faster!"; my beloved father and mother in hospital beds, looking so smart and so scared and so frustrated all at once; my once and future wife diving into her swimming pool at midnight to rescue a drowning turtle.

I tried to think of a song that would sum it up and help us get over to the next 25 years. I called and asked my friend Ona, who's probably the most loving person I know outside my family. "It has to be 'Amazing Grace,'" she said, and maybe she's right. But when I am weary and lonely and afraid, the song I sing is one I heard black people in Birmingham, Alabama, singing 30 years ago, when bombers had blown up their church and killed four small children in Sunday school. The song went like this: "We shall live in peace / We shall live in peace / We shall live in peace / Someday / oh-oh, deep in my heart, I do believe / We shall live in peace someday."

Now, on to tomorrow.

MEN'S RIGHTS

By Sidney Siller

On May 6, 1994, an historic civil lawsuit was brought against the president of the United States. Paula Corbin Jones filed a suit for money damages, claiming Bill Clinton intentionally caused her severe emotional distress, violated her civil rights, and denied her rights of equal protection by making "abhorrent sexual advances" toward her on May 8, 1991, in a Little Rock, Arkansas, hotel room. In addition, Jones claims that Governor Clinton dropped his pants, giving her a view of his privates. The president's lawyer, Robert Bennett, denounced the suit as "tabloid trash" and vehemently denied that "this incident occurred." Whatever the outcome, this latest saga in Clinton's not-so-charmed life is of particular interest to me, as it continues to fuel the fires of the sexual-harassment debates.

Jones claims that Clinton dropped his pants, which continues to fuel the fires of the sexual-harassment debates.

Ever since Justice Clarence Thomas's Senate confirmation hearings, the number of sexual-harassment claims in America has more than doubled. As Anita Hill will forever be linked with the issue of sexual harassment (and forever heralded as a hero by the radical feminists), I was not surprised to see her interviewed on "Face the Nation" two days after the *Jones* v. *Clinton* suit was filed. Hill stated, "Sometimes people who we admire and respect ... may engage in behavior that is objectionable and may even be against the law." Is it possible she's already made up her mind as to the president's guilt or innocence?

Oddly enough, barely one hour later, Senator Bob Packwood appeared on the television program "This Week," apparently as an authority on Washington sexual misconduct. Packwood said he had made advances to some women, but he did not think that "an advance" constituted sexual harassment. "Some men are as suave as Cary Grant," he said, "and others have the motor skills of Quasimodo." Then he went on to state, "The thing that intrigues me most is the way women's groups look for a way to absolutely excoriate me and look for some way to attempt to exonerate the president.... I find that an intriguing double standard."

So do I. The radical feminists who expertly crafted their icon and heroine Anita Hill are scarcely visible in the Jones case. It seems that the reason feminists find themselves in this position is because of their extraordinary alliance with the First Lady.

However, we should recall that on August 9, 1992, at an American Bar Association luncheon, Hillary Rodham Clinton declared, "As women and as lawyers, we must never again shy from raising our voices against sexual harassment." I wonder how outspoken she'll be now that her husband is a defendant.

The Jones case will have a profound impact on the lives of all men, as we can all be targets of sexual-harassment complaints. I shall be watching this case with great interest.

As the founder of the National Organization for Men, I'd like to take this opportunity to report that the organization has established the Men's Legal Defense and Education Fund. We intend to institute, wherever permissible, constitutional challenges to those statutes and procedural systems that deny men due process and equal protection.

Also, I ask all our readers and supporters in the men's movement to join me in wishing Bob Guccione and the staff of *Penthouse* a happy 25th anniversary, and all our best for the next 25 years. See you at the golden anniversary.

What are your views on Clinton's predicament? You can contact me at the National Organization for Men, 11 Park Place, New York, N.Y. 10007; (212) 766-4030; or call N.O.M.'s free voice-fax service at (818) 791-0578 (Box 777).

"View From the Top" looks at health, travel, justice, and other topics. We encourage you to let us know what subjects you would like to see more coverage of. Call 1-900-772-2223. For more details, see page 302.

CYBER SPACE

The Internet is like a sea of data—and we're all surfers.

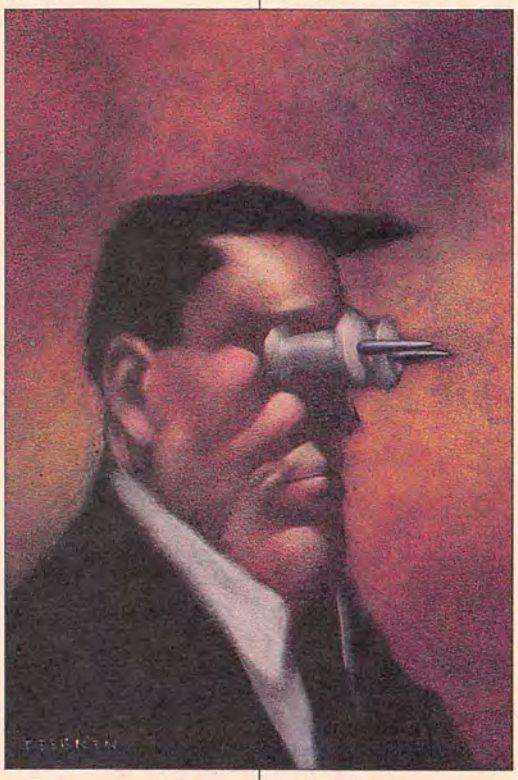
By Gregg Keizer

I'm lost. Totally lost. Not a road sign in sight. It's as black as the heart of an ambulance-chasing lawyer, and the panic's starting to eat a hole through the back of my throat. If this is the information superhighway, I need AAA.

Getting lost on the Internet may not seem like much of a problem—after all, I'm sitting safe and sound at home in front of the computer, doors locked, not a carjacker or hitchhiking serial killer in sight—but for anyone trying to grab a bit of cyberspace, it's like a sip of sour milk—a bad taste, then a dump down the drain.

And that's not how it should be. The Internet is the only thing even close to that information superhighway the Clinton administration and everyone else is talking about—the best imitator of science fiction's sexy cyberpunk world; the weirdest, funkiest way to spend time with a computer until they work the kinks out of virtual erotica.

I wasn't lost because I didn't know where I was going—okay, I *didn't* know where I was going, but that doesn't much matter—but because there's so damned much on the Internet. I couldn't decide whether to head for the hangout of fans of feet (alt.sex.fetish.feet) or drop a note to Bill Clinton (president@-whitehouse.gov). Should I aim for the cultural and walk through a multimedia exhibit on the Library of Congress's computers or take the low road and follow conversations about tattoos? What to do, what to do.



This is one of the few times when getting there—if there is a "there" on the Internet—is *not* all the fun. Being lost is fun, too.

THE INTERNET: WHAT THE HELL IS IT?

It's tough to describe the Internet, if only because it's not so much a thing as a collection of things. Unlike commercial on-line services that cater to computer users—like CompuServe, America Online, and Prodigy—the Internet isn't an entity you can look up in the phone book. And, with some few exceptions, it has a profit motive that's almost invisible.

It's not even a network, one of those well-defined collections of computers that are connected with cable. It's a *network* of networks—the University of Minnesota's computer network, NASA's scattered networks, my puny network of three PCs. They're all linked—most with high-speed data-transmission lines, the rest by phone—and they can all "talk" to one another.

What is now the Internet actually got its start as part of our go-go spending spree during the Cold War. Back in the late 1960s, the U.S. Defense Department's Advanced Research Projects Agency set up something called the ARPANet as a way for military, governmental, and civilian researchers to trade information and messages by computer (and, coincidentally, to see if they could build a computer network that would survive a large-scale attack). By defining a set of standards—called "protocols"—the A.R.P.A. made it possible for different computers to exchange data. During the next two and a half decades, most major universities, such huge organizations as the National Science Foundation, and Fortune 500 businesses like AT&T kept tossing their networks into the kitty. Today the Internet is a sprawling tangle of computer connections that spans the globe, with pieces on every continent.

But it's a surprisingly loose tangle. Most computer networks are narrow-minded affairs, with privileges extended on a C.I.A.-style need-to-know basis. ("You work in the warehouse? Then you don't need to peek into accounting's computer, now do you?") The Internet is almost the opposite. Anyone with access to the

Internet can connect to literally thousands of computers, head to the information on them with barely a digital by-your-leave, then read text and copy software to his or her heart's content.

And it's mostly free, or as free as anything ever gets. Each company or college or research institute pays for its own part by maintaining its collection of computers, providing the people to run them, and laying out the money for phone and data links. If you work for a company or go to a university that's plugged into the Internet, you can cruise for free. (The rest of us have to make other arrangements.)

If all this sounds contrary to capitalism, it should. The Internet's not a business, not in the real sense. Since it's made up of thousands of parts, no one person—not even one network—calls the shots. (That makes it tough to even figure out how big the Internet is. Estimates of a million machines, minimum; 15 to 20 million users; 14,000 to 20,000 separate computer networks; and a ten-percent-per-month growth rate were all outdated as soon as I typed the numbers.) Its bent for the open-sharing of information, something that researchers and academics take pride in, seems psychotic to corporations.

It's big, it's been around, it's not really run by anybody, and a lot of people ride for free. Sounds like the United Nations.

WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH IT?

If the Internet is that big, you'd expect to find everything imaginable on it. You'd be right. Information of almost any possible type—from census data to presidential speeches, from esoteric discussions of astrophysics to more down-to-earth chat about "NYPD Blue"—finds a home somewhere on the Internet. But its pieces—services and tools may be better words—are a bit easier to get your hands on:

Electronic mail: Most of the traffic on the Internet is made up of messages being passed back and forth. This electronic mail, "e-mail" for short, works a lot like the post office, only light speeds faster. You can write messages, address them, send them, and check the electronic version of a mailbox for mail someone else has sent to you. It's great for sending mail to friends, lovers, even celebrities. Drop Beavis or Butt-head a line at beavis@mtv.com or butthead@mtv.com, for instance, and tell them you want to see that Cher video again.

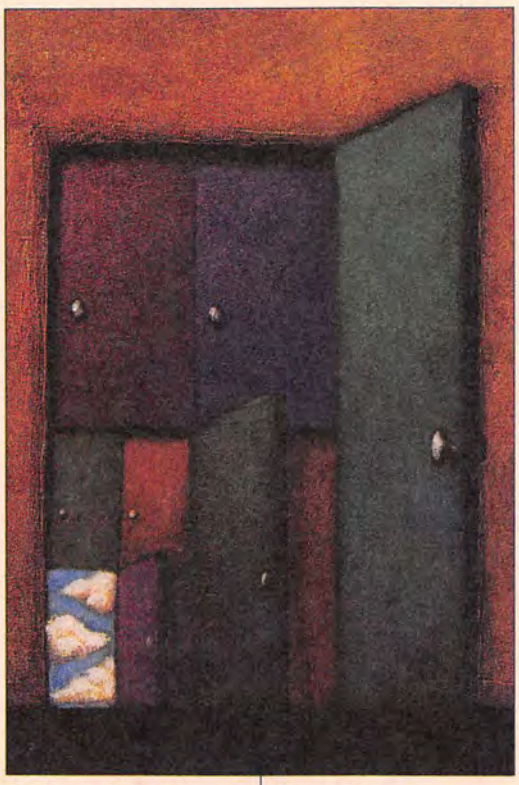
Mailing lists: Internet's version of a newspaper or magazine, a mailing list is simply a collection of e-mail messages about a single topic. You find a list you're interested in, say, the one for Mazda RX-7 owners or one of several about transvestites, then subscribe to it by sending a message to the keeper of the list. From that point on, you'll get a copy of every message written by other subscribers to the list. I subscribe to one simply called "men," which bills itself as a "mailing list that discusses men's issues." Tame stuff, but interesting all the same.

Usenet News: If a mailing list is a newspaper, then the Internet's Usenet News is its radio. Thousands of these bulletin-board-style groups are available, and they include everything from rec.sport.football.pro (where people discuss pro football) to alt.sex.wanted (you figure it out). Like mailing lists, Usenet newsgroups are essentially collections of e-mail messages. Here, though, you can tune in any time you like, read what you want, reply if you feel like it, then skip the rest. It's probably the most popular part of the Internet. I tune in to dozens from time to time, but my favorites range from rec.humor.funny (jokes) to alt.sex.stories (if you like "Forum," you'll love this one).

F.T.P.: The Internet's full of abbreviations, and this one stands for file-transfer protocol. It means you can download files—utilities for your PC or Macintosh, games, transcripts of conferences—from another computer on the Internet to your home or business

Getting lost on the Internet can be the best way to find out about the internet.

Never in history has there been so vast and accessible a world of information.



machine. Doing an F.T.P. is a bitch for inexperienced computer users, though, since you have to type bizarre commands to find a file and get it into your own machine. It's a great place for free software of all kinds, but you'll have to go to Usenet to download electronic erotica.

Telnet: No, it's not a way to tell the net to go to hell (though you'll want to do that sometimes). This is just a wirehead term for connecting your computer to another so you can pretend you're sitting *there* instead of *here*. I've never been in Harvard's library, but I've prowled the library's computer. I telnetted my way to Cambridge, Massachusetts, scanned the electronic card catalog, and discovered that a book written by a friend was on the shelf. Since I don't have a library card, it was sort of stupid, but I guess you could use telnet for more productive things, like connecting your home computer to one at work.

Gopher: This Internet tool is just what it says—a *go fer* that helps you get information and files. By arranging things in lists or menus, a Gopher server (a computer set up with Gopher in mind) makes it much easier to wade through all the crap on the Internet. Not all computers are Gopher-equipped, but those that are (last time I looked, I found more than 1,500) are a cinch to explore. I found one with files containing the lyrics of a bunch of Rolling Stones songs. For the first time, I know the words to "Gimme Shelter." They're not pretty.

World Wide Web: Even slicker than Gopher, the World Wide Web (W.W.W., or just the Web) is another way to look for information on the Internet. Unlike Gopher, which uses lists and menus, the Web posts information in documents that can include pictures, sounds, short movies, and quick links to other computers. With the right software—a program called Mosaic is the best—navigating the Web is a point-and-click affair from your PC or Macintosh. I found mtv.com, run by a former veejay from MTV, which let me browse through music news, insider gossip, and listen to a quote of the day.

Other stuff: You can play games on the Internet (they're called MUDs, for Multi-User Dungeons, because you play with other Internet users), Gopher to a computer that tells you how to win in Las Vegas, download pictures from NASA's probes, read amateur sex stories, and about anything else you can dream up.

THREE DAYS ON THE INTERNET

Okay, I've talked myself into the Internet. It's cool, it's got lots of stuff, it's the way to tap into what passes for the information autobahn. Now all I have to do is get connected.

That's the tough part. Since it's so decentralized, you can't just call up one place and tell them you want to get on the Internet. But there are ways—some easier than others, some ultimately a lot more satisfying—of getting on. All you need is the tenacity of a rottweiler, a PC or Macintosh computer, a modem (a gizmo that goes between the phone line and the computer so the latter can send data to other computers), a phone line, a little spare cash, and a lot of spare time.

I decided to scout the highway by linking to the Internet on three different days, in three different ways.

Day one—Hello, America Online. The best place for beginners to break into the Internet is through America Online (A.O.L.), one of the big commercial on-line networks. A.O.L. is chock-full of other information, including our sister publications *Omni, Compute,* and *Saturday Review Online,* but for our purposes, the big draw is its expanding connection to the Internet. It doesn't hurt that

A.O.L.'s easy-to-navigate menus and selection boxes have been applied to its Internet coverage, too.

I already had an account with A.O.L., but if you don't, call (800) 827-6364; A.O.L. will send you the software you need to connect and give you ten free hours to try it out. A.O.L. costs $9.95 per month (with five hours included), then $3.50 per hour after that. The pricing includes the Internet access.

I skipped past all the other tidbits on A.O.L. and headed straight for its Internet Center, a panel with several buttons and a menu list. From here I had my pick of some, but not all, of the Internet. I could send e-mail to anyone on the Internet (big deal—I could do that before from A.O.L. or any on-line service), subscribe to any mailing list, tune in to any Usenet newsgroup, even walk through numerous Gopher servers, browsing for information. But I couldn't download files or telnet to another computer. (Not yet, anyway; A.O.L.'s working on adding those Internet functions.)

A.O.L.'s great for early explorations of the Internet, in particular, reading Usenet newsgroups and subscribing to mailing lists. But I wanted more.

Day two—Calling Delphi: Another on-line service, Delphi, bills itself as "your complete Internet connection." It's a much smaller service than A.O.L., and since it puts only text on your computer screen (not buttons to click and icons to represent features, as on A.O.L.), it's harder for a beginning computer user to work. But it's telling the truth about its Internet links.

I got on Delphi by calling (800) 695-4005 and giving them a credit card number. They gave me five free hours to experiment, but then said they'd either charge me $10 per month (with four hours included and additional hours at $4 an hour) or $20 (with 20 hours included and additional hours at $1.80 an hour). I bit for the 10-4 plan.

Driving on the Infobahn takes some getting used to. But getting there can also be fun.

I had to dig up a communications program for my PC—Delphi doesn't give you software to connect to their computers—and then I dropped right into its Internet section. I started by hitting Usenet (the Usenet reader software on Delphi is pretty lame), then I graduated to cruising the Gophers that were available. I even tried some F.T.P., and I managed to download some interesting pictures from NASA's files.

But because everything on the screen was straight text, and because I often had to figure out what Unix command to type in, I first got frustrated, then lost. You need to be a proficient Internet kind of guy to deal with Delphi, I decided. I wanted access to everything, but I wanted a simpler way to navigate.

Day three—Internet, the real way. Day three, day four, and day five is more like it, for my last approach to Internet ran into problems. To get on the Internet without having to go through one of the on-line systems, you need to establish dial-up access with a commercial Internet provider.

Finding one may not be easy. Ideally, you want one with a presence in your local calling area so you don't have to dial long distance to connect. One way to find a provider is to talk to the nerdiest computer user you know—odds are, he or she is on the Internet already. Another option is to head for one of the larger providers; many have local access connections countrywide. The Pipeline ([212] 267-3636) and PSI ([800] 827-7482) are two. Call either or both for an idea of how much it'll cost to connect to the Internet.

I found a local provider that advertised in a computer magazine, paid them $20 for a month's time (with ten hours of connect time each month), then tried to get everything up and running

The infonet holds something for everyone—no matter what your tastes, preferences, or interests.

on my PC. I'm not shy about computers—it's what I do for a living—but getting the software to talk to the Internet was like trying to set up a VCR with a manual printed in Taiwan. It was understandable, sort of, but it didn't quite click. Unless you can call in a marker and get an Internet-head friend to help you out, pick a provider that gives you ready-to-use software *and* has experts you can talk to when you need help.

Once I got everything running, though, this ramp was the best by far. I could use flashy software like Mosaic to cruise the W.W.W., search for and download software and pictures with a Gopher program, and cruise through my Usenet favorites with an easy-to-use reader.

This kind of connection is definitely the way to go, but it's not for the impatient or the technologically faint-hearted.

LOST? WHO CARES?

The Internet may not be the information superhighway that Al Gore rambles on about—that may not be built for years—but it's the closest thing we have.

It has problems and potholes, though. Some longtime Internet users aren't happy about all the crowds that are getting on board. (Last spring a couple of lawyers posted unsolicited advertisements to most of the Internet's Usenet newsgroups—a no-no in Internet etiquette—and received *lots* of electronic hate mail.) With the boom in traffic, it's probably only a matter of time before the Internet's disdain of the profit motive changes.

Nor is it easy to get connected or to find things. You can get around the first obstacle by using America Online or by picking up one of the all-in-one Internet connection kits; Internet-in-a-Box ([800] 998-4269) looks promising. As for a road map, your best bet is to buy a book or two to show you the most scenic sights. My favorite is *The Internet Yellow Pages* (Osborne McGraw-Hill), by Harley Hahn and Rick Stout.

Or just jump in and get lost. The only thing you have to lose is your life.

Gregg Keizer is a writer with more than one e-mail address. The best way to reach him is by posting mail to gkeizer@rain.com.

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SCENIC STOPS ON THE INFOBAHN

It's impossible to point out the best pit stops on the Internet information highway; the cool thing about the Internet is that there's something—a lot of somethings, really—for every taste. What follows is just an ultra-dinky sample that shows the Internet's variety.

She's (He's) Got Legs. alt.pantyhose, one of the thousands of Usenet newsgroups, is a place where men (mostly) and women (a few, though you can't always tell, since many people are sending mail anonymously, which is like disguising your voice and hiding behind a mask) talk about panty hose—wearing them, looking at them, you get the drift.

Look Ma, I Can Write! The title of the alt.sex.stories Usenet group says it all. People beat their keyboards, pounding out some good—and a lot of bad—tales of high imagination and low probability.

It's not MTV. Former MTV veejay Adam Curry's being sued by Viacom for using mtv.com as his Internet moniker. If he wins, you can turn to that address and poke around with Mosaic or a Gopher to get music news, gossip, and a virtual recording studio with a few tracks you can download. A very slick server.

Improve Your Vocabulary. Subscribe to the A.Word.A.Day mailing list, and you get a new word and its definition in your mailbox every day.

Did the Earth Move for You? If the bed was shaking and you were all alone, maybe you should check out the Gopher at gopher.stolaf.edu (Saint Olaf College, in Northfield, Minnesota). It has up-to-date info on earthquakes around the world. Perfect for Californians.

Highbrow. Once in a while, you may want to take the cultural highway. When I was mucking around, the Library of Congress had a Web server that duplicated its current Vatican exhibit. Using Mosaic, I could read about ancient art and artifacts, and even see the things on my PC screen.

SWM. The Usenet newsgroup soc.singles is a cross between a singles bar and the personal ads. Like in real life, it's tough to tell who's really single and who's just slipped off the ring.

You Crack Me Up. Several Usenet newsgroups are a joke, but I like rec.humor.funny. It's moderated (that means someone's in charge of deciding which jokes and stories get posted), and though you'll come across lots of groaners, there's also a lot of gems.

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IT IS NOT CONSPIRACY THEORY, not paranoid myth, not *Rambo* fantasy. It is only hard evidence of a national disgrace: *American prisoners were left behind at the end of the Vietnam War.* They were abandoned because six presidents and official Washington could not admit their guilty secret. They were forgotten because the press and most Americans turned away from all things that reminded them of Vietnam.

In 1973, after the peace accords, Hanoi returned 591 American prisoners and said these were all the prisoners they had. Yet more than 2,200 American military men are still missing and unaccounted for from the Vietnam War. Half or more of those men are known to be dead, though their remains have never been recovered.

But, then, there are the others. The Defense Intelligence Agency (D.I.A.) has received more than 1,600 firsthand sightings of live American prisoners and nearly 14,000 secondhand reports. After reviewing them all, the D.I.A. concluded that they "do not constitute evidence" that men were still alive.

Here are some stories, many previously untold, about the prisoners who did not come home from Vietnam. All of them are accounts of how Washington, in its deep shame at having forsaken these men in its haste to get out of that draining war, has ignored, withheld, distorted, and destroyed evidence of their existence. These accounts are based on government intelligence documents, on sources closely involved with the material, and on other concrete evidence uncovered during two years of reporting. Sadly for this nation's history, they are but a small sampling of a mountain of evidence.

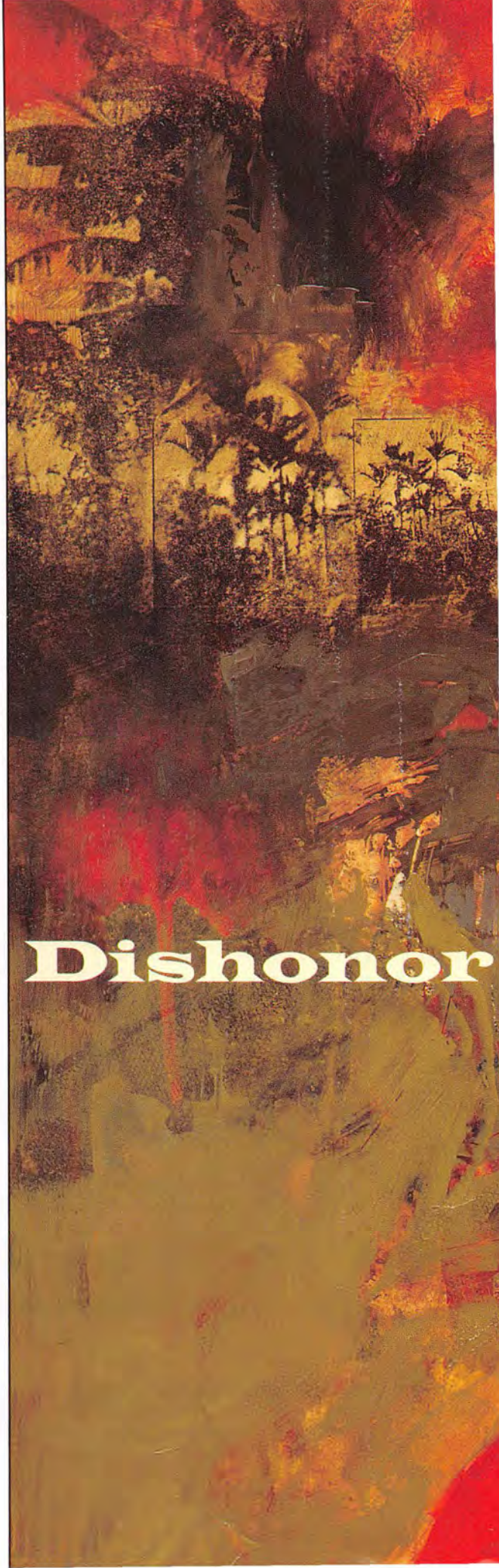
OUR ABANDONED VIETNAM POWs

Deceit and Dishonor

ARTICLE BY
SYDNEY H. SCHANBERG

Only nine prisoners were returned from Laos at the end of the Vietnam War. This startled the experts in U.S. military intelligence, because their closely held lists showed more than 300 men missing in that Hanoi-dominated country. More telling still, their field reports

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY KENT WILLIAMS



Why hast thou
forsaken me?

indicated that most of the men were probably still alive.

In the late 1970s and early 1980s, years after the war was over, numerous radio messages about American prisoners were intercepted from Laos, a country bordering on and essentially controlled by Vietnam. The messages, which were exchanges between Laotian military units, spoke clearly about American prisoners being transferred from prison to prison or from prison to labor camp inside Laos.

Those transmissions were picked up by Thai signal personnel and passed to the National Security Agency (N.S.A.), the Central Intelligence Agency (C.I.A.), and the Pentagon's D.I.A. Some of the reports were backed up by HUMINT—human intelligence, meaning live sightings by witnesses on the ground, who reported these same prisoner movements.

Incredibly, all three U.S. intelligence agencies refused to judge these reports as reliable. Their reason: The intercepts were made by a "third party"—namely, Thailand—and under the ground rules laid down by the American intelligence community, third-party information can never be regarded as valid on its own. But this response, a catch-22 if ever one existed, defied common sense, because these Thai signal units had been trained by none other than the National Security Agency, the U.S. intelligence organization responsible for monitoring "signals" transmissions around the world. And the reason the N.S.A. had trained and was using the Thais was that after the fall of Saigon in 1975, the agency largely dismantled its own "collection" network in Southeast Asia.

Here, from the files of the C.I.A., is an example of one of those radio intercepts, supported three days later by an independent source on the ground. The radio message, picked up on the morning of December 27, 1980, said, "Refer to the Politbureau Ministry of Defense that because U.S. and Thai prisoners have been identified by Thais, Politbureau orders they be removed from Attopeu Province [in Southern Laos]. Aircraft will pick up POWs at the [Attopeu] airfield on 28 December at 1230 hours." Then, on December 30, came this message from the C.I.A. station in Bangkok to the C.I.A. director's office in Langley, Virginia: "Met with and taped source from Vientiane. The POWs, half Thais and half European, are now in the valley in permanent location [a prison camp at Nhommarath in Central Laos]. They were transferred from Attopeu to work in various places.... POWs were formerly kept in caves and are very thin, dark, and starving."

Now, consider the insanity of Washington's circular argument. American listening posts were gone, and thus the Thais were essential to monitoring the radio traffic about POWs. Yet, by Washington's definition, the Thai reports were invalid without U.S. corroboration. But the United States no longer had any means of corroboration. The result was unbelievable: With the exception of one botched cross-border foray in 1981, using Lao mercenaries recruited in Thailand, no serious efforts were made to pursue these reports.

Sometimes, documents show, the failure went beyond lack of effort and became just plain cover-up. Documents retrieved from the National Archives show that some of the radio intercepts were simply purged from U.S. government files, presumably to keep the bungling from ever being discovered by outsiders. One of these documents is a paper copy of one of the radio intercepts about prisoners being moved within Laos. On it, the N.S.A. chief in Southeast Asia, John O'Dell, had written, "Purge ... files of any traffic on this subject."

Over the years, scores of what appear to be distress signals were detected by the C.I.A.'s satellite system. The signals were in the form of markings on the ground in Vietnam and Laos—the very markings that American pilots had been specifically trained to use in their pre-Vietnam survival courses. Some symbols consisted of certain letters, like *X* or *K*, drawn in a special way. Other markings were the secret and individual four-digit authenticator numbers given to many of the pilots who flew over Vietnam. And, at times, men have simply carved out their own names.

TWO SENATORS "BELIEVE THAT LIVE-SIGHTING REPORTS ... ARE EVIDENCE THAT POWS MAY HAVE SURVIVED TO THE PRESENT."

But time and again, when these numbers or letters or names have shown up on the satellite digital imagery, the Pentagon, backed by the C.I.A., insisted out of hand that humans had not made these markings. What were they, then? Nothing but shadows and vegetation, said the government, and normal contours like rice-paddy walls. Whether the satellite picked up letters or numbers or names, the dismissive answer was always the same. Officials of the Defense Intelligence Agency would say, in what seemed an automatic response, "Shadows and vegetation. Shadows and vegetation."

After hearing this refrain for months, one Senate investigator, Bob Taylor, a highly regarded intelligence analyst who had examined the photo evidence, finally commented, in sardonic dissent, "If grass can spell out people's names and a secret, four-digit code, then I have a newfound respect for grass."

Some striking details of the D.I.A.'s nay-saying posture were contained in the report issued last year by the committee on which Taylor served, the Senate Select Committee on POW/MIA Affairs. The material got into the report, however, not because of the committee but largely in spite of it—after heavy resistance, editing, and other machinations by the panel's Pentagon-leaning majority.

Sometimes the D.I.A. uses its fancy word for the distress symbols it rejects: *anomalies*. The D.I.A. men explain with straight faces that a "photo anomaly" is something you see but really isn't there. Independent experts in imagery analysis consider this a bad joke, saying that when you see something on a photo or on digital imagery, it's usually real.

To date, no MIA family has ever been notified by the Pentagon about any of these ground markings, many of which correlated to the name or distress letters or secret four-letter code of a particular missing man. The Pentagon says that since the markings in its opinion were "anomalies" and not man-made, to inform families about them would only subject them to needless, additional anguish.

But the government's own survival experts are livid over the D.I.A.'s parroted "shadows and vegetation and contours" line. In firm rebuttal, the men at J.S.S.A. (the Air Force's survival-

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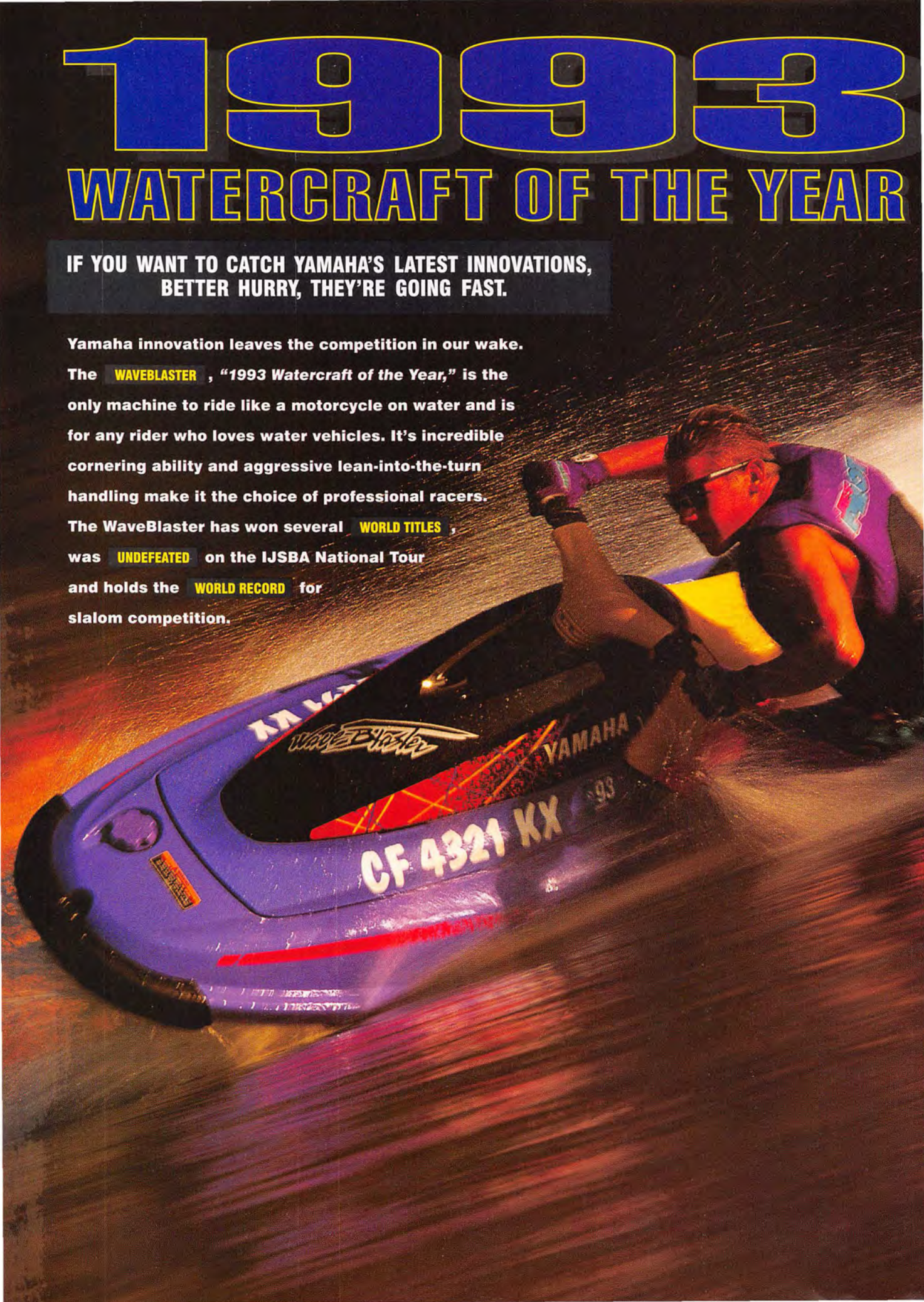

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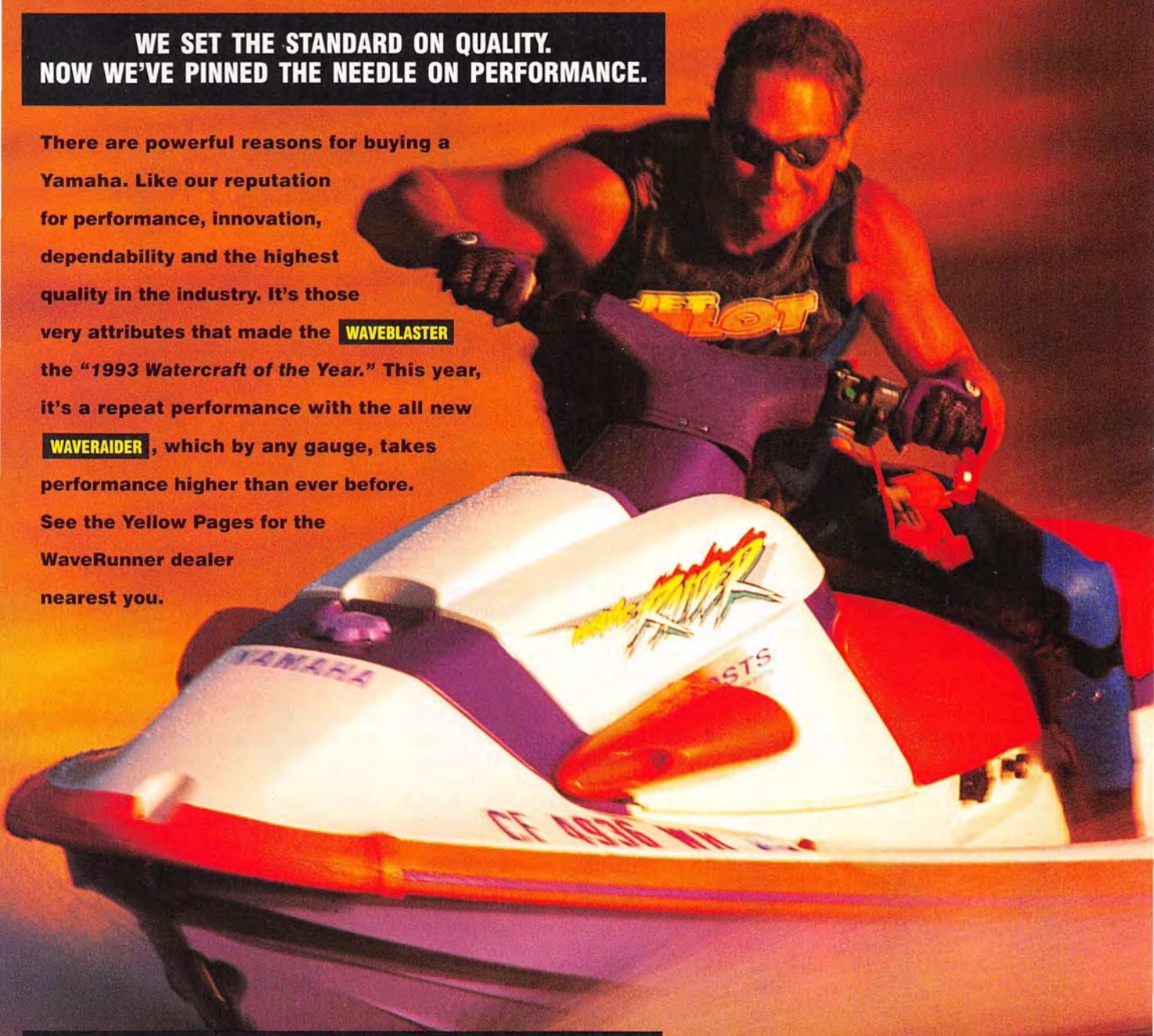

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training unit, officially titled Joint Services Survival, Evasion, Resistance, and Escape Agency) kept explaining that using vegetation and natural formations to construct distress markings was exactly what their agency had trained pilots to do in captivity—so as to be less obvious and avoid detection by their jailers.

Then there are the distress signals that were never even found. Almost all the signals we know about—roughly 100 or so—were discovered in the last few years, meaning that this can be only a fraction of the likely total. The astonishing reason for this is that, although the United States regularly flew low-level reconnaissance planes and spy satellites over Indochina from the end of the war onward, it was not until the 1990s that the intelligence agencies began to look for distress symbols on the voluminous photos and digital imagery they collected. Incredibly, they had no instructions to do so.

The Senate report said, "The Committee was rather surprised to find that neither D.I.A. or C.I.A. imagery analysts were familiar with Vietnam pilot distress symbols, or had a requirement to look for possible symbols, prior to the Committee's inquiry. This was confirmed under oath by imagery analysts from both agencies."

Further on, the report grew even more damning: "Another indicator that D.I.A. has done little to address the possibility of distress symbols appearing on photography is its inability to account for the Army's, Navy's, or Marine Corps' pilot authenticator numbers. J.S.S.A. still preserves those for the Air Force. As recorded in the hearing of October 15 [1992], D.I.A. does not know what happened to the numbers. This is a significant failure.... It supports the theory that D.I.A. has never taken the possibility of symbols seriously....

"In theory, therefore, if a POW still living in captivity were to attempt to communicate by ground signal, smuggling out a note, or by whatever means possible, and he used his personal authenticator number to confirm his identity, the U.S. government would be unable to provide such confirmation if his number happened to be among those numbers D.I.A. cannot locate."

These revealing passages, however, belied the true nature of the Senate committee. It was dominated by a faction led by its chairman, the charismatic John Kerry of Massachusetts. This group wanted to appear to be probing the prisoner issue energetically, but, in fact, they never rocked official Washington's boat, nor did they lay open the 20 years of secrecy and untruths. Thus, in their final report, issued in January 1993, after more than a year in operation, the conclusions as to men left behind were watered down and muddied to the point of meaninglessness.

And although a skilled and tenacious staff of committee investigators had managed to weave into the 1,223-page document sizable chunks of potent data that went a good distance toward exposing the POW story, some of the material never made it into the report. Significantly, the staff made the following finding, using intelligence reports that covered sightings only through 1989: "There can be no doubt that POWs were alive ... as late as 1989." This staff document was never released.

Two senators, Bob Smith and Charles Grassley, refused to go along with the majority finding in the final report that said there was "no compelling evidence that proves that any American remains alive in captivity in Southeast Asia." But their dissent was relegated to a tiny footnote. The footnote said the two could not accept this finding "because they believe that live-sighting reports and other sources of intelligence are evidence that POWs may have survived to the present."

(Asked for comment, Kerry contended, "No evidence of a cover-up has ever been substantiated. And all 12 sen-

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ators, including Bob Smith, unanimously agreed to the committee's conclusion that there was no conspiracy.")

The frustrations faced by those on the committee who were determined to get at the truth are crystallized in the tale of the International Security Affairs documents. The following account is taken from memos, letters, and other documents obtained by this reporter.

In July 1992, eight months into its investigation, the Senate committee was granted clearance by a Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense, Alan Ptak, to examine and copy certain key POW files from a branch of the Defense Secretary's office known as International Security Affairs (I.S.A.). On July 10, committee staffers headed for the Pentagon's Central Documentation Office (C.D.O.) in Clarendon, Virginia, where the files had been shifted, because this was the office designated to process all the committee's requests for information. The stonewalling began instantly upon their arrival at C.D.O.

Chuck Wells, a middle-level Pentagon manager, met the committee aides in the lobby and told them that it was the contention of I.S.A. that the committee had seen all its files. The staffers told him this wasn't true, noting specifically that they had yet to see a single W.A.R. (Weekly Activity Report) or SECDEF Breakfast Item. These are pivotal documents. Breakfast Items, for example, are minutes of then weekly one-on-one meetings of the Secretary of Defense and the Secretary of State, at which the two men would discuss sensitive, top-priority foreign-affairs matters in an informal and very candid setting. The committee staffers knew that POW issues had been discussed at some of these meetings and in the Weekly Activity Reports.

Wells kept stalling them, saying he would try to call I.S.A. again. Finally, after three hours, stuck in an out-of-the-way room, "He told us flatly there would be no files made available."

Another staffer, in his record of this encounter, wrote, "Our access ... remains stonewalled."

Returning to Capitol Hill, the staffers kept pushing. They got committee counsel Bill Codinha to call Alan Ptak, who repeated that they had full access, as had been stated in a letter to the committee from the Defense Secretary himself. Ptak said the problem must lie at the Central Documentation Office. To the staffers it sounded as if the finger-pointing was a smoke screen for the likelihood that everyone was in on the stonewall, since it made no sense that a lowly Pentagon document office would defy a clearance granted by the Defense Secretary.

Also obstructing these staffers was the fact that some of the top committee people—including the committee chairman, Senator Kerry, and his chief counsel and old friend, Bill Codinha—seemed to have an inappropriately cozy relationship with the Defense Department.

For one thing, Codinha and Ptak maintained unusually close ties throughout the investigation. [Staffers noticed that the Pentagon always seemed to know the committee's next move.] But more important, Kerry, in his public remarks over time, had made clear that his interest was in ending the embargo against Vietnam and bringing about improved relations. And he also arranged committee hearings and meetings in a manner that made the Pentagon a virtual *partner* in the committee's inquiry instead of being a subject of the probe.

As one staffer wrote, in a memo preserved from the period, "Speaking for the other investigators, I can say we are sick and tired of this investigation being controlled by those we are supposedly investigating."

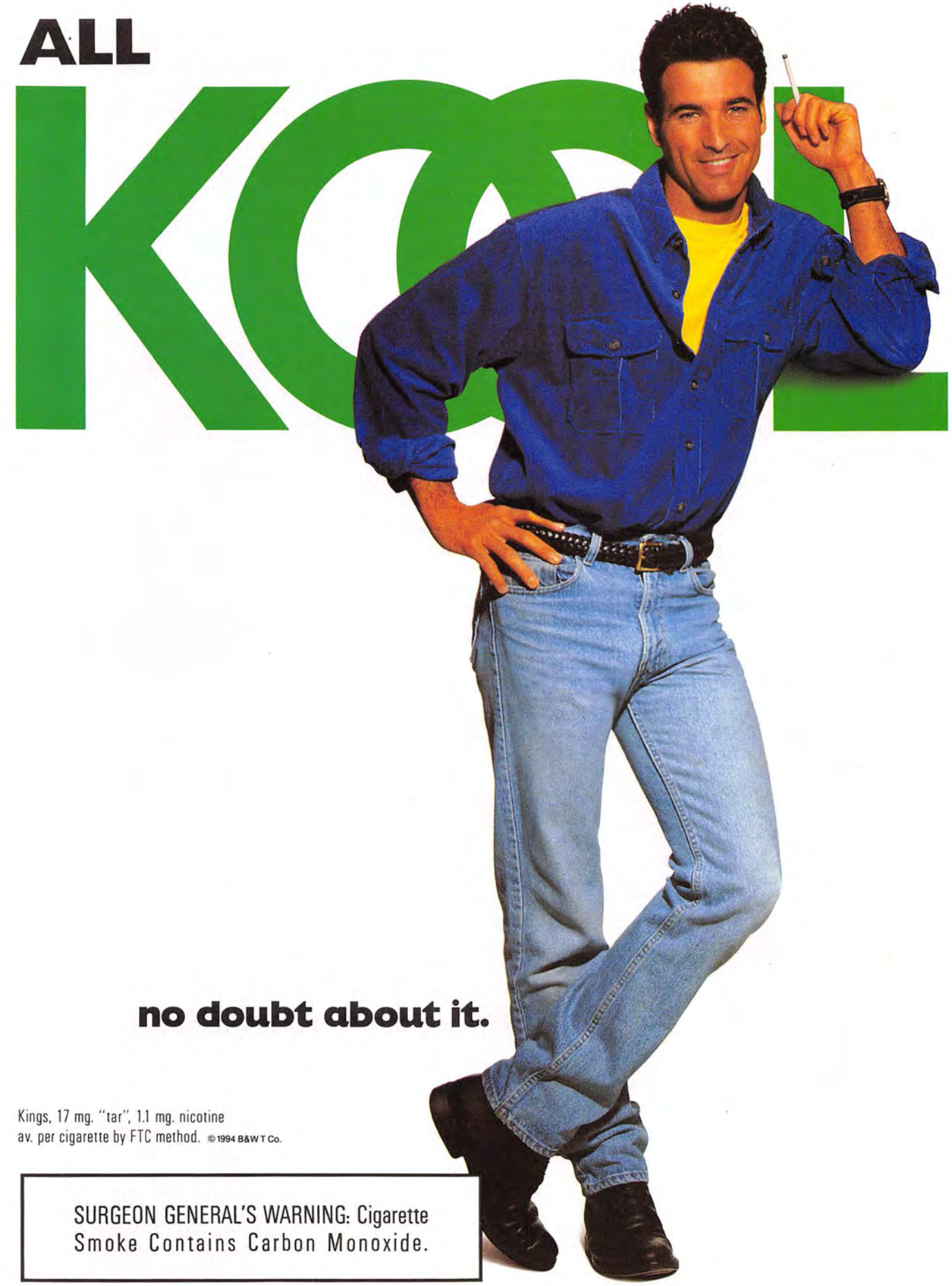
(Kerry disputes all this. When asked to comment for this article, he said his "only interest in lifting the embargo was to improve access" to POW/MIA information. And he says that "the committee was dependent on the Pentagon to obtain much of its information, but the relationship was in no way a partnership. The committee fully investigated all allegations of Pentagon cover-up and malfeasance.")

Tellingly though, the committee staffers came across transcripts of electronic messages from within the Pentagon that confirmed what they already suspected: The purpose of the stalling was to allow the Pentagon to go through the requested files and sanitize them—that is, take out all the sensitive papers. One such internal message said, "Purpose here is to give Ptak/Ross time to review the roughly 25 percent of ... material [the committee] has not seen." (Edward Ross was Ptak's deputy and, ironically, was later promoted to chief of the Pentagon's POW/MIA office.)

The days turned into months, and still no documents. On September 8, 1992, Senator Bob Smith of New Hampshire, who has led the fight in Congress against the cover-up, sent off a strong and detailed "eyes-only" letter to Defense Secretary Richard Cheney. In it he cited the document stonewalling by the above officials and said, "One can only presume their reason was to gain time to screen the remaining files for certain documents they, apparently, did not wish the committee to see." Smith called it "a serious breach" of Cheney's stated full-access policy and demanded that something be done.

Cheney forwarded the letter to the I.S.A. office, thus giving the job of explaining away the stonewalling to the

"Thanks for the story, Dad, but now that I'm 25 years old, how about showing me the pictures?"



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very office responsible for it. The I.S.A. chief, Assistant Secretary of Defense James Lilley, assigned his deputy, Ptak, to draft a response to Smith. According to a confidential source, Ptak consulted his friend, committee counsel Codinha, and a September 28 letter to the senator was produced over Lilley's signature. (Codinha denies that his relationship with Ptak was a close one and says there was "nothing untoward" or "inappropriate" about it. He also says that he has no memory of the Lilley letter. As for Ptak, at press time he had not responded to requests for comment.) The letter said that the whole mess was "the result of a misunderstanding. Committee staff members were notified quickly that the remaining ... policy files were available for review, and committee investigators subsequently reviewed the files in their complete, unaltered state."

All this was patently false. And ridiculous. The I.S.A. had essentially cleared itself. "We never did see that 25 percent of the files," a committee investigator said afterward. "They shoved files at us and said it was everything, but it was stuff we had already seen. It was outrageous. We never did get to see a single Weekly Activity Report or Breakfast Item."

He went on: "They were afraid of what we would find in those files, and that's why they cleaned them out. And Cheney's commitment was only on paper. They were obstructing the investigation, pure and simple." (Senator Kerry, in his comment, said, "The Defense POW/MIA office has documented that it responded fully and accurately to all of the more than 400 requests for documents made by committee members and their staff.")

Then there are the instances when vital documents have not only been withheld, but actually destroyed.

One such case involved certain letters that had emerged from Laos in the late 1980s and reached the Department of Defense at about the same time. They were reportedly written by three missing airmen—John Robertson, Larry Stevens, and Albro Lundy.

The letters drew particular attention at the Pentagon because they appeared to be written in code. According to documents, including memoirs written by former POWs, a number of the airmen who flew combat in Vietnam had been trained in special coding methods as a survival technique, should they be captured. The purpose, for example, was to get messages out to the Pentagon through their families by writing letters in language that was coded but would seem harmless to their captors and would therefore be passed on.

Documents in the National Archives show that Lundy was one of the airmen trained in this technique. Like all others with this training, one of his missions upon capture was to teach the coding system to as many other prisoners as possible.

Something else was important about those trained in the coding, who numbered perhaps a couple hundred men. The Pentagon kept a separate file on each of them, containing that man's personal coding details. Each file also held special biographical and personal information that would be known only to that man and those closest to him. These private facts were to be coded into any letters or messages the men sent out, to establish their authenticity.

When the Robertson, Stevens, and Lundy letters came in, as revealed in archival records, they were given to the special Pentagon unit trained to decipher codes and other "authentication" techniques the missing men might use. Upon examining the letters, the experts in this unit concluded that they contained signs of special coding. They said they had found a number of "striking correlations" consistent with a conclusion that the letters were likely the work of American POWs. But the only way to decode the messages was to have access to those special files—and the files were held by the D.I.A.

The special Pentagon unit requested Lundy's file, since he was the only one of the three trained in these procedures and could have trained the other two. The answer came back that Lundy's file had been destroyed. The unit could proceed no further. With this, the D.I.A. not only chose to ignore the unit's preliminary findings, but arbitrarily decided the letters were fraudulent.

However, according to archival documents, staffers on the Senate POW committee learned of this and began asking questions of the Pentagon. Why, they asked, had Lundy's file been purged? The Pentagon replied that a number of those folders had been destroyed one by one over the course of the Vietnam War, as airmen periodically were declared K.I.A./B.N.R.—Killed in action/Body not recovered. One reason the Pentagon gave for this action was to clear some space in its overburdened file system. The whole story was a fabrication, start to finish.

The committee staffers, digging deeper, discovered that the files had not been destroyed one by one, but all at the same time. And this purge occurred not during the war but in 1975, two years after the American military role had ended with the Paris peace accords. "It was bullshit. They destroyed them all on one day," said one source.

The staffers also determined that the Pentagon's story—that the only files destroyed were those of men who had been declared Killed in action/Body not recovered—did not stand up under examination. A number of men who had

"What we really need is an international magazine for men that creatively enhances their natural appreciation of the female body as it keeps them updated and informed on the nuances of their own sexuality and potential in an ever changing social structure.... But all I've got is this fucking hammer."

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been written off in that category were, to the Pentagon's surprise, among those prisoners returned in 1973. Their files had not only *not* been destroyed before 1973, but they are still kept by the Pentagon. Also, the files of men who were known definitively to have died in captivity were never destroyed. Their files, too, still exist.

Thus, astonishingly, the only files the Pentagon destroyed were those of men who were still missing in action and unaccounted for *after* 1973—and thus could have been some of the men held back by Hanoi, men who could possibly be prisoners to this day.

Unless the Pentagon was trying to hide its dishonor over leaving men behind, why would it destroy the files of men still unaccounted for and preserve files of men who have returned? Remember, the sole reason such records were maintained in the first place was to help verify the existence of prisoners and get them back.

"The destruction of those files was devastating," said a source, "because it wiped out any ability to confirm the authenticity of any coded letters or messages that might have come out since 1973 or might come out in the future."

In short, if a POW tried to signal his existence now, using such coded messages, it would be useless.

What could explain this shameful pattern of behavior, spanning six presidencies, breaking faith with those who went to battle believing their country would do everything for them if they were taken prisoner?

For the answers one has to go back 21 years, to the days when President Richard Nixon, desperate to get out of Vietnam and besieged by the expanding Watergate scandal, instructed Henry Kissinger, his national security adviser and chief negotiator with North Vietnam at the Paris peace talks, to do whatever was necessary to end the longest war in our history.

Thus, on January 27, 1973, the United States and North Vietnam signed the peace agreement. And, on that day, the North Vietnamese gave the United States their list of American prisoners. It showed only 591 men—a figure far below what U.S. intelligence had expected. But what could be done? The agreement had been signed, and neither the American public nor Congress, weary to the bone with this war, would countenance a resumption of the conflict.

Two months after the signing, Hanoi released the last of the 591 men and President Richard Nixon went on national television and said, "All of our American POWs are on their way home."

It is now unshakably clear, from a mass of evidence, that Nixon knew this was not true. Several of his key appointees—notably, Defense Secretaries Melvin Laird, Elliot Richardson, and James Schlesinger—testified under oath at Senate hearings that they were convinced by the intelligence data before them that a number of men were not returned. That intelligence, and a flood of data since unearthed, shows that the number was in the hundreds.

Schlesinger, when he testified, was asked why Nixon would have accepted this. He replied, "One must assume that we had concluded that the bargaining position of the United States ... was quite weak. We were anxious to get our troops out and we were not going to roil the waters...."

Then he was asked "a very simple question. In your view, did we leave men behind?"

"I think that, as of now," replied the former defense secretary and C.I.A. chief, "that I can come to no other conclusion, senator.... Some were left behind."

> *TIME AND AGAIN, WHEN THESE NUMBERS OR LETTERS OR NAMES HAVE SHOWN UP ... THE PENTAGON, BACKED BY THE C.I.A., INSISTED THAT HUMANS HAD NOT MADE THE MARKINGS.*

The intelligence data also makes clear that Hanoi's motive for holding back prisoners was ransom. The North Vietnamese kept them as pawns to extract from Washington the reparations money they believed they had been promised by Nixon and Kissinger. Indeed, a letter from Nixon to Hanoi's Prime Minister, Pham Van Dong, pledged $3.25 billion over five years in "reconstruction" aid plus another "one to 1.5 billion dollars ... on food and other commodity needs." Though that letter was written on February 1, 1973, just days after the peace accords were concluded, it was kept secret for more than four years.

Both Nixon and Kissinger have since said that the aid was never given because Hanoi consistently violated the peace agreement. Kissinger also said, in his testimony before the Senate POW committee in 1992, that "it had been our constant position that we would never give aid to ransom our prisoners."

Credible reports have surfaced over the years of Vietnamese overtures to Washington through third countries, offering to return live prisoners for that same $4 billion. The overtures, according to the reports, were either rejected or fell apart in negotiations. Official Washington refuses to provide details.

One such offer was apparently made in the early days of the Reagan administration in 1981. A Treasury Department agent, John Syphrit, was on Secret Service duty then in the White House, where he overheard a conversation about a proposal from Hanoi to turn over a number of live POWs for $4 billion. Four people were involved in that conversation—President Reagan, Vice-President Bush, C.I.A. director William Casey, and national security adviser Richard Allen.

Reportedly, they had just emerged, with others, from a meeting on national security issues in the Oval Office, where the ransom offer had apparently come up, and the four stepped across the hall into the Roosevelt Room to discuss it further. Syphrit and a colleague were in the room, installing some technical equipment. They could hear the ensuing discussion.

Apparently, the president and his men believed the Hanoi offer to be genuine. It was reportedly conveyed by the North Vietnamese through a Canadian diplomat. Several of Reagan's advisers opposed the idea of paying for prisoners, calling it blackmail. Casey was holding some kind of message in his hand and referring to it as he spoke, asking for instructions on how to proceed. He was cool to the offer. Bush called it a "lost cause." Allen, however, urged that it be pursued. Reagan then told Casey and Allen to look into it further.

It seems the nay-sayers prevailed, because no evidence has ever surfaced that the offer was seriously explored.

Syphrit, however, was a veteran of the Vietnam War. He could not rest holding a secret that could shatter the claim made by both Hanoi and Washington—that all the prisoners were returned in 1973. So he told Senator Smith, and in 1992 the Senate POW committee contacted him.

Syphrit, no longer a Secret Service agent but still working for the Treasury Department in another capacity, told them he was willing to testify. He said, though, that the committee would have to subpoena him, because he feared reprisal from Treasury if he came forward voluntarily. The subpoena was issued. Immediately, the White House and Treasury began lobbying strenuously against allowing Syphrit to testify, arguing that this would violate the trust between the Secret Service and those it protects.

Twice Syphrit, now stationed in Chicago, traveled to Washington,

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BY ART CUMINGS

"The only thing we know about your attacker is, she's not Lorena Bobbitt!"

expecting to appear. And twice the committee put him off, still undecided as to what to do. Finally, a vote was set on whether to call him to testify. It was seven to four—against. Once again the committee had decided to sweep crucial information under its rug.

But the committee *did* take testimony from one of the participants in the ransom discussion witnessed by Syphrit. It was Richard Allen, national security adviser.

In lengthy, closed-door testimony under oath to committee investigators on June 23, 1992, he generally confirmed Hanoi's 1981 offer, but he seemed hesitant about giving details. His testimony has never been released, but *San Diego Union-Tribune* reporter Robert Caldwell obtained the section relating to the offer and wrote about it.

Allen was asked by a committee staffer, "Soon after taking office, did the Reagan administration become involved in an offer made by the Vietnamese government for the return of live prisoners of war, if you can recall?"

He responded, "This $4 billion figure sticks in my mind, and I remember writing something—I don't know whether it was during a meeting with the president or to him—saying that it would be worth the president's going along and let's have the negotiation...."

Then he was asked, "Do you recall whether the $4 billion was for live American prisoners?" To which he replied, "Yes, I do. If it was $4 billion, it was indeed for live prisoners." (Some sources say the number of men was 56 or 57.)

Allen told the committee that, based on "waves of information," both he and Reagan believed in 1981 that American servicemen were still being held in Indochina. Asked how many he believed were there, he said, "Dozens, hundreds."

Unfortunately and mysteriously, nearly a month after giving his deposition—and two weeks after his testimony confirming the ransom offer had been revealed in *The Washington Times*—Allen wrote a strange letter to the committee, recanting what he had said about the 1981 offer. This retraction, however, unlike his testimony, was not given under oath. In the letter, he said his memory had played tricks on him. Yes, he had heard something about such an offer, but it had come years later from POW activists, who asked him about it at a meeting with him in 1986, when he was no longer in government. "It appears there never was a 1981 meeting about the return of POW/MIAs for $4 billion," he wrote.

The committee, in its final report, echoed Allen's recantation, saying that the inquiry into the Syphrit matter "failed to disclose any evidence of this offer." In fact, it went further and said that it found "no convincing evidence" that Vietnam or Laos had ever offered, in 1981 or at any time, live prisoners for money. This was rather surprising in view of the statement made at a committee hearing by its vice-chairman, Senator Smith, a dissenter who had fought hard for more aggressive investigation. Smith said that the committee had received "information that, on at least four occasions, the Vietnamese reportedly indicated to the United States, through third parties and third countries, that there were live American servicemen in Vietnam and Laos who could be returned through negotiations with the United States."

The senator even cited the dates of the reported overtures—January 1977; January 1981; late 1984–early 1985; and 1989–90. Smith's revelations came on December 1, 1992, about a month before the committee was to shut down. Yet this hardly persuaded the members to seek an extension of the panel's life.

The preparation of the final report was in full swing; there would be no further inquiry. The report sought to depict the committee's investigation of the 1981 ransom report as exhaustive. The reality was otherwise. For instance, a staff memo states that the C.I.A. and the National Security Council did not allow the committee staff to review "the most sensitive files, where this type of offer might be recorded."

Moreover, of the four participants in the White House meeting that Syphrit said he witnessed, only Allen had been deposed.

Reagan, now an ex-president, refused to answer any questions on any subject; the committee did not contest his refusal. Bush, who was now president and whose marks were all over this issue from his days as C.I.A. chief in the 1970s, was never even approached. The committee cited "unique concerns about Executive Privilege." And Casey was dead.

Even though he never testified, former Secret Service agent Syphrit was harassed and as a result left the Treasury Department some months ago, after 25 years of government service.

As the years passed, the original human failure—leaving men behind in the rush to get out—was compounded by human weakness, as one administration after another saw the overwhelming evidence yet did almost nothing. They either felt powerless to make the Vietnamese give the prisoners back or refused on principle to pay ransom (though the French had done so, successfully, after their Vietnam war). Frozen in a posture of inaction, U.S. officials apparently concluded that telling the truth about the POWs would not only be admitting a national scandal, but

"It's not exactly a diploma. It's a notarized testimonial of my having studied Penthouse's *'Forum' for 25 years."*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

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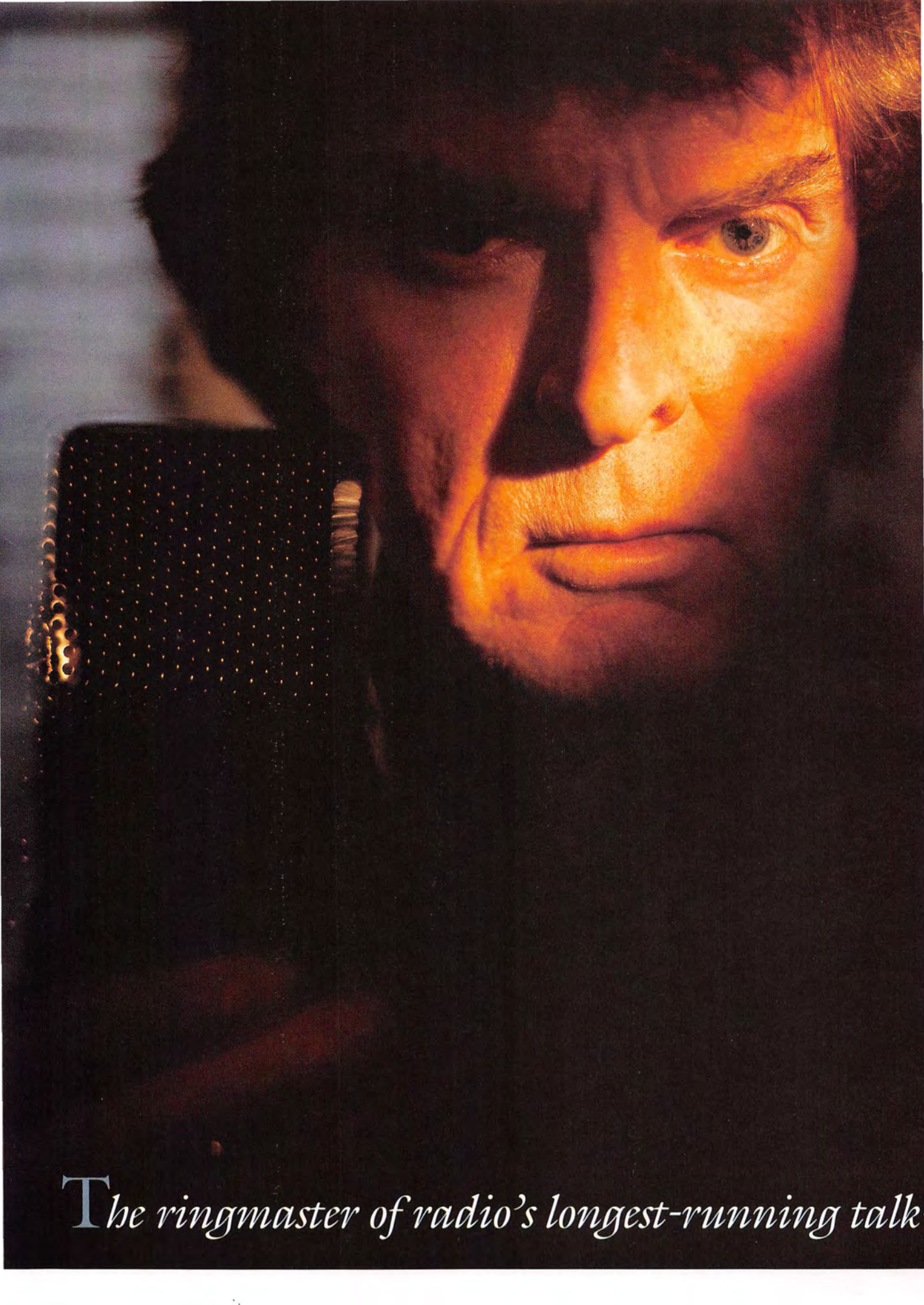
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Shut up! ¶ *Jerk!* ¶ *Will you* pleeease *be quiet?* ¶ *Moron!* ¶ So it is unleashed, this morning and every weekday morning—a rataplan of insults, tweaks, and trash talk—every day that John Donald Imus slides his chair up to the mike. ¶ *I'm begging you, just go away.* ¶ And this is what he's saying to his friends, folks. ¶ Don Imus's cohorts, his partners, his lackeys, his Gang of Four in what is radio's longest-running talk-show extravaganza, are constantly being beseeched to zip it shut, stop yapping, silence themselves. ¶ So that the I-Man can speak. ¶ That is what Don Imus does best, that is what they pay him for, that is what he does more successfully and, arguably, more superbly than any other radio jock in America, that is what he has done longer than practically anyone. ¶ Open his mouth and let fly. ¶ Imus: Janet Reno is all upset about television violence, and what's her solution? She's written a script herself. The son is a dropout and the mother is a crack addict, but it has a happy ending. The mother becomes a lawyer and the son is the valetudinarian. ¶ McCord: Oh, come on. ¶ Imus: I mean, where is she from? Florida? Or Pluto? [In an exaggerated black accent] Yuh honor, I know where dese boys are coming from.... ¶ McCord: Get outta here. ¶ Imus: Ah ob-jeck. ¶ Don Imus. The

Imus Unleashed

Profile by Al Goldstein ∞ Photographs by Robert Clark

show extravaganza shares the secrets of his success.

The difference in Clinton's appearance here and ..

Anti-Stern, as *Newsday* calls him. If Howard Stern is the shock jock for the masses, Imus is the morning-commute soundtrack for what Jerry Brown used to call "the chattering class": the media drones, the news-hacks, the academics, the folks whose IQs nudge into triple digits. ¶ These people listen to Imus the same way they read men's mags. They may say they're there for the interviews and the political bits, but they laugh at the dick jokes anyway.

Will you please, please *just shut up?*

The friends, the alter egos, the locker-room assemblage of butt-boys that Don Imus has gathered around himself don't shut up, of course. It's a tag team of long standing, and each member knows the rules. They know that "Shut up!" doesn't really mean shut up. It means, Say something intelligent, say something I can riff on, say something I can use. And they do. The Gang of Four. Charles McCord, the honey-voiced newscaster–sidekick–writer–sounding board, a brilliant satirist in his own right.

Imus: You four-eyed, homophobe Nazi ...

McCord: Homophobe? What kind of word is that, you queer?

Producer Bernard McGuirk, the bad boy next door, a connoisseur of sniggering frat-boy humor, but also the one who must keep all the balls that are flying through the air from colliding with one another.

Imus: Isn't Bernard the worst producer in radio? Bernard, you've been exposed as an incompetent buffoon.

Bernard: That's a lie.

Imus: Shut up, you bald-headed stooge.

Mike Breen, who looks preppy enough to qualify as a third Menendez brother but whose sports reporting twists the latest bulletins and sound bites from spectator athletics into unrecognizable—usually howlingly funny—shapes. Engineer Lou Rufino is the fourth voice in the chorus.

These and other planets (comic-impersonator Rob Bartlett and impersonator Larry Kenney) revolve around the Imus sun, responsible for giving some of the I-Man's heat and light back to him for four and a half hours each morning.

Give me something, give me anything.

So McCord and company come out of the bag at Imus—howling, goading, snapping like a pack of killer Shih Tzus, laughing as heartily as Ed McMahon, oooh-ing and ahhh-ing like an amen chorus. They are well paid ("They make more money than the writers on 'Saturday Night Live,'" boasts Imus) and intensely loyal (McCord has been with him for more than 20 years).

And they're just the beginning. "Imus in the Morning" features guests, too—phone-ins or in person—who enter the Valley of the Gang of Four to be skewered, third-degreed, or massaged by the I-Man.

In the last few years, especially since Imus came over to WFAN from WNBC, his guest book has bulged with big names: senators (Dole, Bradley, D'Amato), governors (Weicker, Cuomo, Florio), mayors (Koch, Dinkins, Giuliani, who called in the morning of his election), and leading political and social commentators, people like CBS's Dan Rather, *The New York Times*'s Anna Quindlen, ABC's Jeff Greenfield, Tim Russert of "Meet the Press."

Writ in the guest book's largest type now, of course, is the name of Bill Clinton, a recurring visitor who first spoke with Imus early in his primary battle for the Democratic nomination.

Clinton was just one more wolf in the pack then, feeling the sprout-scented breath of Jerry Brown at his back, searching desperately for a way to break out with the voters. When he sat still for the at-first-skeptical, eventually won-over Imus, and the two of them demonstrated some sort of wary camaraderie, Clinton earned the "ordinary guy" credentials he craved.

Why do you think Clinton chose to do your show?

He was desperate.

Off-mike, Imus is world weary, slow to answer, ruminative, as different from the supercharged I-Man as overdrive is from low. Of course, he usually does his interviews after he has come off his show, after four or five hours straight of being "on"—literally and figuratively—and that's enough to sap the strength from even a healthy man.

Which Imus isn't. When he walks down the stairs to the WFAN lobby at the ungodly hour of 5:30 A.M., carrying his usual collection of five or six newspapers under his arm and a cup of coffee in his hand, Imus doesn't exactly exude health. He looks like Tony Perkins after a long night in a dress. He looks like someone who's been doing talk radio in New York City for 22 years.

The first thing he does is ask me if I want to be on the show.

Goldstein: This is a quote from [Clinton aide] Mandy Grumwald. "In New York, having the guts to go one-on-one with Imus tells you something about a person. And that's what New Yorkers like—guts." Does it take guts to go on your show?

Imus: Well, you can't come on with some line of bullshit, because I don't want to hear that. But then, very few of them try to pull that with me. I don't know if guts is the right word. I'm looking for some yuks, but I also am interested in these things. I actually was interested in NAFTA and the GATT talks. I was interested in these various issues. But I'm just as interested in the gap in Bobby Inman's teeth—by the time this is published, we'll know if he's the new secretary of defense. So the superficial aspects appeal to me, too—whether a person has, like Aaron Neville, a Milk Dud on his fucking face. I don't know what that is all about, and I get fascinated.

Come into my parlor, Imus was saying to me. Let us pick at the Milk Duds on your face. Come match radio wits with the Gang of Four.

This is like Meadowlark Lemon asking if you'd like to shoot a few hoops with the Harlem Globetrotters—right after you've rolled out of bed. My brain must have been foggy that morning, because I said yes.

I had been on with Imus before, rubbing the sleep from my eyes and grasping blearily for the cordless, my voice winging out to Imus's listeners via a telephone hookup. I heard a tape of myself afterward, and my

ome of these other shows is ... I can discuss things with him."

vocal cords always sounded thick and scummed-on, like an old queen's after a particularly vigorous night on the town.

But this was different. I wouldn't be protected by the buffer of the telephone. This was entering the *führerbunker* itself, Imus's home turf, a 30-by-30 cubicle deep in the bowels of WFAN's studios in Astoria, Queens, painted a nauseating puke-pastel, where every weekday morning for years, Imus and the Gang of Four have snarled and cracked wise and told one another to shut the hell up.

"Walking Spanish" is prison slang for the guard-assisted walk from a death-row cell to the gas chamber, and as I follow Imus through the warren of offices to the studio, I feel as if we're walking Spanish down the hall....

I'm Imus in the Morning. It's 27 minutes after eight, and Al Goldstein is here because Al is doing a piece for Penthouse *magazine.*

What you realize, if you listen to Imus long enough or if you spend just a terrified minute or so in his studio with him, is just how much of what he does depends on the interplay between him and McCord and the others. The lines and the laughter come fast and quick to blend into some sort of seamless, chucklehead whole.

You're caught in the middle of the world's longest-running frat party. In the face of all that chugging intimacy, anybody else who's around—whether on the phone or in the studio—is an outsider. It's like a bass player trying to sit in with the Rolling Stones.

Imus: Al is complaining about the sports [reports]. And Breen's sports are supposed to be for people who don't like sports.

Goldstein: Now I feel guilty. I'm a Jew, I feel guilty.

Breen: Al, there's no need to apologize. He's a jerk.

Imus: Who's a jerk? He's our guest, first of all, he's not a jerk.

Breen: You're the jerk!

McCord: You!

Imus: Oh, okay.

Goldstein: I like the man, and now he's going to be unemployed.

Imus: He's not going to be unemployed.... [to Breen] Your sports this morning sucks! It's just simply a recitation of scores that nobody cares about. Your sports reports have been hideous.

Breen: You can't hit a home run every time, I-Man.

Imus: Well, get a hit!

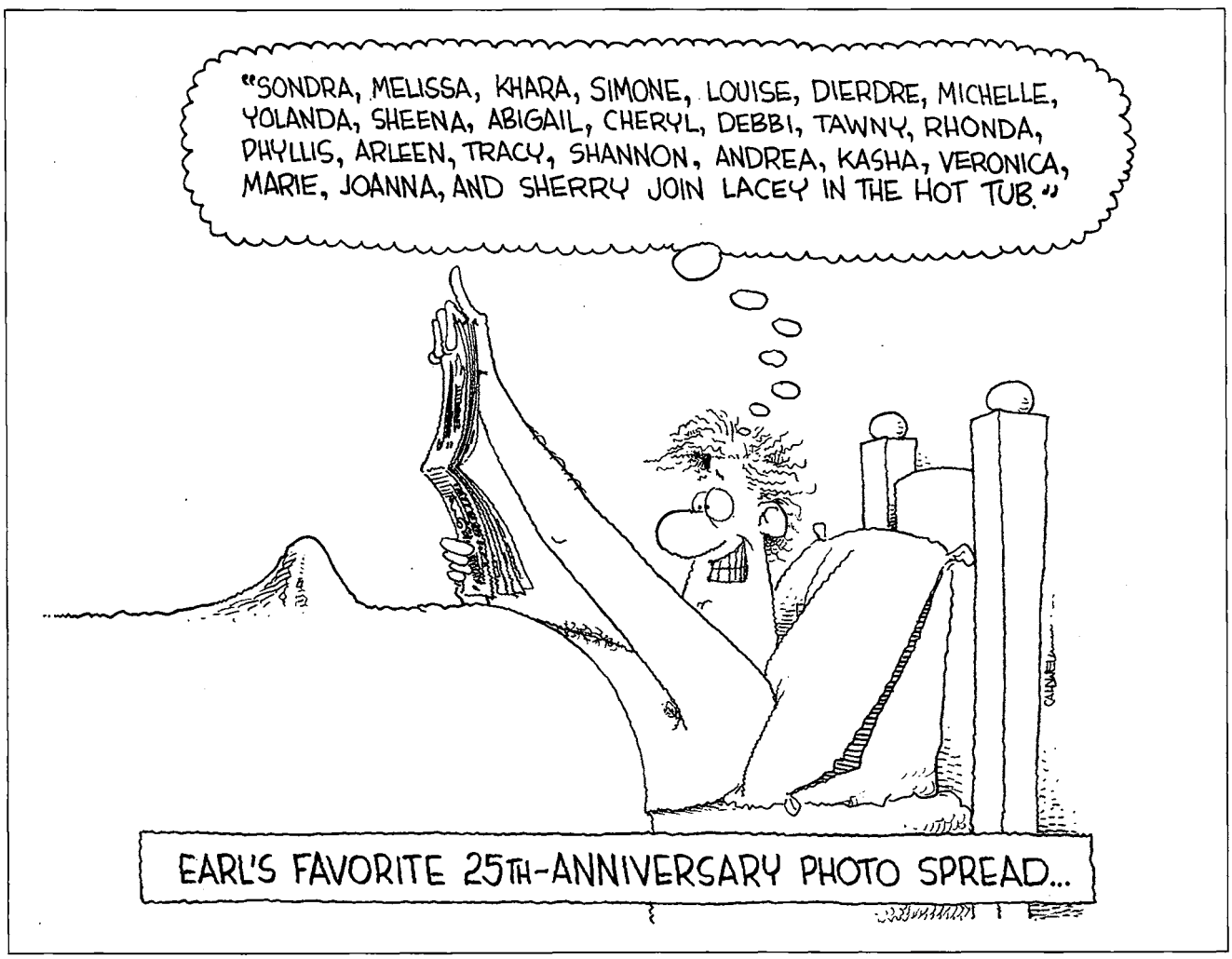
There's something irredeemably male and testosterone-drenched about the Imus studio, too. This is the *führerbunker,* all right, but it's the *führerbunker* without Eva Braun. You get the idea that it's the closest men can come together without having sex—if, indeed, the Gang of Four has held off so far from actually doing the deed.

But if "Imus in the Morning" is all about teamwork, all about the locker room, all about synergy, it's not exactly a democratic institution. Only one man's name is on the show. When Charles or Bernie or Lou or Breen tosses in a line, it's like the grain of sand that provokes the oyster into making a pearl—which Imus then proceeds to cast before swine.

There were others in on the act of creation—Lenny Bruce, say, or Joe Pyne—but Don Imus went a long way toward defining what it means to jabber on the air and get paid for it. There used to be more music and less talk, but the Mouth—smart-alecky, snappy, funny, sophomoric—was always there.

Goldstein: What was the evolution of Imus? You're on your first radio job—Palmdale, California. Were you the I-Man back then, too? I'm interested in how you created yourself.

Imus: I didn't. It's not a contrived thing. I come on; I talk about what I'm interested in. I have people on whom I'm interested in talking to. And it's evolved.



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I don't make any judgments about myself. I don't sit around and analyze it. I don't listen to the radio and listen to other people. Back when I started doing [radio], we used to talk dirty and play the hits. And we talked as dirty as you possibly could. Played as many hit records as we could. That evolved into still talking dirty and talking to people like Al Goldstein and the president.

Al Goldstein and the president. A pretty wide embrace, and probably not one equaled anyplace else in the whole clogged, babbling, overloaded media universe.

What some of you who haven't been paying attention might have missed is that Don Imus has changed over the years. He has—gasp!—grown up, matured, become halfway respectable.

Goldstein: How did the Clinton appearance come about?

Imus: A friend of mine at one of the networks—which I can't name—is a friend of his. We had had Jerry Brown on, who I was supporting at the time. And the network friend said, "You ought to go on Imus"—he said this to Clinton. We asked Clinton to come on. They decided to do it. Then they put it off a week because "Nightline" was doing "A Day in the Life of Bill Clinton." When he came on with me, Ted Koppel was in the hotel room with him there—it was on "Nightline" that night. So that's the reason his appearance with me got so much publicity. It was not just because it went well and it's the first time anybody knew he was funny. I made the observation that at least with Gennifer Flowers ... I said, at least you're not being accused of having an affair with unattractive women. What if Roseanne Arnold had said it, for example—I've been sleeping with Bill Clinton? He said, "Well, I'd have the biggest palimony suit." As Delbert [McClinton, one of Imus's favorite singers] says, I was sort of a victim of the old proverbial life's circumstances, in that it just happened to work out. Now Larry King tries to take credit for it, but Larry King is a lying little sleazy self-important schmuck. It's just that when [Clinton] came on and he was funny, it got so much publicity, and it worked for him.

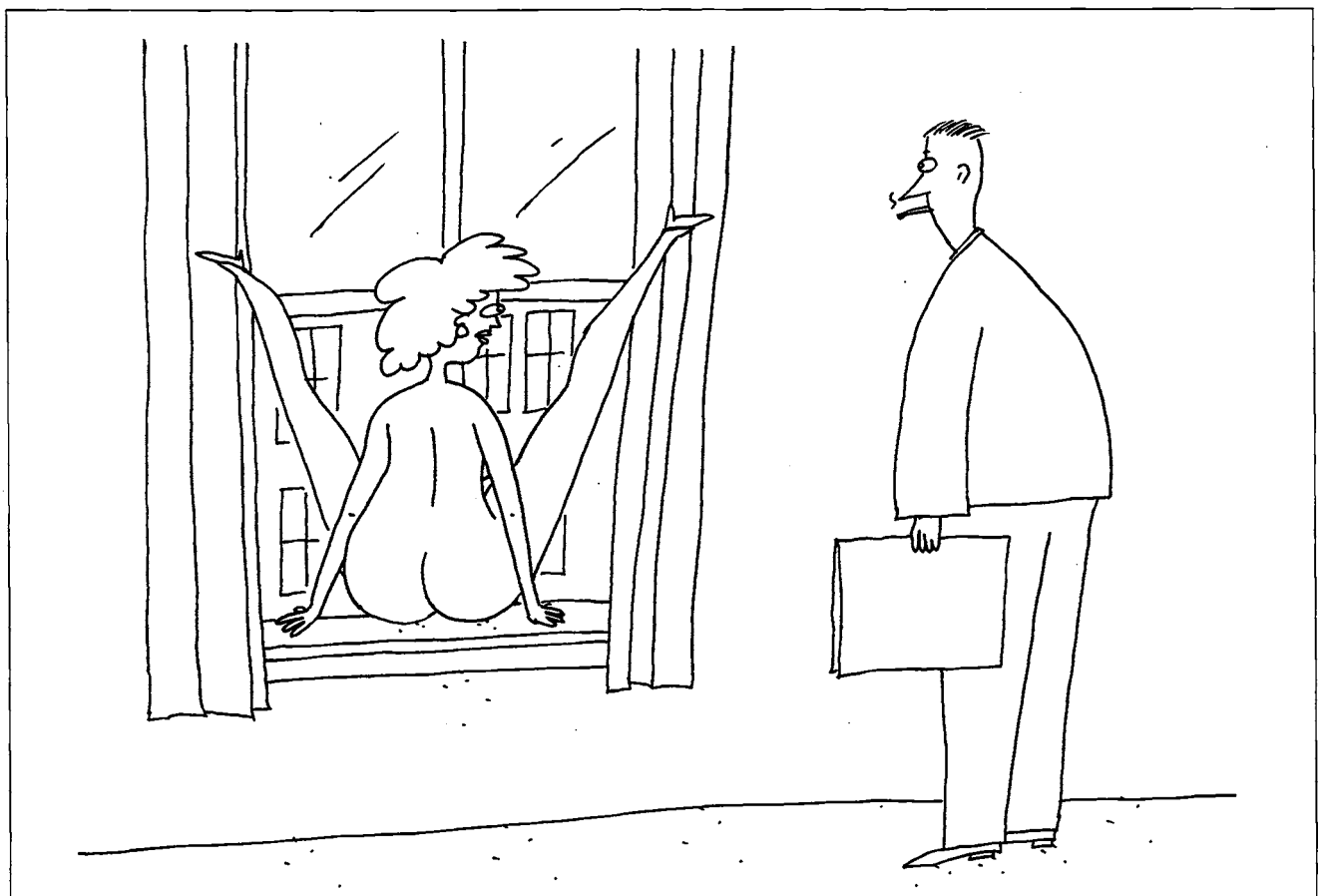
Goldstein: And you liked him?

Imus: And I liked him. I liked him because he was smart and funny and he was spontaneous. And nobody said ... none of his handlers said, "Don't say this to him, don't say that to him, you can't talk about that"—nobody said any of that. I wouldn't have dealt with that, anyway. Then two months later, he went on Arsenio, which was a good appearance for him because he played the sax and he talked to that moron [Arsenio], and he is a moron. Then he was on Donahue. He was great on Donahue, you know, when he took on Donahue. But that was all after he did this [the Imus show]. It wasn't anything I did, it's just that it occurred to them that there was this other avenue. There was an ability to show another part of him. But the difference in Clinton's appearances here and Arsenio and some of these other shows is, I know about the issues. I can discuss stuff with him. Arsenio is an idiot, and so is—well, Donahue's not an idiot. But it's not the same.

Goldstein: Did he show signs of bunker mentality when you had him on most recently, in the midst of the Whitewater business?

Imus: He seemed okay. I thought he was pretty loose this time, actually, looser than he was the first time he was on as president. [Whitewater] is bullshit. Absolutely overplayed. I think the press probably feels a little guilty about canonizing this guy, so now they feel they have to make up for it. I desperately hope there's something there, just for scandal's sake, but I don't think there is.

Clinton on Imus is part of a transformation of the political process that the country still seems to be in the process



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of coming to terms with. With the proliferation of such high-profile political showcases as Imus on WNBC and Larry King on CNN and Ted Koppel on "Nightline," talk radio—and talk media in general—has come of age.

The process of choosing candidates had long since come out of the smoke-filled back rooms into the voting booths of the primaries. Now it was coming into our living rooms, kitchens, and cars.

Goldstein: In the movie *The War Room,* George Stephanopoulos makes the point that when Clinton became president, suddenly the man grew, the man was different, the office changed him. You've interviewed Clinton three times before the election and twice afterward. Do you see a difference in the man?

Imus: Obviously, I don't know him at all. I've talked to him on the phone. I don't know him well enough to make that kind of a judgment. I just can tell you that I did know this—that he was not as loose. But you gotta remember, he's on live with me and is on the "Today" show. He knows that I'm liable to ask him anything. I'm not going to Howard Stern him. I'm not going to ask him if he used a rubber when he had sex with Gennifer Flowers. I wouldn't embarrass him. I wouldn't put him in that position.

Goldstein: Could you imagine it having gone the other way? Say you got out of bed on the wrong side that morning, you were ornery, and you and Clinton didn't hit it off. Could you have stopped his momentum as well as helped it?

Imus: Yeah, but I think that would be pretty presumptuous of me to suggest that. I think he's a very resourceful guy, and they had resourceful people on the staff. I think they would have probably found another way. Clinton's a funny guy, you know. He has a funny sense of humor. I got ahold of one of his brother's records. These writers at *Esquire,* they had all gotten together and produced this record with his brother. I played it for Clinton on the air. The first time he'd heard it. His responses were just great. Funny. Superb. So to answer your question, if it hadn't gone well, I think they'd have found some other way. I don't know exactly what it would have been, but it would have been something.

Maybe, maybe not. As Charles McCord announced, only half-jokingly, "The I-Man is now a fashioner of kings."

It's a little hard to grok. Is this the same guy everyone remembers from back in the seventies on NBC Radio as a rattle-mouthed, wild-and-crazy deejay who lit up his programs with hilarious, stinging bits, like the one on Billy Sol Hargus and the First Church of the Gooey Death?

I mean ... all right, the guy was okay, but he was still only a deejay, right? Just a voice to fill the dead air between records. Somebody must have left the door to the playground open and let him wander in among the big boys. What happened?

Well, talk radio happened. The democratization of American political opinion happened. The walls between high and low culture were tumbling down, and that meant that the president had to reach out directly to the people, through television and radio.

Ronald Reagan, of course, was a master at this. Richard Nixon and George Bush were not. The media gatekeepers, once respectfully deferential, were now demanding that politicians be measured by the same yardstick as anyone else. Are you sexy, funny, bright, charming? Do you give good camera? The journey from Richard Nixon's flop sweat to Bill Clinton's sax-blowing gigs was the story of modern American politics.

Through it all, Don Imus was there, beginning in 1968 with his first radio gig in Palmdale, California, where he talked dirty and raged against the Vietnam War. From there it was on to WNBC in New York in 1971, WFAN in 1988, and nationwide syndication last year. It's difficult to say who has come the farthest and changed the most, America or Don Imus. Perhaps, in some horrible, demonic way, one is a mirror of the other, and we are all just figments of the I-Man's mind.

What's left of it.

Goldstein: So, how has Imus changed over 22 years?

Imus: Well, we don't play music anymore. Other than Delbert McClinton.

There are other people who do outrageous better than Don Imus, but no one is better at doing the outrageous *and* the respectable at the same time. Bill Clinton and Al Goldstein? It's all grist for the mill—or gobbets of steaming, raw meat for the maw, depending on how you like your metaphors.

There's another truth about Imus that becomes clear if you spend five minutes with him: He's doing exactly what he wants to do. He's his own boss, a prince in his own fiefdom. If he doesn't want to talk to Madonna, he damn well won't talk to Madonna.

All of which brings us to ... Howard Stern.

Stern is the 500-pound gorilla of talk radio, and there's been a wide perception that where the gorilla wants to sleep is on Don Imus's home turf. Imus has been one-upped by Stern, this line of reasoning goes; he's been left behind.

Now, the media loves a good brawl more than anything. In fact, reporters are so bloodthirsty, they'd prefer to make up a fight even when none exists. Feuds make good copy.

Don Imus plays down the notion of a battle between him and Howard Stern to the point of not playing it at all. For one thing, he rightly points out, he and Stern

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

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DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

ONE NIGHT ALONE IN HEBRON TO ...

... singer **Dolly Parton**, who explained why Hollywood executives are reluctant to underwrite her idea for a series: "I had this idea to do a series called 'High and Mighty' about a country singer that has a near-death experience, then becomes like a gospel singer. But everybody's afraid to touch anything that's religious, because most of the people out here [in Hollywood] are Jewish, and it's a frightening thing for them to promote Christianity."

OUR RED-HOT-SPENDER AWARD TO ...

... rap singer **Hammer**, who is reportedly several millions of dollars in debt (including a $3.5 million tax bill), despite having earned $33 million in 1990 alone. His indulgences are said to include a stable of racehorses, several mansions, and a fleet of cars.

SEX CRIME OF THE MONTH

A Montreal cab driver told police that a female passenger performed oral sex on him while her male companion held a gun to his head. The cabby said that the woman, who was sitting beside him, propositioned him, and when he refused, the male passenger pulled out a handgun, pressed it to his head, and ordered him to let the woman do whatever she wanted. He kept driving as the woman performed the act. When it was over, he was ordered to drive to a suburban destination, where the woman paid the $26 fare with a $50 bill and told him to keep the change.

IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO

Unaware that a television show was taping the scene, Brazilian President **Itamar Franco** attempted to seduce a young model whom he had been dating. Earlier that day, the couple had been seen watching a parade together. Every time the model, who was wearing a minidress, lifted her arms, the dress rose high enough for viewers to notice that she was not wearing any panties.

ANNALS OF FITNESS

Actress **Tracy Scoggins**, who's releasing a workout video, noted that mountain biking in the Malibu Hills is her favorite form of exercise. "I wish it were all uphill," she said. "I don't mind pedaling until I vomit."

WELL, THEY SOUND SO MUCH ALIKE

Comedian **Rosie O'Donnell**, when asked why she had agreed to serve as emcee of the annual awards dinner of the C.F.D.A., the Council of Fashion Designers of America, said she thought the organization had something to do with cystic fibrosis.

OUR NATION'S CENSORS AT WORK

Education officials in California banned an **Alice Walker** story from the state's English-proficiency test for tenth-grade students on the grounds that the story is "anti–meat eating." Another story, written by author **Annie Dillard**, was also banned, this one because the work's depiction of a snowball fight was considered "too violent."

SPORTING AMERICA

Distance runner **Suzy Hamilton**, while leading her closest competitor by nearly 15 meters in a major track meet, suddenly stopped running without completing the final lap. It turns out she thought the race was over. As she stopped, the trailing runner dashed past her and won. "I'm a college graduate," Hamilton said. "These things happen to me."

NO WONDER THEY'RE STUPID

Temple University's curriculum now offers courses in a wide variety of disciplines, including physical education (which offers a course called "Racism and College Athletics") and fine arts (which includes a class called "Dance Movement and Pluralism").

DEPARTMENT OF RAISED EYEBROWS

Heidi Fleiss, the reputed "Hollywood Madam," was asked how she coped with the Los Angeles earthquake last January. She replied that she slept through it—until Frank Sinatra, Jr., woke her up. When asked how he managed to walk into her house, Fleiss said, "He has the access code. He's a friend."

OH, LIGHTEN UP!

The notoriously stuffy Professional Golfers' Association criticized comedian Bill Murray for his high jinks during pro-am tournaments, which included falling onto a woman spectator in the gallery and sprawling on the ground with her, and jokingly telling former vice-president Dan Quayle to "hurry up" while he was lining up a putt. In response, Murray called the P.G.A.'s control of the sport a "Nazi state."

MEMO TO LORENA BOBBITT

A Chinese woman cut off her sleeping husband's penis with a pair of scissors. Officials said she had consulted a soothsayer to improve her love life and was advised to cut off her husband's penis so he could grow a new organ and reinvigorate their love life.

OUR RAMPANT-EGO AWARD TO ...

... actress Cybill Shepherd, who, in a magazine interview, attributed her reputation for being arrogant and difficult to the jealousy of fellow performers. "If you are really beautiful and really successful," she said, "the envy level is enormous."

AND ANOTHER FOREST FALLS

Two writers are preparing what they describe as a book-length collection of dreams that people have about Hillary Rodham Clinton. The authors have hastened to reassure anyone with nocturnal Hillary fantasies by explaining, "The idea of people dreaming about the First Lady may seem strange, but, in fact, is refreshingly normal. Americans apparently do a lot of dreaming about power-holders, especially about Ms. Clinton."

AND THIS MAN RAN FOR PRESIDENT

Former Wisconsin senator William Proxmire has written a book called *Your Joyride to Health*, in which he claims that the key to longevity and good health is a smile. If you feel terrible, Proxmire informs his readers, you should smile for a full minute, then five minutes, then a full half hour.

OKAY, GET THE GUN

Actress Drew Barrymore, on her admitted lack of acting talent: "I don't go to acting classes, and I don't have a technique, and if you catch me saying 'my craft,' you can shoot me."

GREAT MOMENTS IN JOURNALISM

Elizabeth Crow, the editor of *Mademoiselle*, proclaimed that magazines that reveal too much flesh don't sell in the current marketplace. When asked which editorial philosophies she thought would sell, she mentioned "inclusionary," "personal," and "multiple points of entry."

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IMUS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

both work for the same company, Infinity Broadcasting Corporation.

For another, Imus says again and again, there's nothing about his show he would want to change. Reply to the "challenge" of Howard Stern? One-up him in the ratings? The whole thing is an absurd, media-generated tempest. If Stern accuses Imus of ripping him off—a man who was doing riffs in front of a radio mike while Stern was still a Long Island teenager—well, who cares?

Goldstein: Do you feel that Howard Stern gets the credit you should get?

Imus: No, I don't. That's a decision that I could have made. I could have decided to continue with that kind of program, could have pursued that kind of appealing to the worst instincts in the worst people. My interests were just in other areas. Howard, Rush Limbaugh, or any of them, it's like being on the roster of a record company. People make different records. I wouldn't do what Howard does. I wouldn't do what Rush does, either. It isn't a question of, somebody took an idea that I had and took it to some other level and I'm not getting the credit for it, because it isn't something that I would have done....

Goldstein: If you and Howard Stern were going head-to-head, both on FM, who'd get the numbers?

Imus: He would. Because more people are interested in two lesbians hanging upside down than are interested in hearing me talk to Anna Quindlen or Bill Bradley or whoever. It's pure entertainment stuff. It has nothing to do with Howard, particularly. It's entertainment over news. You know, at 7:00 or at 6:30 at night, the news slot, the station that gets the biggest numbers is the one that has reruns of "M*A*S*H," not Peter Jennings or Dan Rather.

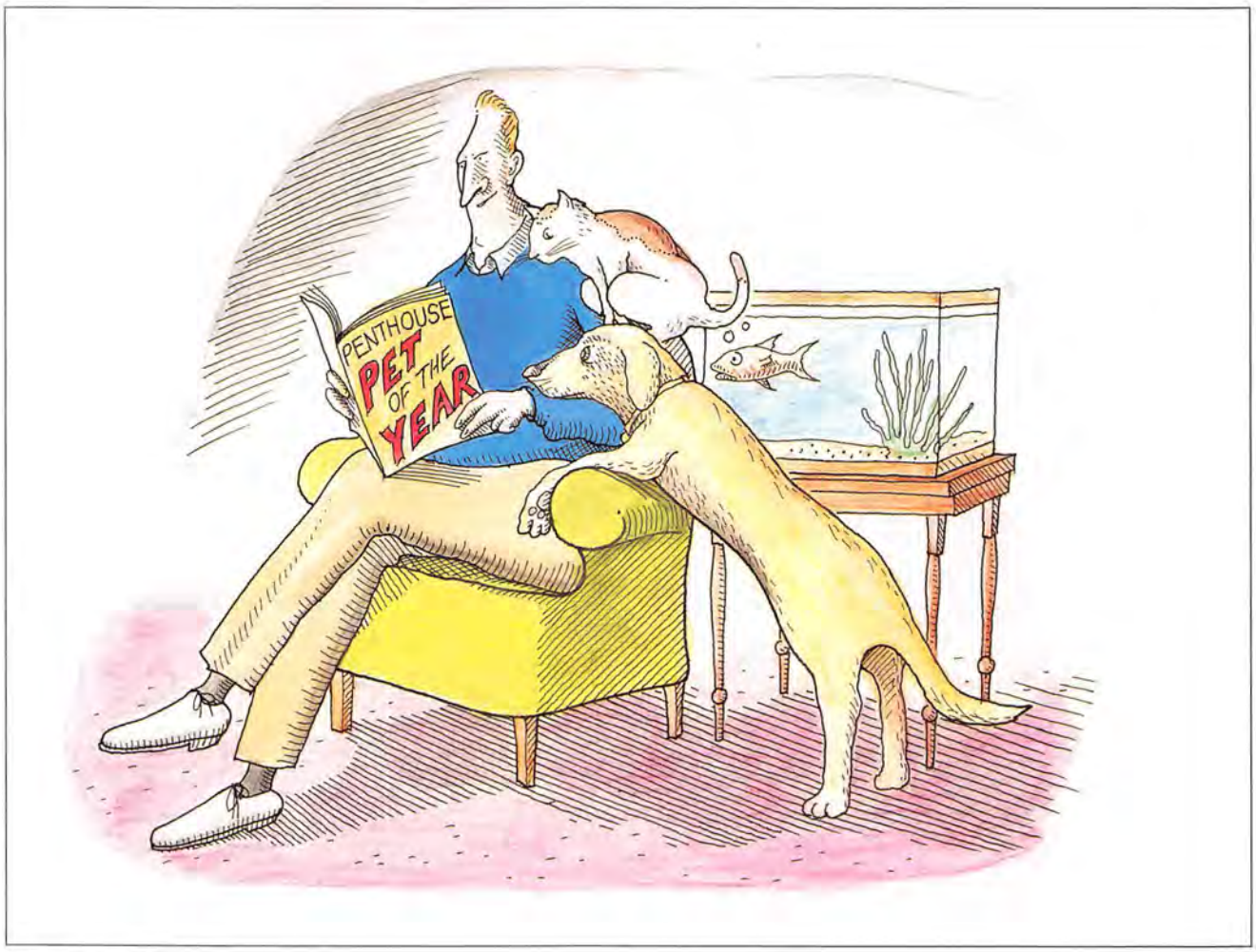
Goldstein: What kind of personal relationship do you have with Stern?

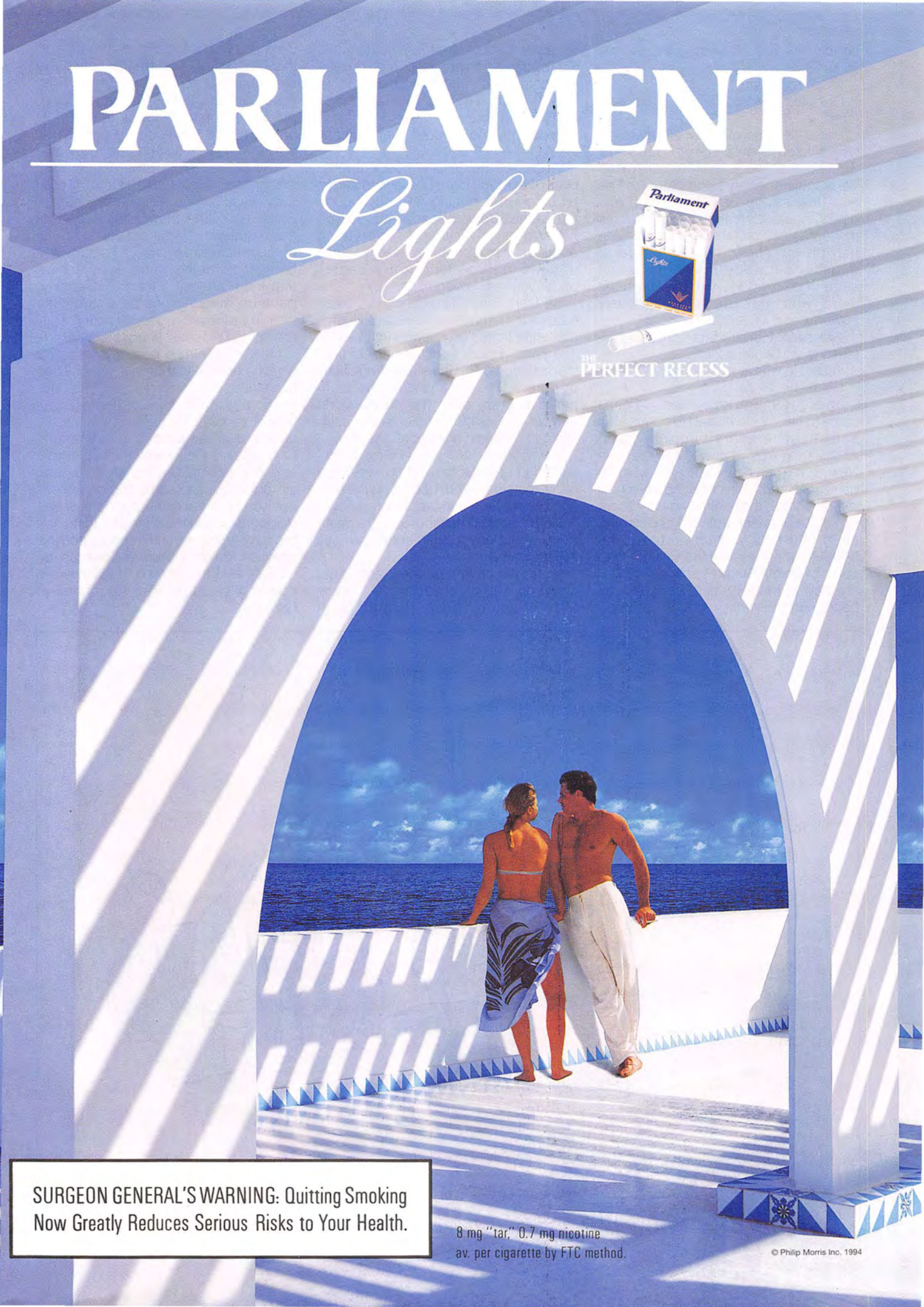
Imus: I haven't talked to him in years. I worked with him years ago at NBC. But it's not about that. It's not about him or Rush. They're all competitors, you know? WINS is a big competitor. But WFAN is the number-one billing station in New York. By over $6 million. Number two would be WINS. So that's really what it's about. I'm dirtier than I ever was, you know. Even more so, but it's just Stern with a bigger, better vocabulary.

Goldstein: Do you find Stern funny?

Imus: Humor is very subjective. There are some people who like Rush and me and Howard. But not many. I read a review of Stern's book in *The New York Times,* and they reviewed his book and Paul Krassner's book. The reviewer thought that Stern should have Paul Krassner on his television show. Stern wouldn't know what to talk to Paul Krassner about. That's not what Stern's about. So whoever reviewed [the Stern book] missed the point. But to disparage Howard is stupid, because there are millions of people who like it. It works. In many cases, it's funny. Rush is very funny sometimes. If you talk about the two guys in radio, they're the two big guys in radio, because Rush is on 600 stations and Stern is enormously successful. Then you'd have to talk about me. There's nothing to be bothered about. Two years from now, why, when the dust settles, we'll see, you know? You've got to remember, I've been doing this for 22 years. The fact that I'm still on the air is phenomenal. And the fact is that I'm on AM, when 80 percent of the people listen to FM radio. Everybody keeps thinking I'm going to go away. If it's not rehab, it's something else. I'm not going to go away. But I'm also not attempting to try to appeal to a mass audience. That's not what I'm interested in. You're not going to get a mass-appeal audience by talking about *The New York Review of Books.* It's just not going to happen.

Goldstein: Stern is running for gover-

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nor of New York. Are you going to vote for him?

Imus: Yes, I am.

Goldstein: So you believe in his platform?

Imus: It's been mine for 20 years; so why wouldn't I believe in it? You know what he did? This is really unbelievable. We work for the same company. And he had [the Infinity Broadcasting president's] secretary call and whine about me taping him off the radio and playing him on my show. What a piece of dogshit. But we will never have the same listeners. He will always have more, won't he? But I'm enormously powerful and influential. [laughs]

Goldstein: Howard Stern probably listened to you when he was ...

Imus: He was in high school.

Goldstein: Right.

Imus: Remember, when Howard came to New York, he had to change his act because everything he did in Washington was what we were doing in New York. Then he evolved into what he does now. And I think what he does now is fine. There's a self-effacing way about him that's not unattractive. I understand all of that stuff ... that he thinks he invented shock radio. He thinks that I'm ripping him off. But part of that's insecurity, part of that's bullshit. I saw him on Letterman the other night, and there's something about him that's not horrible. The same with Rush. I see Rush on television and he's ... friendly looking.

Goldstein: The right-wing politics don't offend you?

Imus: You know, I don't even pay any attention.

When you do 20-plus hours of radio every week, you learn one lesson before all others: Everything and anything is fair game. Dead air is death, so you have to use everything—everything about your personal life, every nuance of news in those four or five papers under your arm, *everything*.

So Don Imus's listeners have been treated to perhaps more details of their man's life than they really want to know. The coming back from the brink of substance abuse. The trials and tribulations of dating. The I-Man's dick, as compared to every other dick in the world and as a possible candidate for insertion into random vaginal crevasses.

When Imus had surgery for a collapsed lung in the fall of 1993, we heard about that, too—from bedside in the hospital, where he broadcast several shows.

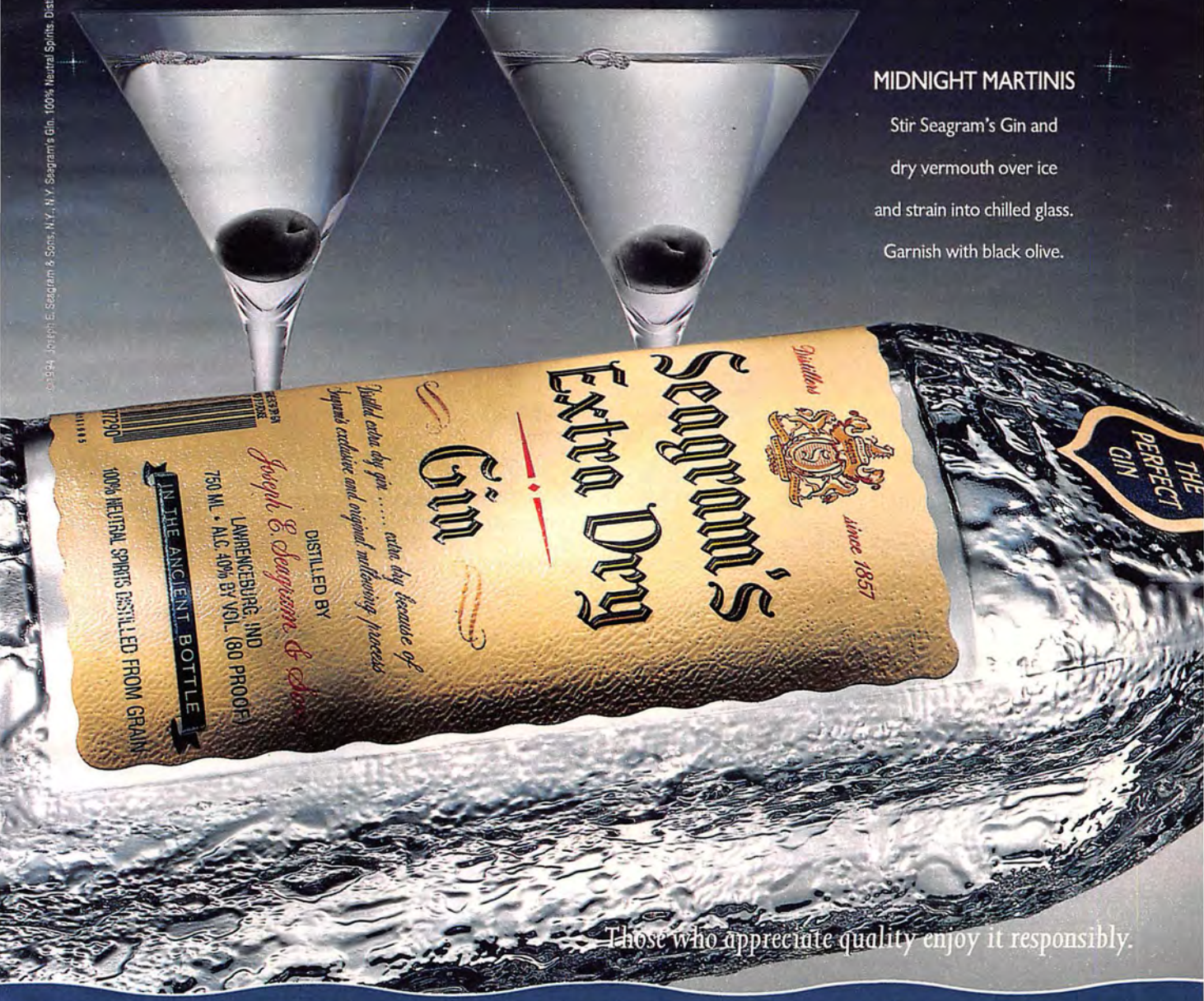
Goldstein: Did coming close to death bring about any fundamental changes in your life?

Imus: We have this priest and rabbi come on with us occasionally. They're terrific young guys—Rabbi Mark Gelman, who's fucking hilarious, and this monsignor, who brings nothing to the table but he's a lovely guy. They were over at the hospital, and they're praying with me. This was really sweet of them. We were doing a Hebrew prayer—if I were going to be religious, I would be Jewish; it's the religion that makes the most sense to me. [Then] they were on the air with me here a while back, and they both asked that same question: "What did you bring out of this whole experience?" I said what I brought out of this whole experience is that there are not a lot of nurses who gave up modeling careers to devote their life to making people better. They are fat and hideous. [laughs]

One reason Imus is so successful at what he does is that he is a sort of latter-twentieth-century Everyman. His days and ways have mirrored the times almost spookily. He came out of the sixties to establish himself as a Wild and Crazy Guy in the seventies, fought drug and dope battles in the eighties, and struggled back to some sort of tenuous equilibrium in the nineties. And now he's doing the serious-relationship thing in a big way. Imus recently announced his intention to marry Deirdre Coleman, an actress and model who, if she were a couple of years younger, would be half his age.

"I hope you don't mind waiting, sir. There are three other ass holes ahead of you."

GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT.



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Goldstein: Congratulations on your upcoming nuptials.

Imus: I really love this fuckin' woman.

Goldstein: Is that your way of sliding into toothless old age?

Imus: No, jerk. You know, I was never a party animal, anyway. [laughs] This is the first time I've ever actually been in love. Plus, I like her, too. I guess that's important. I like her a lot.

To indicate the media-saturated world Coleman is coming into, the two announced their engagement on David Letterman. And to gauge how deep the shaft of romance has sunk into the I-Man's leathery hide, note that he has been quoted in the press as saying that starting a family with Coleman is "all right with me."

It would be Imus's second family. He has daughters from the first time around, but that was during his hell-bent years, and he kept his domesticity safely offstage. You have to wonder if romance and fatherhood would change the delicate equilibrium of the Gang of Four. Baby-talk radio?

After the show, when we retire to Imus's cluttered, book-filled cubbyhole of an office to talk about things he can't talk about on the radio, Imus reverts to the same tired shadow of himself I saw when he walked down the stairs to the studio five hours earlier. It's as if he is only truly alive when he has a microphone in front of his face.

He collapses into a brown leather Eames-style chair. Various functionaries and assistants drift in and out, telling him what a good show it was, querying him on the details of his life ("Do you want to go to the bank now or at 12:30?"). A manicurist comes in to work on him. Through it all Imus seems tenuous, faded, like Bilbo Baggins after too much of the ring. Quiet flows the Don.

Goldstein: Is there anything you won't do sexually with a woman?

Imus: I'm not into beating women or anything like that. I don't like any rough stuff.

Goldstein: Do you prefer intercourse to oral sex? What's your favorite way of coming?

Imus [to his manicurist]: This is really disgusting, isn't it? Are you upset now?

Manicurist: I don't know English....

Imus: You don't? Well, don't be trying to run that jive on me. [laughs]

Goldstein: Would you prefer coming from oral sex or sexual intercourse?

Imus: Well, this is disgusting. It doesn't make any difference.... Either one is fine. I can't have sex with somebody I don't like. I can't. I used to call escort services, and they'd all come over and we'd have a big pile of cocaine there.... But we never had sex. I've spent hundreds and hundreds of dollars just to sit around and shoot the shit and do coke. Just to hang out.

Goldstein: Have you been in relationships where you let the woman hold the remote control?

Imus: No. I'm not one of those guys who has a remote control in his hand all the time. Not a lot of my time is spent in front of the television. If somebody is at my house, I don't have a television on. And if I go to somebody's house and their television's on and if they leave it on, I either ask them to shut it off or I leave. It's fucking rude. So you're sitting there having a conversation with them, and people keep looking at the television. It's like Naomi Judd. I love this woman, but she comes into the studio with these fucking dark glasses on. I said to her, "Are we going to keep the dark glasses on?" Because if she had kept the glasses on, the interview is over. I'm not gonna talk to somebody with fucking dark glasses on. It's stupid. I can't see their eyes.

> *"HOWARD STERN WOULD GET THE NUMBERS IN A HEAD-TO-HEAD COMPETITION, BECAUSE MORE PEOPLE ARE INTERESTED IN LESBIANS THAN ... BILL BRADLEY."*

Goldstein: Do you have the usual paranoia of celebrity? How do you know that people you meet are connecting to the real you and not the money or the craziness?

Imus: That is me. All of that. The Rolls-Royce is mine. To think that I'm looking for somebody who's going to like me for me—what does that mean? Does it mean they're going to like me because I'm not famous and I don't have millions of dollars? Well, I *do* have millions of dollars and I *am* famous, so it's unrealistic to think otherwise. What would they like then? They'd like some schmuck who's ... what? My world is me. Like my friend Kinky Friedman says, "I'm not afraid of death, I'm not afraid of life. I'm just afraid that I'm not going to be able to talk about myself for five minutes." [laughs]

Goldstein: Do you still masturbate?

Imus: Of course.

Goldstein: What do you masturbate to? Memories or photos?

Imus: Memories. Yeah. Or you create these fantasies. But I've never used pictures to masturbate.

Goldstein: Are you as happy as you thought you could be?

Imus: I'm happier than most people I know. I want the two women in *Penthouse* in the lesbian pictorial. [laughs] I want those two. The three of us will all live together....

Goldstein: We get more information in a week than a human in the Middle Ages got in a whole lifetime. Television, the movies, radio—a lot of talk, talk, talk. Do you ever feel like you just want to shut up?

Imus: I do that a lot on weekends. Maybe we'll have CNN on with the sound off, just so I can see if something's blown up that I need to hear about. So I use the opportunity of the weekend to shut out noise a lot. There are many weekends where I don't hear another voice, including mine. I mean, thank God.

Goldstein: Do you ever envision a time when you won't do the show? What would you do instead?

Imus: I don't know. I'm not qualified to do anything else. I'm not gonna do it when I'm not relevant. I'm not gonna hang on like a lot of these guys have done, just to be on the radio, you know. I mean, when I'm not happening anymore, why, then I'm gone. Right now, I'm surprised. We do better now than I've ever done in my lifetime. And it's been 22 years.

And now, some final thoughts from Imus on ...

Madonna: There'd be nothing for me to talk to her about. Making a sandwich between Big Daddy Kane and Naomi Campbell is not something I care about.

Senator Alfonse D'Amato: He's the people's representative. I've had letters from people who have tried to get in touch with his office about a workman's comp thing that their husband was involved in, and he's been responsive to it. You can agree with his politics or you don't. He has a great sense of humor. He's been terrific.

Senator Bob Packwood: He's creepy-looking. Successful people on television are people who have attractive mouths, particularly newscasters and stuff. Bob Packwood has a truly horrible mouth.

Dan Rather: He comes on with us frequently. I like him. He has great courage, great integrity. You know, he's a whack job. He's going to go out one of these days.

Princess Di: William F. Buckley, Jr., said that he thought that Princess Di was the most gorgeous woman on the planet—which I think was far more revealing of Buckley than of her.

Michael Jackson: Paisley penis.

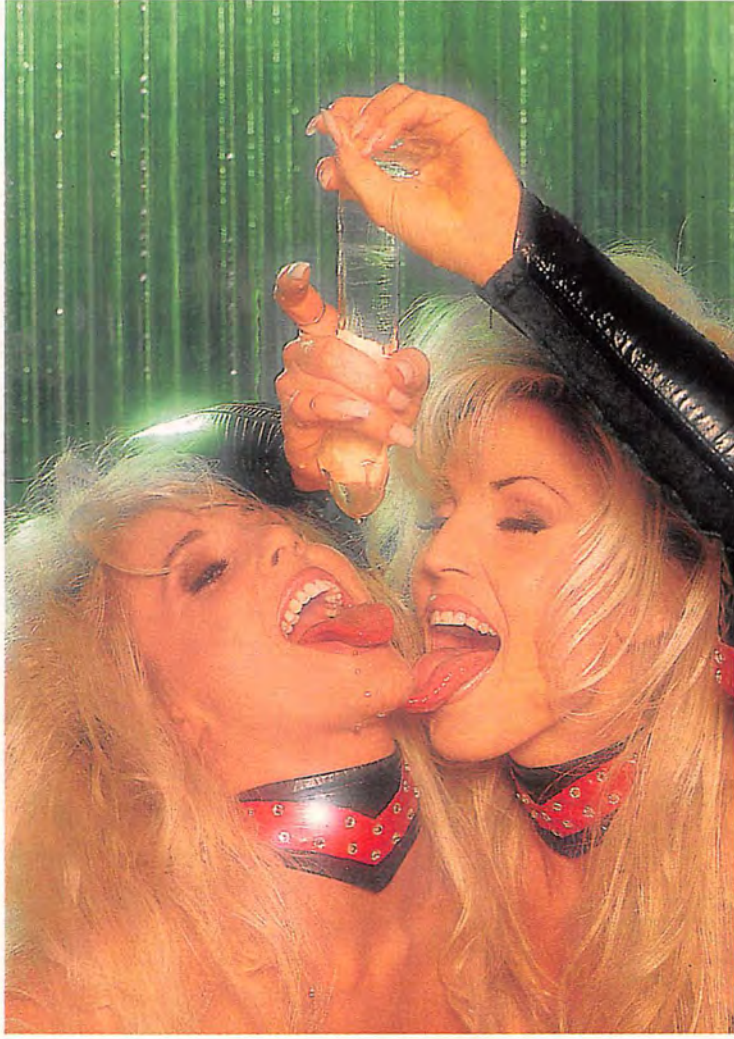
We want to know what you think. Call 1-900-772-2223 and make your opinion count! It's the best way to let our editors know how you feel. For more information, see page 302.

ICE & EASY

Janine, our sensational Pet of the Year Runner-Up for 1990, has already made her mark on America, and now she and her partner, Julia Ann, are setting hearts racing across the country as the dance team Blondage. These two beauties agreed to perform a special routine for one lucky *Penthouse* photographer and millions of deserving *Penthouse* readers. Welcome to the ice-hot world of Blondage.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

"We're especially proud of our props," says Janine with a wicked grin, "and it's always a contest to see whose melts first!" Sometimes, of course, it's more fun to share.



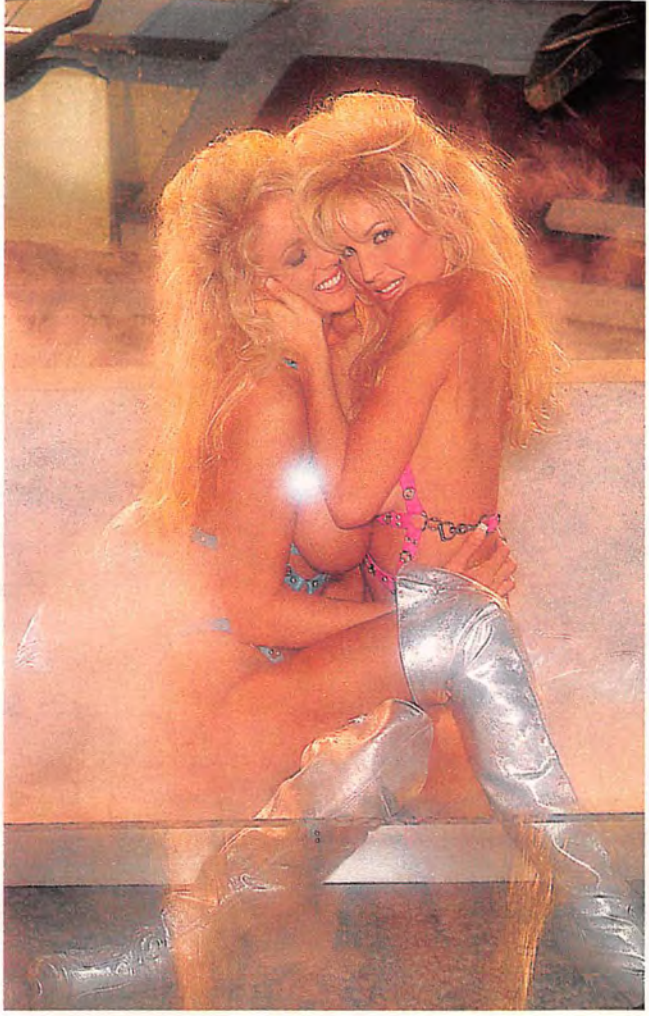
"It's all in the rhythm, Janine explains. "The hotter gets, the smaller the distance between us and the sooner we can connec in the middle."

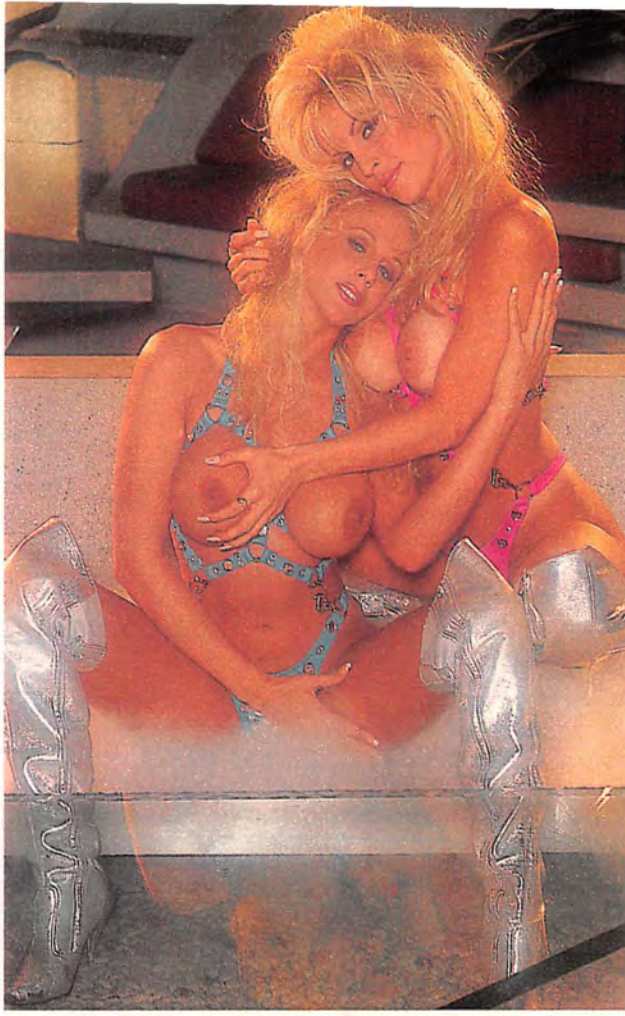
The girls confess that it took a little getting used to when they introduced the frosty new member into their ménage.

Julia Ann adds that it's important to never forget "to be

ender and
upersensi-
ve to your
partner's
feelings."

nd then, if you do it *t right,* the combined nsations of a hot, wet ongue and cold, hard are out of his world!"





Heat and cold … fire and ice … yin and yang—it's much more than just smoke and mirrors when Janine and Julia Ann double up.

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DECEIT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

would spark a hostage crisis of major proportions, one that Washington did not know how to solve. So they obfuscated and lied. And with each new disclosure of prisoner evidence, the lies had to multiply and swell. Were the truth told, too many Washington careers would be destroyed, too many powerful people burned.

Since the end of the war, Vietnam has turned over nearly 300 sets of remains that have been identified as Americans, yet the Pentagon has never determined a single one of these men to have died after the war's end. But whether it be hard intelligence or sheer improbability, nothing cracks the Pentagon's mask of denial—not the radio intercepts, not the live sightings, not the satellite photos of ground markings. Nothing.

However, one piece of evidence did throw the government's debunking machine into a frenzy—a top-secret Soviet intelligence document that emerged two years ago from Moscow's military archives. It was a Russian translation of what was described as a senior North Vietnamese general's report to the Hanoi politburo. Brought to light by a Harvard researcher, Stephen Morris, it said that as of September 1972, just four months before the signing of the peace accords, Hanoi was holding twice as many prisoners as it would hand over to the United States.

The report said: "1,205 American prisoners of war [are] located in the prisons of North Vietnam—this is a big number. Officially, until now, we published a list of only 368 prisoners of war [the number Hanoi was then admitting at the Paris talks]. The rest we have not revealed."

It went on: "The government of the U.S.A. knows this well, but it does not know the exact number of prisoners of war and can only make guesses based on its losses. That is why we are keeping the number of prisoners of war secret, in accordance with the [Hanoi] politburo's instructions."

Predictably, Vietnam, after two decades of publicly denying it had held back any prisoners, angrily called the document a fabrication. But Washington, too, became apoplectic. Though forced to acknowledge that the report was an authentic Soviet document, the Pentagon nonetheless insisted that it "is replete with errors, omissions, and propaganda that seriously damage its credibility."

Specifically, the Pentagon said the 1,205 figure had to be in error because this would mean that 600 additional POWs existed and such a conclusion was "inconsistent with our own accounting."

But why inconsistent? When Hanoi released the 591 men in 1973, the Pentagon itself said there were still 1,328 Americans missing in action and unaccounted for. If half or less were alive, the 1,205-prisoner document seems anything but farfetched.

Besides, what motive could Soviet military intelligence have had for putting a phony report in its files in 1972? Were they thinking ahead with the notion of embarrassing their Vietnamese allies 20 years down the road? It makes no sense.

Moreover, other recently declassified U.S. intelligence reports reveal interviews with North Vietnamese defectors who gave information about unreturned prisoners that closely resembles that contained in the Soviet document. These defectors were regarded as reliable by their American interrogators.

One of them, Le Dinh, had worked in Hanoi's military-intelligence apparatus for four years, and had seen and met with U.S. POWs. He was interviewed in Paris in 1979 and 1980 by Pentagon intelligence officials. Their report quotes him as saying that Vietnam had "retained a 'strategic asset' of over 700

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B. GRACE

prisoners that could be used to force the U.S. to pay reparations."

This directly paralleled the Soviet "1,205" document, which said that only some of the prisoners would be returned "at this time." The others, it said, would not be freed until Washington made political concessions and granted economic aid. "Nixon must compensate North Vietnam for those enormous losses which the destructive war caused," it said, adding, "These are the principles on the basis of which we are able to resolve the question of the American prisoners of war."

Another very significant aspect of both these reports was the assertion that Hanoi had established a covert secondary network of prison camps, where unacknowledged prisoners were held. The Pentagon has always insisted there was only *one* prison system, a relatively small number of facilities where the 591 returned prisoners were last held. It has vehemently rejected the possibility that a "second-tier" system existed, where other prisoners could have been hidden.

Here, too, the evidence clearly challenges the Pentagon's position. Newly declassified reports, from both the Central Intelligence Agency and the Pentagon's Defense Intelligence Agency, record eyewitness sightings of live American POWs being held between 1976 and 1980 in at least five prison camps in North Vietnam from which no POWs ever returned. The Vietnamese witnesses also reported that they saw 81 graves clustered around the five camps, and they drew diagrams of the burial sites. They said these Americans had died of disease, malnutrition, and rigorous labor conditions, and some of the sources said they actually witnessed burials. The sources were deemed credible by the intelligence investigators. Some were given polygraph tests; they passed. There is no notation in any of these reports of a source who failed a polygraph. The five camps in these reports (not the only camps named in "second-tier" evidence) were Quyet Tien, Thanh Phong, Yen Bai, Ha Son Binh, and Tan Lap-Phu Tho.

Here are excerpts from reports on the Quyet Tien camp, near Vietnam's northern border with China: "Source [a Vietnamese who was interned there] claims to have observed 50 or more American prisoners. These prisoners were brought to Quyet Tien as a group in late 1973–early 1974 and were still there when source was moved to another camp in mid-1977.

"Source ... claims to have observed [prisoners] from a distance of 30 to 50 meters on a daily basis. Source was told they were Americans but had no contact.... Source claims another prisoner told him of assisting in the burial of 12 Americans sometime in 1976....

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"Based on analysis of polygraph charts, it was the opinion of the examiners that there was no deception in the answers to questions concerning his observations of prisoners he was told were Americans."

Another intelligence report on Quyet Tien, from a Vietnamese source who was part of a circus group sent in to entertain the cadre at this remote camp, said that "while at the reception hall, source and the group were thanked by a cadre for coming to perform and told not to communicate with 'puppet troops from Saigon and U.S. pilots....' Source claimed she ... observed a small group of male Caucasian prisoners (six to seven) who were dressed in light-blue hospital-type pajamas and also striped-type pajamas.... Source heard from the camp commander ... that the Caucasians were U.S. pilots and were being held at Quyet Tien because it was a special camp."

The reports on the other camps are equally telling. A former inmate at the Thanh Phong camp told American investigators that "the American prisoners who were on work detail were not allowed to go further than 100 meters from their enclosures. Source said that a farmer, Hoan, had shown him the site of a cemetery for American prisoners of war. Hoan [told source] there were 40 bodies in the cemetery. Source said ... he could see the mounds of about 30 graves. Source said that from October 1979 through November 1980, he saw the funerals of ten American prisoners of war."

One intelligence document tells of an event in 1978: "Viet female refugee, former schoolteacher who was cooperative, in good health, and mentally alert, observed 15 to 20 Americans at location approximately 10 to 15 kilometers west of Am Thuon railroad station ... under guard, on a work detail. Nearest American said, 'We are Americans, you ladies go back to Saigon and tell about it.' American spoke in fluent Vietnamese." The interviewer wrote that he "believes that [the] report is credible."

And in 1982, a source told of 20 POW graves at Ha Son Binh prison, where, in 1979, he "and three other persons had buried an American pilot" who had died of malaria.

Despite this evidence, and much additional data, the Pentagon has persisted in denying the existence of a separate prison system. The reason given: The POWs who were returned said they knew nothing about POWs in other camps. But this is hollow reasoning. If Hanoi had a separate system, as all these reports indicate, its very purpose and design would be to keep it secret in order to hide the unacknowledged POWs until the North Vietnamese chose to reveal them. And thus, the 591 returned POWs, who were held in a small number of prisons in Hanoi and its environs, would have been deliberately walled off from the others and kept in the dark.

I asked the Pentagon about these prisons. Major Steve Little, the spokesman on POW/MIA affairs, called back a week later to say that all five prison sites had been visited and investigated. (My own Pentagon sources told me that only one of the sites had been visited by a Pentagon team, a visit that had taken place only recently, and only after Senator Bob Smith had gone there.)

If indeed these prison sites had been visited, there would have to be field reports on those investigations. To confirm Major Little's response, I asked him for those field reports. Five days later, he responded by informing me that I would have to submit a request under the Freedom of Information Act. I did so on March 10. At this writing, in June, I have yet to receive a single document.

> *"IF GRASS CAN SPELL OUT PEOPLE'S NAMES AND A SECRET, FOUR-DIGIT CODE," SAID ONE SENATE INVESTIGATOR, "THEN I HAVE A NEWFOUND RESPECT FOR GRASS."*

The Pentagon's conduct, on prisons as on every other POW issue, has long been protected by most of the Washington establishment. On the evening of January 26 of this year, Bob Smith rose to the Senate floor to oppose a resolution sponsored by Senator Kerry calling on President Clinton to lift the U.S. trade embargo against Vietnam "expeditiously." Smith had introduced a different resolution, one that would have required the president, before ending the embargo, to certify that Vietnam had provided "the fullest possible unilateral resolution of all cases" of missing men.

Smith tried that night to present new and tangible POW evidence—in particular, the documents on the secondary prison system—but he was continuously interrupted and badgered by Kerry and his allies. Kerry sneered at the reports on Quyet Tien and the four other camps, calling them "a lot of allegations" that Smith had "thrown out" to the Senate. Without offering a single fact in rebuttal, the Massachusetts senator dismissed the documents as "some old reports taken out of context or something ... but it is not real evidence."

One of Kerry's fellow debunkers, Senator John McCain, in a radio appearance the next day, brushed off the evidence as "raw files." The Arizona Republican, a cosponsor of the embargo-lifting resolution, said there couldn't have been a secondary prison system "because we would have known about it." But that's exactly what these documents show: That at some point after the war, we *did* know about it.

In the Senate debate itself, McCain, like Kerry, provided no facts of his own but simply launched into a diversionary tirade against "the professional malcontents, conspiracy mongers, con artists, and dime-store Rambos who attend this issue...."

The Kerry-McCain resolution passed easily, 62 to 38, and though it was nonbinding on the president, it gave him, in McCain's words, "political cover." Within days, Clinton had ended the 19-year-old embargo against trading with Vietnam. Four months later, in May, the two countries announced they were establishing diplomatic missions in each other's capital, the last step before an exchange of ambassadors and full recognition.

But lifting embargoes and calling intelligence reports "raw files" cannot erase the tangible evidence. In order to knock down intelligence reports such as those above on the prisons, you have to produce further hard information demonstrating convincingly why the earlier reports were not credible. No such further reports have been provided.

There's a myth in Washington that virtually all the government's POW documents have been declassified and are available to the public. Bush, in 1992, issued the first declassification directive. Clinton, after taking office in 1993, said he had speeded up Bush's executive order, and last November, on Veterans Day, he announced the process completed.

Wonderful. Try finding any of the C.I.A.'s key operational files on POWs in the National Archives or the Library of Congress. Try finding satellite imagery of POW distress signals. Where are the missing memos and cables on the Vietnamese ransom offers? The truth is that the most significant files, from the highest levels of government and the intelligence community, were not covered by the Bush and Clinton executive orders and remain under lock and key.

(Not that declassifying files necessarily brings them to light. The Pentagon, for example, says it sent stacks of declassified National Security Agency documents to the Library of Congress. But here is how one researcher, Roger Hall, described the situation in a letter to *The Washington Times:* "... the mate-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

From then on, things progressed in a rather unusual fashion. We had lunch together every day. She read my entire collection of *Penthouse* magazines, and we were able to exchange very intimate details of our sex lives. She wasn't as bashful as my wife. She not only told me that she loved to masturbate, but she also told me how she did it, where she liked to touch herself, and with what. Suddenly, I realized that this kind of openness was what I had been missing in my marriage. I always knew that I was a cerebral-sexual-intellectual, and talking to this girl excited me as much as doing anything physical.

This intellectual game is still going on. We have never touched each other, and the only time we have been close to it happened a couple of weeks ago. We were working late, something we have done many times, but that time, when we were finally through, we didn't go home. Instead, we stayed there, and in the silence of the empty office, we picked up our favorite game. The excitement was there, but that time I promised myself that if I felt an orgasm coming, I wouldn't try to hold back.

We were sitting on a large leather sofa, facing each other, each on a different end, separated by a few feet. Suddenly, I realized that she was caressing her breasts. Unnoticed by me, she had unbuttoned her blouse, and she was caressing her naked left breast. That was enough for me—I went off like a bomb. And I couldn't hide it. My pleasure was so great and so evident that she knew what was happening. She did not say a word, but she started breathing more rapidly.

Then, when I was totally finished, she simply opened herself to me and, without even taking her panties off, she proceeded to masturbate herself. She climaxed in a shattering orgasm that kept her fingers trembling for a long time.

We have not been able to do that again, but it seems that the incident has not changed anything between us. I found the whole situation unusual, to say the least, but extremely pleasurable. She seems to feel the same.—*Name and address withheld*

STUDY GROUP

We have always enjoyed reading the anecdotes in "Forum," so we decided to relate our own incident—which, in retrospect, seems quite unbelievable, even to us.

My friend Fitz and I were relaxing after studying for finals here at college by reading *Penthouse*. My roommate Steve had left word with us that a friend of his was coming up to copy some chemistry notes, and we were to give them to him.

While we were waiting, we continued to read "Forum," and the bulges in our trousers became quite conspicuous. Being in an all-male freshman dorm, "getting off" on *Penthouse* was a common occurrence; therefore, we felt no embarrassment over our enjoyment.

Continuing our reading, we heard a knock at the door and opened it, assuming it was Steve's friend. It was, but to our surprise (and embarrassment), "he" turned out to be a well-endowed blonde with a rather cute friend! The blonde, Kathie, peered into the room, looking for Steve. A knowing smile came to her face as she caught a glimpse of Fitz's swollen organ under his jeans.

Kathie and Carla came into the room to get the notes, and asked if we were enjoying what we were "studying."

BY ALTERNATELY PULLING HERSELF UP AND SPINNING AROUND WHILE HANGING ON TO THE LIMB, MARY GAVE ME ECSTASY I SHALL NEVER FORGET.

I looked at Fitz with an anticipatory grin.

After she finished copying her notes, Kathie came over and sat on the bed in order to read the letters along with me. You can imagine my delight when I felt her hand on my leg. My prick, which had gone soft, began to rise again. Kathie, noticing my excitement, took the magazine from me and put it on the desk next to the bed—and I responded by bringing her lips to mine. Hearing movement on Steve's bed, I glanced over to see Fitz and Carla undressing each other. The dreams I always had while reading "Forum" were now actually happening, and the letters no longer seemed contrived.

Kathie's nipples were staring me in the face, and they were so enticing, I nearly exploded on the spot! Soon her tongue was delicately encircling the throbbing head of my enormous erection, and I grabbed for her as we rolled off the bed in ecstasy, joining Fitz and Carla on the rug. Feeling that I was about to come, I penetrated Kathie's succulent pussy! Panting heavily, she gave one last groan before I felt her flaming hot juices drench my undulating thighs. Rolling over onto my back, I now knew that college sex was no longer just a dream to me.

Seeing Carla lying there in bliss, I realized how beautiful she really was. I followed her long black hair, which lay about her waist, up her small body. Her hair partially covered her well-rounded breasts. Taking my prick in her hands, she brought it to her soft lips. Never could I have imagined that she could deliver such a sensuous feeling! As she slowly engulfed my burning penis, her black hair draped over my thighs. No longer able to contain myself, the semen spurted into her mouth, and she swallowed the come with joy!

By 12:00 or so, we were totally relaxed, each quiet in our own private thoughts. Fitz turned on the TV and we sat watching, unashamed of our nakedness. Something boring came on, so the girls decided it was time to leave. We all dressed, talking idly, making plans for seeing one another soon. After the girls left, we went back to reading *Penthouse*.

The difference now is that when we read "Forum," we can say, "I've been there!"—*Name and address withheld*

SHARE ...

My wife and I have been married for a little over a year now. Renee is 20 years old with long black hair, and her measurements are 36-24-35. We used to act out our fantasies in bed. If Renee was especially horny, she would ask for bigger and bigger dicks. When she was sexually sober, she was just the opposite. It took a lot of convincing before she realized that I really wanted to see her fuck another guy. Since we didn't want to get involved with any of our friends, we worked out another plan.

We acted like we were going out of town, but instead, we went to a motel on the other side of town. That night we went to a club, and I just left her alone. Within an hour or so, she was sitting next to a guy and rubbing his dick. I walked over and asked her if she wanted to leave with me. That almost pissed the other guy off, but according to plan, she told him that she had enough pussy for both of us. She then told us to wait for her while she went to find one more dick.

She came back about 15 minutes later with another man. I drove her car, and the other two guys followed us back to the motel in their own cars. As far as they were concerned, I was just another guy, because we didn't think it would be good to tell them that I was her husband.

The first guy she had found was Carl. He was tall and slim and had a nine-and-a-half-inch dick. The other guy,

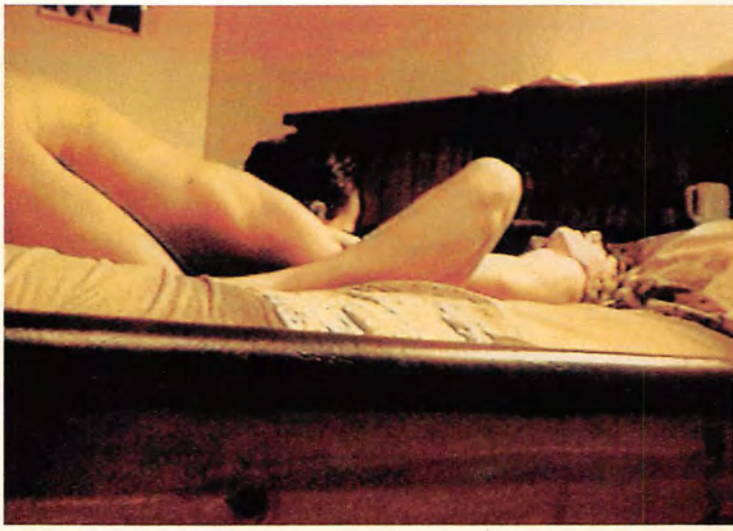
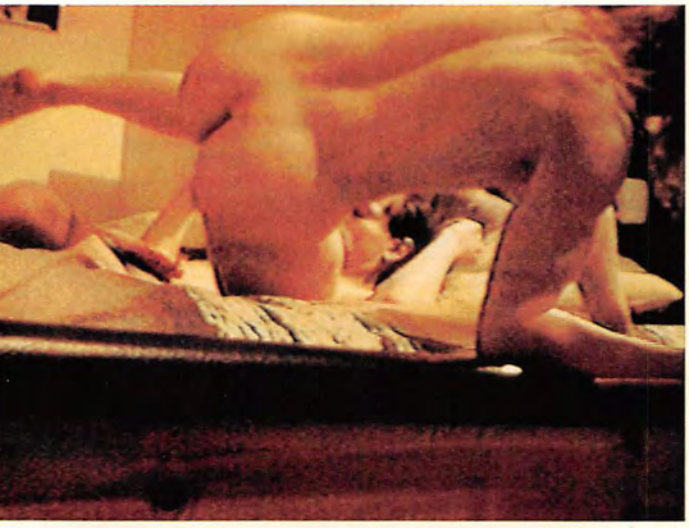
CONTINUED ON PAGE 183

America's "bad girl" Olympic figure skater lets down her hair, proving that being a virginal ice princess may be good, but—as this "wedding-night video" shows—being bad is better.

TONYA

At the national figure-skating championships in 1991, Tonya Harding received a 45-second standing ovation from the audience after becoming the first American woman to complete a triple axel in competition. Three years later, after failing to win another championship, Harding once again rocked the skating world. Her husband, Jeff Gillooly, was arrested for engineering an attack on Tonya's rival, Nancy Kerrigan, and Gillooly accused Harding of assisting with the plans.

Despite her hardscrabble upbringing and a volatile, off-and-on marriage with Jeff filled with separations, a divorce, accusations of spousal abuse, and requests for restraining orders, Tonya managed to make the Olympic team, finishing fourth in 1992 and eighth in 1994. But although she came home from the games empty-handed, her fond memories of this warm and lovingly acquired handful of come no doubt helped to console her.

As newlyweds, Tonya and Jeff couldn't do enough to please each other, as their video demonstrates. After Kerrigan was attacked, however, they couldn't rat each other out quickly enough. When the F.B.I. questioned Tonya and told her that Jeff was in on the plot, she immediately cooperated, ending her statement by saying, "I'm telling on someone I really care about. I know now he is involved. I'm sorry."

Jeff claims that after she was questioned for ten hours, Tonya assured him she had not implicated him. He also says that they met a week later and Tonya thanked him for taking the fall. One day after this meeting, Jeff confessed, accusing his ex-wife of helping to plan the attack. He pleaded guilty to racketeering charges, and the prosecution is recommending two years in prison and a $100,000 fine. Tonya pleaded guilty to "hindering prosecution," and her punishment includes three years' probation, 500 hours of community service, $110,000 in fines and legal fees, and forced resignation from the U.S. Figure Skating Association. She also agreed to make a $50,000 donation to the Special Olympics and undergo a psychiatric evaluation. Despite the court verdicts, there's no doubt that the saga of Tonya and Jeff will dominate tabloid media until all the facts are known —if ever. But one thing is for sure: After seeing these photos, *Penthouse* readers can be certain that there's little left to hide! The entire video is now available for sale for $29.95 plus shipping and handling. Call 1-800-466-9435 for details.

RIGHT STUFF

25 YEARS OF GREAT PRODUCTS

BY GERARD VAN DER LEUN

SOUND DESIGN
Not only have music systems become smaller and more powerful, they have become more and more like pieces of sculpture. Always on the leading edge of advanced stereo systems is Bang & Olufsen, whose new BeoSound 2000 ultra-compact music system is shown here.

NIKE SHOES
Nike, with its groundbreaking approach to sports, as exemplified in its ad campaigns and most excellent footwear, gave the personal-fitness boom the right stuff to explode across America, with no end in sight.

GRILL IT!
Outdoor grills turned tens of millions of men into instant cooks. Not only that, they liked it as well. Even better, they started to grill with class and confidence. First among grills is the one that looks like it came from outer space, the Weber. Imitated but never duplicated, this is the Harley-Davidson of outdoor cooking.

TWO-WHEELED HIKER

Merging old bike frames, fat, knobby tires, and the complicated gears of racing bikes, mountain bikes opened up a world of trails and outdoor adventure for millions. A whole new sport emerged, as well as a whole new way of pedaling yourself through the outback.

BIG BAD WATERCYCLE

Fast and sleek watercraft that gave you the thrill of speed were once the province of the well-to-do. That changed with the advent of the Jet Ski by Kawasaki. With dedication to performance, sport, and safety, Kawasaki pioneered the personal-watercraft industry and brought thrills and sometimes wet chills to millions. This one incredible invention opened up the world of boating to people who otherwise would just stand on the shore and dream.

WHAT A RACKET!

They caused a furor and a cascade of bad jokes about shovels, but the big fat racket from Prince went on to dominate the game and give every tennis player who used one a much bigger backhand.

THE BIGGER BREWER

Bauhaus design and German craftsmanship came together in what is probably the best and most popular coffeemaker in the world today, created by Braun. It's hard to believe that we once actually percolated coffee. Braun coffemakers, in all their configurations, are probably responsible for the gourmet-coffee boom.

MOVIES TO GO

Not content to change the way we hear music, Sony went on to change the way we see movies. If someone had told you in 1969 that you would be able to watch a movie in your living room for only two or three dollars, you'd have had them committed. Now you just ask them if they'll return the tape.

THRILLCAMS FOR EVERYONE

Less than 15 years ago, only television companies could make videos. Now we have products that can make anyone a video producer. We've become a nation of people who record their entire life—from the playground to the bedroom—on video. This camcorder by Sharp exemplifies the move of personal computers from private to public.

BIC BY THE DOZEN

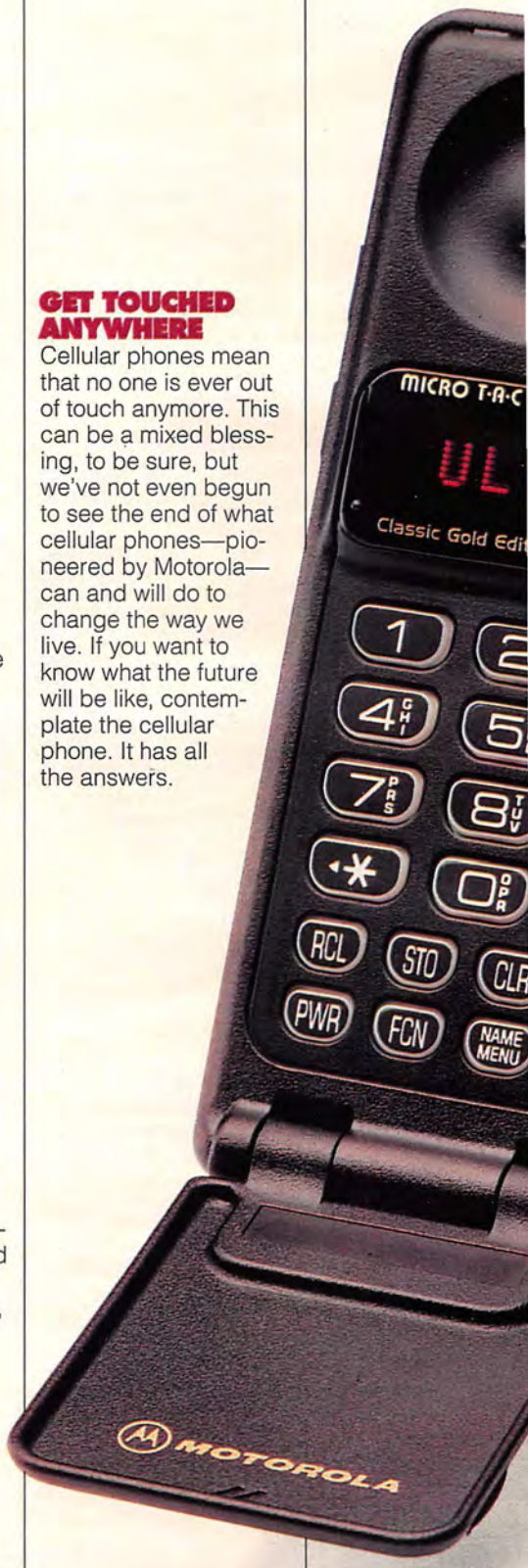
Sometimes great innovations come by thinking small and cheap. Bic leads the list, reducing pens and lighters from personal accessories to commodities. Lose one? No problem. Another's lying around somewhere.

ROLLERBLADES

These amazing items merged roller-skating and skiing, took the former out of the rinks and the latter out of winter, put both on the streets, and created a new urban sport in the process. Looks cool if you can do it well.

GET TOUCHED ANYWHERE

Cellular phones mean that no one is ever out of touch anymore. This can be a mixed blessing, to be sure, but we've not even begun to see the end of what cellular phones—pioneered by Motorola—can and will do to change the way we live. If you want to know what the future will be like, contemplate the cellular phone. It has all the answers.



THE ESSENCE OF AMERICA

Here, in one awesome machine, is everything that makes this country great. If you had to choose one thing that would exemplify America in this century, this motorcycle is it. Like the United States itself, Harley-Davidson rose from the dead, fought off the Japanese and the Germans, and now rules the world of motorcycles. Anyone who says otherwise hasn't been paying attention.

THE ORIGINAL MACINTOSH

This is the single most important product of the last 25 years. From Apple, by way of Steven Jobs's desire to make something "insanely great" that would "change the world," the Macintosh sparked the personal-computer revolution like no other computer could. Every model today stands in the shadow of the little computer that could.

THE ONCE AND FUTURE WALKMAN

The Sony Walkman, one of the most profitable and important innovations in personal electronics in the last 50 years, redefined sound quality and portability. It also changed the way we hear and use music in our daily lives. Whether on tape or CD, we now carry it with us *everywhere*. Bigger sound in increasingly smaller packages.

INSIDE EVERYTHING

The advent of the tiny microchip—which could carry instructions and execute complicated routines—made most of our world smaller, faster, cheaper, and more amazing than ever before. Today, chips like these from Intel are the foundation on which what currently passes for civilization is built. Powering everything from wristwatches to jet planes to heart and lung machines, the microchip is the greatest product of this or any other era.

FABIO

What's Wrong With Sex in America

TWO EXPERTS ON SEXUAL FANTASIES AND FULFILLMENT OFFER THEIR

The Trouble With American Women

By Fabio

Everyone has an opinion on the subject, but to me, the only trouble with American women is American men. The trouble I'm referring to is as old as the history of the world: Men have always kept women subservient. But men are not superior to women; we are all equally intelligent and equally human, and we all have the same desires. Too many men still don't recognize that, and they never have. Because we're stronger physically, we thought it was all right to take advantage of women. For 10,000 years, men have put themselves on pedestals and relegated women to the status of slaves, telling them, in effect, "We're up here and you're down there, so serve us." When we were cavemen, we clubbed the women we wanted and dragged them away by their hair. Men still direct a great deal of violence toward women.

I hate men who beat women. That's something that should really disappear overnight. For a man to beat a woman simply because he wants her to submit to his will is as stupid as it is despicable. Usually, the only reason a man does it is out of fear. Many times, when a woman is smarter than her man, they can't have a serious conversation without the guy being afraid that she's brighter than he is. When that happens, a lot of men feel like idiots, and they think they can make up for it with their strength.

If men feel violence rising up in them, let them take it out on a punching bag—women are *not* punching bags. Believe me, they know it and they're letting all of us know it. That's what's really happening between men and women right now. Women have absorbed so many centuries of abuse that today they're saying, "No more. We've had it."

In America women have worked hard to achieve real freedom, and they're doing their best to make men understand that they have their own needs and own minds and are just as astute as we are. To a lot of men, that's an uncomfortable and unfamiliar idea. Women, after all, weren't even mentioned in America's original Constitution, and it wasn't until 1920 that they were allowed to vote. They were always regarded as property, and men could beat them and rape them and not really have to worry about it. When it came to sex, men could

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

HEID

UNIQUE INSIGHTS ON WHY WE'RE DOING IT MORE BUT ENJOYING IT LESS.

The Trouble With American Men

By Heidi Fleiss

When it comes to sex, I think men and women are almost different species. Men want sex so much that they usually don't care who they have it with. To use an expression I've heard, Men will fuck mud. Women are generally more discriminating and cautious. We're just not as hung up on sex as men are. Guys (they're really insatiable) will sit up at night watching pornos and masturbating. You don't see women doing that. I can't even *picture* a woman doing that.

Still, I love men and can't live without them, even though so many of them are lying, cheating bastards. But there are plenty of exceptions to that rule—good guys with a lot of character who are fun to talk to and make love to and go out with. They add a lot to a woman's life. I like to say that all men are pigs, but I don't really believe it. And, to tell the truth, I know there are plenty of women who are pigs, too.

Anyway, let's get down to specific cases. What's wrong with American men is, pure and simple, that most of them—most of *you*—are lousy lovers. That's mostly because you don't know or even consider what it is that women really want.

But you're educable, and I think you can be brought up to speed, especially if you're reading this article. This is going to be the best tutorial you'll ever get in your life, and considering the price, you're getting away cheap.

First things first: Too many American men think it's okay not to be too concerned with their appearance. It's not okay. There's no excuse, for example, for a man to be fat. Guys have no *reason* to be overweight, especially with so much information available about diet and nutrition. Skinny guys also turn me off. I don't know if that makes any sense, because I'm always underweight, but at least I try to do something about it. (I lift free weights—a 40-minute routine—every day.)

Much of the nation's health-and-fitness consciousness originated in California; it's God's country that way. When I leave the state (and I don't have to go farther east than Arizona), I immediately start seeing flabby people everywhere—especially men. That's not a frivolous put-down. Women are mainly responsible for the exercise trend in this country. We take much better care of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

do no wrong, and women, for the most part, could do no right. Men could have all the fun they wanted, and the worst they'd be called was playboys or womanizers, which were really kinds of compliments. When women went out and did the same things, they were called sluts and whores.

In fact, when you really think about it, women didn't even get a break from any of the major religions, which also saw them as inferior to men. But that's changing, too, and women are now becoming ministers, rabbis, and priests. I like that, because anything a man can do, a woman can do, too. As women gain more power in religion, politics, business, and society in general, I believe we'll see a world that has more love and romance.

And less war. I think men have always gone to war because they're terribly insecure and want (and maybe need) to show their superiority. They're much more bottled up and not nearly as expressive as women, and that communication gap is one of the biggest sources of problems between men and women. I blame a lot of that on the conditioning men have always received to be macho—to show strength and never show any feelings. Men try to play that role, because the more they act that way, the more society says, "Yeah, that's cool." But it's *not* cool—it's wrong. We're human; we have to be in touch with our feelings. We aren't how we're portrayed in the movies—as killing machines with no emotions whatsoever. That's only an image, and it has nothing to do with real life.

I know about images, because I have one of my own. A few years ago, I was a fantasy figure on the covers of a hundred million books that women took to bed with them every night. I knew that women reacted very strongly to me, but I didn't let it affect me. I'd been a model in Italy, and I was often dealt with in the same way that female models were: like a good-looking piece of meat. I had terrific experiences with a lot of the girls. They really gave me insight into women's lives, and they encouraged me to understand them, and myself as well. By now I know who I am. I'm very secure. I look at myself through my own eyes, and what I see is a real person, not a fantasy figure. A lot of men in the limelight can't say the same, because they look at themselves through the eyes of *other* people. That's when they lose it—when they begin thinking they *are* the fantasy.

When I understood that I'd become a fantasy for women, I didn't play into it at all, the way most actors do. I always said to myself, "Wait a second! I have to separate my job from who I am." I wasn't worried about showing my inner self, and I think people like me better for that: I'm Fabio and, as a real person, I have a philosophy and something to say. I'm not afraid, like many other men, to express my feelings, and I have very strong feelings about what goes on between men and women, about what women like and don't like.

"Our 25 years together have been the happiest of my life."

Let me tell you what women absolutely hate: macho guys. That attitude is synonymous with insecurity, and the last thing a woman wants is an insecure man. I'm six foot three, I weigh 220 pounds, and I'm strong. I don't have to go around and play the bully with other men. I can be myself—a nice guy. I will never fight if I'm not pushed into a corner and have to defend myself. I don't *need* to show my strength. A woman wants a man who'll protect her in a really tough situation, but a strong man isn't a guy who'll try to dominate her and everyone else—and that's what macho men think they have to do. That's where those guys have trouble with the definition of what a man should be.

A lot of men never even realize what they can become. People have a tendency to be lazy, but everyone has potential. You see people who come from nothing, with no money, and all of a sudden, they create empires. When people take the time, make the effort, and believe in their dream, they can have it all. And they don't have to be handsome or beautiful. Look at the guy who started Microsoft, Bill Gates—look what he did with his life. If he had listened to people, he would not have gone anywhere. Look at Roseanne Arnold, Whoopi Goldberg, and Bette Midler; they're not what anyone would call glamour girls, but their personalities and charisma made them stars. That shows me that it doesn't matter who you are. If you believe in yourself, you can make it.

That's where my philosophy comes in. To have a balanced, successful life, you have to build up your self-esteem. Self-esteem is the key. When you have it, you know who you are, and you know that life is a learning process. Men are afraid to fail, but when you fail, you learn, and it makes you a better person. If a woman you're attracted to turns you down for a date, at least you understand that the world doesn't revolve around you, and you can almost look at it in a positive way. The only men who can't are those who have very low self-esteem, and they can be devastated. But that's a senseless reaction, because everyone gets turned down—even the biggest stars—and it's no big deal.

Approaching a woman and asking her out is a problem for most men, but it shouldn't be. The first rule is, simply be yourself when you talk to her. You're at your best *only* when you are yourself. Try to be comfortable when you're in that situation—don't put on an act—and it will come more easily. Women want a man they can relate to, not someone

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Sunday, 3:30 pm., Hudson & Harrison Sts., N.Y.C. The choice isn't coffee.

COCKBURN'S PORT

Not just after dinner, after all.

who's pompous or a macho basket case or totally insecure. Those are the biggest turnoffs for women, so cut those things out of your repertoire.

Strangely enough, the one time most men really do well with women is when they see the one that causes them to be struck by the proverbial bolt of lightning. You know why it works? Because the guy, at that moment, will let himself be the man he really is. He won't play any games. He'll come right out and say, "This is who I am, and this is how I feel." The man at that point is completely open and will be at his best.

He should also look his best, and by that I mean he should always keep himself in good physical condition. If a man's fat, it's usually his own fault, and he's going to be insecure because he knows he's fat. My advice is to do what I do: Try to maximize your physical self through diet and exercise. We hear a great deal about the virtues of working out, but not nearly enough about a proper diet, which is just as important and is tied to how our bodies work. For instance, our metabolism goes way up in the morning and starts to come down in the afternoon and, in its own way, it dictates what we should eat. At breakfast I normally load up on carbohydrates, which are needed because they're fuel for the body. I never eat carbohydrates at night, for when they're not burned up, they turn into fat. And because they give you energy, they also make it tougher to get to sleep. Protein is food for the muscles, and it should be what you eat for lunch and dinner—things like fish, chicken, salad, and vegetables. Unlike carbohydrates, protein doesn't turn into fat. Just following these few simple rules will get guys in much better shape, especially if they work out. And they're going to have more energy to work out, as well as more incentive.

Let me give you an example of how important a proper diet is. A guy who does 100 or 150 sit-ups a day and follows a good diet will develop better abdominal muscles than a man who does 1,000 sit-ups a day and doesn't pay attention to what he eats. Maintain a balanced diet, and you can work out less and get better results. All this is not only healthy, but it raises your self-esteem and makes you more attractive to women.

It doesn't matter when you decide to start working out—there really are no age limits. Something we call "muscle maturity" means that the more years you spend working out, the better your muscles are going to look. They get harder, more lined, and more well-shaped. Because of muscle maturity, there are guys who at age 40 or 45 have a better body than an 18-year-old kid who spends every afternoon lifting weights. You don't have to do the same. Start going to a gym three times a week, for 45 minutes to an hour—you'll see results soon enough.

If you really want to, you'll find the time to work out. Hey, there are many times I don't want to go to the gym. I may be totally tired and exhausted, but I still go, because—and here's the payoff—I know that as soon as I finish that workout, I'll feel like a million dollars, and I'll also feel great the next day.

It's right for us to make the most of our bodies, but too much of how we relate to one another is based on our exterior appearance, not our interior substance. It seems like everything we're sold is designed to make us look better, without a thought of how we can *become* better.

I think we all have to get involved with some form of spirituality, some type of philosophy. In other words, we should devote as much time to developing our inner selves as we do to our physical facades. People don't really understand how necessary that is, but when you work on your inner self and reach a point where you really feel good about yourself, your body *glows*. You start thinking, "Wow, nobody can stop me," and you project that quality, and other people pick up on it. It's more important than good looks, because eventually, your looks disappear. If you haven't developed an inner self, you're in for trouble later on in life. It's a shame the media doesn't emphasize that more, but perhaps it's understandable: So many of the products they advertise are designed to make women irresistible to men, and vice versa.

STRANGELY ENOUGH, THE ONE TIME MOST MEN REALLY DO WELL WITH WOMEN IS WHEN THEY SEE THE ONE THAT CAUSES THEM TO BE STRUCK BY THE PROVERBIAL BOLT OF LIGHTNING.

Which brings us to how to treat a woman in bed, which we don't seem to be doing very well. The reason for that isn't a mystery. When it comes to sex, too many men are selfish and think only about their own satisfaction. They put it in, come, turn over, and go to sleep. They don't think about the woman—and that's why 99 percent of women are sexually frustrated or unsatisfied. Imagine if the roles were reversed and women treated men the same way.

If they don't already know it, men should be aware that women love long foreplay. That's what gets them turned on enough to practically explode. To have great sex, *both* partners must give. From my own experience, the more I give to a woman, the more she'll give to me—women are like that. There are so few men who are givers that when women find one, they're almost shocked. They say to themselves, "Oh my God, I really want to take care of this man! He makes me feel like a woman. He makes me feel satisfied."

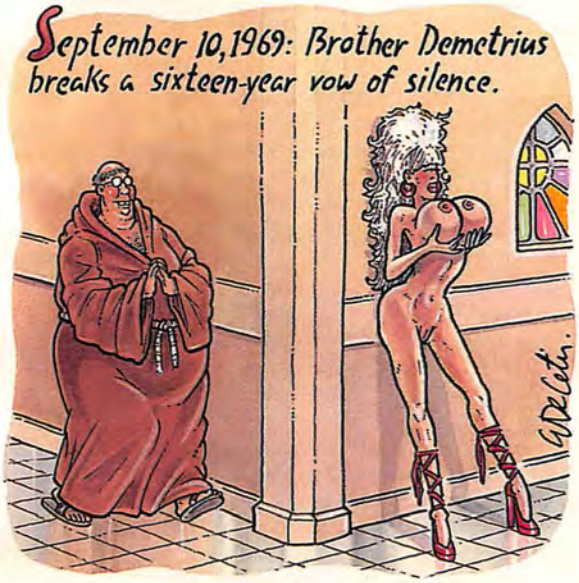
That sense of romance can be kept alive by surprising your woman with such little things as flowers. Show her you're a gentleman. There are only a few gentlemen left out there, and most women haven't met many, if they've met *any*. When a guy is a gentleman, women respond very strongly, because they're not used to it. They think, "Wow! This guy is different. I like the way he treats me." Every woman likes to be treated as if she's someone special. If you pay attention to her, it will always pay off.

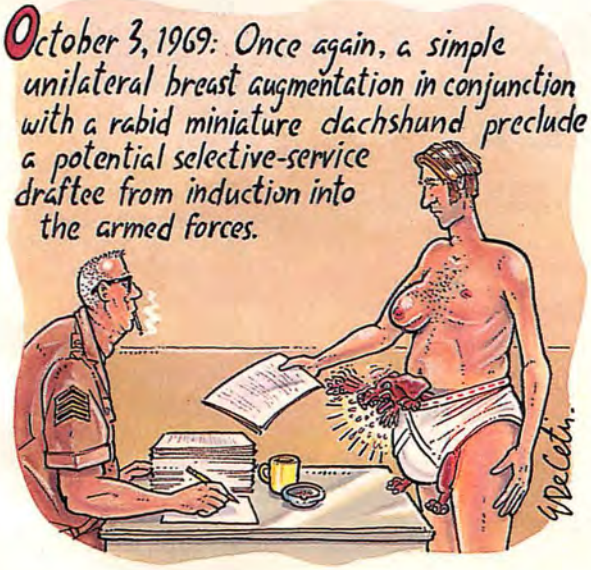
I think American men have gotten a lot better in that respect. I came to the United States from Europe 12 years ago, and I know how men treat women over there—with no consideration whatsoever. Just to give you an idea of what I mean by that, in Europe, most married men have a lover on the side, and it's accepted by society. Until the wife finds out, it's okay. Men walk around saying, "Hey, I love my kids and I love my wife, but my mistress is the one I want to have sex with. I give all my support to my family, but once in a while, I have a fling with my mistress." That's no big deal in Europe. Neither is it a big deal for European men to sit with their wives in restaurants and, when sexy-looking girls pass by, shout the most graphic comments: "Oh my God, look at those big tits! Look at the ass on *that* one! Oh, I'd love to do her!" Most of the wives don't say anything, because they're used to the way their husbands act. What can they do? That's what men are like over there.

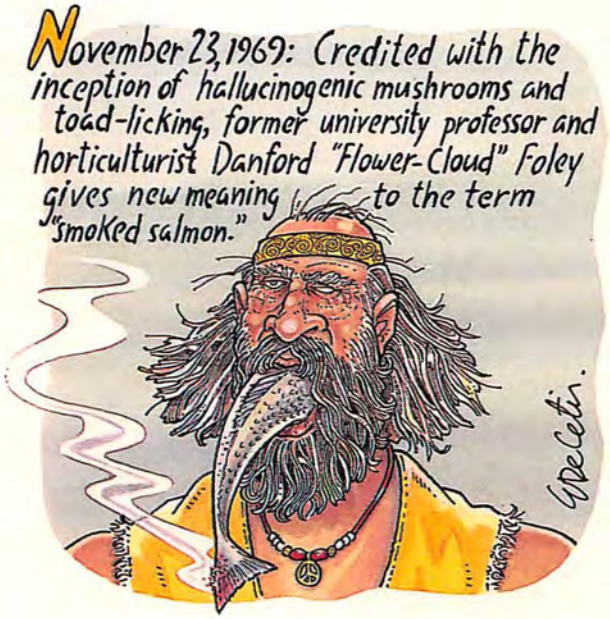
American women demand better treatment than that, and I don't think they're asking for too much. In fact, I think they're asking for the minimum. Is it really expecting too much for a man to treat a woman the way he treats himself—with respect? For centuries, men have been brainwashed into thinking they're superior to women, and it's difficult to change something like that in just a few years. But women are helping to speed the process along, because they're no longer the passive, frail beings they once were. It's much harder for men to treat them like dirt, because the majority of women—a *growing* majority—won't stand for any more of

GREAT MOMENTS IN HISTORY

SATIRE BY ERIC JAY DECETIS







that bullshit. Why should they?

And frankly, they're tired of being lied to. That's really the worst thing a man can do to a woman: lie to her in order to get her in bed. If you want to know why so many women are upset with us, it's because they feel betrayed. A man will lie through his teeth to get a woman in bed. If he's good at it, the woman will believe him and have sex with him. Then, the next day, the guy will disappear. I've heard so many women say, "Oh, he was so nice. He treated me like a princess that night, and the next day he vanished, and I never heard from him again."

That makes them feel cheated, because they gave the guy their trust and he abused it. Most women go to bed with a man because they have feelings for him. Men are more mechanical and less concerned about feelings. For that reason, it's better to be honest with a woman and say, "I think you're a great person, and I'm very turned on by you sexually. I'd like to go out with you, and I think we're going to have a good time and some great sex, but I don't know if anything long-term will come of it."

If the woman says to herself, "You know what? I like this guy—he's fun, and I *want* to have sex with him," she's clear about the situation and won't feel resentful if it doesn't go anywhere. She knows that maybe after a few days or a week you might never call her again, but she can still tell herself, "Listen, I did it because I felt like having sex with him. I don't feel betrayed, because he was honest with me. And I can't hate somebody who's honest."

That's why we have to stop lying to women. If we're straight and tell them we'd just like to have sex with them, they may not say yes, but at least they'll know we're not being deceitful. And there *are* women—smart, attractive women—who'll say, "Okay, I like sex, and I think I'd like to have it with you."

What I'm saying here is that with more honest communication by men, women will get hurt less, and they will also be less afraid to get hurt. If we tell them the truth, they may turn us down, but at least they'll start to trust us and have more respect for us.

Let's face it: When a man—and I know there are exceptions, but I'm talking about the majority—meets an attractive woman, the first thing that goes through his mind is, "Hey, I want to go to bed with this one! She has great looks, and she turns me on."

If we're going to be honest, then we have to admit that's our main thing. But most women don't want to hear that. If they did, they'd probably say, "What do you think I am? An animal with no feelings?" Women *always* put feelings into the equation, because that's an inborn part of their nature, and they're always in touch with their feelings. So for them, a little boom-boom-boom doesn't mean anything if there's nothing emotional tied to it. They're unhappy that *we're* so happy with some boom-boom-boom—for them, sex is different, and it's a global difference between men and women.

When I was a teenager, I certainly had my share of the wham-bam-thank you, ma'am variety of sex, but nobody's perfect, and everyone makes mistakes. But after you make mistakes, you learn from them. I learned that there was much more to good sex than what I was doing, and I grew up and matured. But a lot of men don't *want* to grow up. They just want quick sex, and they make the same mistake over and over and over: They lie about their feelings to every woman they go to bed with. I know guys like that. They go to the gym and they start doing this girl and that one and that one, and all of a sudden, they can't go the gym anymore, because every single one of those girls hates them.

I never played women like that, and maybe it was because I was lucky. I've had some wonderful experiences with women I fell in love with, experiences that were the most important things in life to me and really made me happy. I knew right away what my priorities were.

One of the most memorable of those experiences was when I was a model in Italy, and I was working with a beautiful girl on a layout for *Vogue* magazine. We really liked each other right away. I knew that the chemistry was right. On the day of the shoot, we started talking and got to know each other. When the shoot was finished, I said, "Why don't we take a motorcycle, just hit the road, and go south for a few days?"

We were in Milan and wanted to go down to Rome, because she'd never seen Rome or the Amalfi Coast. She said, "Okay, let's go back to my hotel. I'll pack a bag and we'll leave." We did, and it was exciting and great fun and felt like, "Wow, this was meant to be." It was beautiful.

By now I'm sure you realize that I think the most important thing in the world is love. It's certainly not money, but a lot of people mistake the power of money with the power of love. They think, "Oh, I'm going to have all the things in life that I've never had before; I won't have to worry about anything." But after you get those material things, the excitement over them dies down the way it does after you get a brand-new car: The first few nights you can't even sleep—you just want the next day to dawn so you can jump in that car and drive it. A month later, the car is no longer a big deal; it's just transportation. People who marry for money—men and women alike—discover very quickly the error they've made.

Speaking for myself, I know that I'd go out with the poorest woman on earth if she turned me on rather than with a

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billionaire who didn't. Men and women who make money the basis of their marriage usually end up leading a miserable life and hating each other, because they soon realize they got married for the wrong reason—money, not love.

Since we love them, why *do* men still give women a hard time? I love the way women move, the way they act, the way they talk. It's part of their femininity, and it's so different from the way we do those things. Our differences are precisely what attract men and women to one another. Just think of the way they dress—to me, it's such a turn-on when I see a woman with a nice set of legs wearing a miniskirt. I love it when women dress sexy, but they often achieve the same effect without even trying. Anything very feminine can be extremely sexy. A good part of a woman's sexiness *is* her femininity. To me, women represent men's other half: the companion, the person we can have fun with, the person we love, the person who turns us on in every way—mentally, physically, and spiritually.

And yet we still stack the deck against them. Let me give you one final example: Millions of older guys go out with very young girls. How many older women do you find with young guys? Very, very few. Society tries to tell us that when men get older, a lot of them become more sophisticated than they were in their youth. With gray hair, they become more of a sex symbol to women and maybe even more attractive because of the "character lines" they develop in their faces. When women get older, however, *they* don't seem to develop interesting character lines or increased sophistication—or do they?

But our culture's changing, and it's changing fast. By the year 2000—especially in America—I think there will be much more understanding between the sexes, because women are becoming more powerful and will no longer be victims. They're telling men, "Look, we put up with all your nonsense for centuries, but those days are over now. It's time for you to listen to us, so open your ears and your minds. We're not inferior to you, and we never have been. We're human beings with the same feelings and needs that you have. If you don't like what we're saying, that's your problem—but we're going to stand up for what we believe."

To be candid, I think that's thrown most men off balance. They're in shock. They've never really had to pay attention to what women say, but now, if they want the joy that women can offer them, they really *have* to listen.

And a lot of what women are saying isn't pleasant, but when you keep people prisoners for a long time, you have to expect them to react with some anger. They have every right to be upset with us because of what we've put them through, but their sense of indignation sometimes causes them to say things about men that they don't really mean; women make mistakes, too. Still, their mistakes are understandable when we look back at the origins of their anger. If men hadn't treated women as movable property that belonged to us since the beginning of recorded time, we wouldn't have to put up with what they're saying about us today.

But we can't change history, and our generation is paying for it. Since we're the only men around, we have to suffer the consequences. But I have great faith in women, and I don't think they're going to extract payment from us for very long. We're listening to them now, and we've really begun to regard them as equals. It will take a period of time for the new status of women to sink in all around the world, but watch how quickly American men embrace the idea. I think that in this country there will be an end to all the acrimony very, very soon. I'm totally optimistic about that. It's a new day for women, and men are man enough to not only accept it, but to welcome it.

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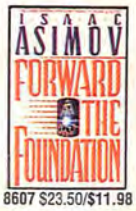

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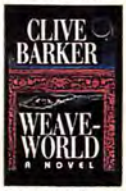

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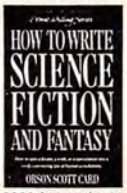

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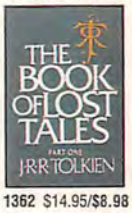

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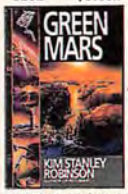

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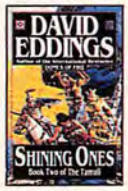

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129

ourselves than men do; that's why we live longer. More of us work out regularly, and that's caused more and more *men* to want to look good, too.

I've never gone out with a bodybuilder, but I used to love guys who had that Schwarzenegger look. From what my girlfriends tell me, the only drawback is that a lot of bodybuilders are overly narcissistic. I mean, who wants a man who walks around all day worrying, "Are my abs okay? Do my triceps look all right?" Same with a guy who spends too much time making himself look good. I remember a former boyfriend who once made me wait 45 minutes to go out while he put mousse in his hair. I wanted to throw up.

Another problem with American men is that too many of them almost consciously refuse to dress with any style. A lot of guys think, "I'm happy with who I am. This is who I'll always be and how I'll always dress."

Think again, fellas: Women aren't attracted to guys who dress so horribly that they embarrass us in public. Guys don't realize what a turnoff that is. It's really okay if you try to keep up with what's hot in men's fashions. (And, to change the subject for a moment, we also won't think you're a sissy if your apartment is not a disgusting mess.)

We want you to be clean and well-groomed. We don't expect you to always be on fashion's cutting edge, but when certain types of clothes become trendy, it's because they look good and they'll make *you* look good. You want to do everything you can to look sexy to women.

Women do that for men, and it works. We even go one better: We like to dress our boyfriends by buying them clothes. I recently did that for a guy who took it the wrong way—he was insulted. I told him, "There's no reason for you to look dated. It isn't appealing." Men don't understand that it's very easy to wear comfortable clothes that are stylish. It's fine if you want to wear sweatpants, but at least wear a pair that has some flair. I'm not talking about spending a lot of money on clothes, only about making an effort to be attractive to women.

If you keep yourself in reasonably good shape and pay *some* attention to the way you look, you're in the ball game. But, as President Kennedy once said, life is unfair, and I'd be lying to you if I didn't admit that there are two things—money and looks—that are always a big advantage for a guy who wants to find the woman of his dreams.

Having some money is a giant head start. I don't know any girl who wants to go out with a guy who can't afford to take her to dinner—that's going to make any situation uncomfortable. With money, everything is possible. If you doubt that, just think about Aristotle Onassis, the ugliest guy on earth, who was also the richest guy on earth. Without his money, he'd never have been able to even meet JFK's widow.

The reason women are attracted to men with money is that—and while this is obvious, few people like to acknowledge it—in our society, money is a necessity. When I was truly in love with multimillionaire Bernie Cornfeld, I told him, "If you were living in a little apartment in Reseda when we met, I wouldn't have fallen for you, Bernie. In fact, I probably wouldn't have been attracted enough to talk to you." So I guess the big house and the expensive toys were a head start for Bernie, as they are for all men. And then you get beyond that and start talking, and something either happens or it doesn't.

> *MY FRIENDS AND I CAN ALWAYS SPOT A GUY WHO HAS WHAT WE CALL THE SMALL-DICK COMPLEX.... RELAX, BOYS. VERY FEW OF YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.*

Some guys with big money are gentlemen, some aren't. Some of them do stupid things (and I've seen it out here), like the Hollywood guys and Arab princes who make a point of having a lot of girlfriends on display. Women will tell you, "Guys like that are idiots who are a little desperate." We know the only reason they do it is to impress other men. I'm not talking about men who go out with a lot of girls. Men do that because they're looking for the love of their life. Women run through a lot of men for the same reason.

Once a girl thinks she's found the right guy, she'll often have sex on the first date. There's nothing wrong with that, because it gives us the chance to get to know a man very quickly. Unfortunately, too many of us already know the one thing that men (most men, anyway) want from sex: They want to come, period.

Too often, men don't seem to be aware that there's another person in bed with them. They don't know how to please a woman, and it all stems from pure selfishness on their part. Usually, a man doesn't even *care* about what a woman wants until it's too late. That's when a woman will decide he's a loser and tell him to take a walk.

What a lot of this comes down to is the fact that American men have never learned how to treat women properly, and they don't know what we like and what we expect. For instance, they have no idea that feeling safe and secure—both inside the bedroom and out—is a very high priority on our list.

Let's say a couple is at the candy counter of a movie theater waiting for their popcorn, and some guy suddenly comes by and asks the girl for her phone number. If her boyfriend just stands there watching and does nothing about it, he's a wimp. When it happened to me, I gave the stranger my phone number, and too bad for my boyfriend, because he deserved it.

I expect a boyfriend of mine to say to another guy, "Shove it, fella—she's with me." I resent it when a man leaves me as fair game to be picked up by someone else—he shouldn't allow that to happen. Too many men are afraid of confrontation. Sometimes I think most men are afraid of *everything*.

I know that I—and I think this is true of the great majority of women—have to be with a guy who's more assertive and aggressive than I am. I wonder how much trouble it must be for women like Cher and Madonna to find men who can hold their respect in a relationship. I remember that in her movie *Truth or Dare*, Madonna had Warren Beatty sitting in a corner, looking embarrassed. She humiliated him, even though he did have one good line about how Madonna doesn't have a life off camera—that was the only thing that saved him a little face. Otherwise, it was like, "God, Warren, are you a man or a woman?" Even the most aggressive female—and Madonna has to be near the top of the list—wants a guy who can be more dominant than she is, and she's disappointed when he isn't.

Men would really be surprised to know how good we are at sizing them up, so to speak. My friends and I can always spot a guy who has what we call the small-dick complex. It's actually pretty easy to tell when a guy is worried about the size—or lack thereof—of his penis. Relax, boys. Very few of you have anything to worry about. Unless it's *really* too tiny, you can compensate for a lack of size in other ways.

In the meantime, we can tell when too much revolves around a man's ... shortcoming. I think I know a lot about that from an insider's point of view—which, in many ways, isn't very different than a lot of women's experiences. This is strictly girl talk, but when guys are nervous about penis size, the first thing they do is show us all their trophies.

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We see evidence of every good thing, imagined or real, they've ever accomplished. That's a dead giveaway, and we quickly understand that they're trying to make up for something that's not there. Men do that hoping we'll be in awe of them, but it doesn't work. As a girlfriend of mine says, "Guys who are relaxed and confident about themselves won't jump out and present you with every shining facet of their lives—they'll just be who they are. Guys who worry that they don't have what it takes either get very defensive or, more often, put people down—men, women, everyone."

Let's talk for a minute about men and their egos—or, since it's my special area of expertise, about *Hollywood* men and their egos. People think actors have it together because they spend a fortune on clothes and always look great, but the real reason for that is because they're not on the studios' A list and never know where their careers are going. The A-list guys can have five o'clock shadows and walk around looking sloppy, and they don't care. There are probably only about a dozen actors on the A list; it's very small. The rest are filled with anxiety, and they always try to look good in hopes it will get them work, and sometimes it does.

The biggest stars, of course, have huge egos (although the biggest egos in Hollywood are probably *behind* the camera—the producers and directors). One time, when a bunch of women were in Sylvester Stallone's house, an idiot girlfriend of mine who wanted to get together with him walked up and basically said, "What about me?" There were girls in about ten different bedrooms, and Stallone replied, "This is on a first-come–first-served basis, baby." It really happened, and the incident said a lot about both of them.

For the most part, I find actors cheap and boring, but a lot of women are attracted to them, just as they are to athletes and musicians. I really don't understand the whole groupie scene, especially when it comes to rock stars.

On the other hand, I *can* understand women's fascination with—let's go back in time—astronauts or someone who's more mentally stimulating than a guy who just gets up onstage and sings. In fact, I usually have a better time just talking to a guy who's bright and funny than having sex with him. (I can always have sex with someone else.) Obviously, there's nothing wrong with having sex with a likable guy who's an intellectual—you can't turn that down—but women have all these options. I'd pick the fascinating conversation first and worry about the sex later.

I said at the start that American men are lousy lovers, and I meant it. Knowing how to make love to a woman isn't some arcane art that only a few guys are capable of mastering. I'll give you some pointers, but this is not a manual on how to fuck. I'm not going to offer any quickie lessons on the actual techniques of making love, which is the subject of countless books. (Do some homework, fellas.)

What I *can* give you are directions on how to please a woman. To begin with, try to remember that all of us—not just men—like oral sex. You should know that, no matter what a girl says, guys want oral sex way more than girls want to give it. But, of course, we do it, and we even say how much we like it.

But too many men *won't* return the favor. A lot of men grow up with the idea that female genitals are repugnant, and they can't deal with the fact that a woman has her period every month. They'd rather pretend that this fact of nature doesn't exist, because they think it's gross. Meanwhile, of course, they think that swallowing come is the greatest turn-on known to womankind. Somehow, it doesn't occur to them that a girl would find *that* gross.

> *GUYS DON'T THINK IT'S MACHO TO GO DOWN ON A WOMAN, BUT THEY'RE WRONG—WE'RE IMPRESSED WHEN THEY KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING. SO BE DARING....*

Too many men never even contemplate giving a woman head. Guys don't think it's macho to go down on a woman, but they're wrong—we're impressed when they know what they're doing. Not that they always know what they're doing—the vagina's not an easy thing to figure out, but a woman will respect a man for trying, and she'll respect him even more if he's good at it. So be daring and go down on a lady.

When it comes to oral sex, there can't be a double standard. If a girl does it, a guy should, too. Even if you're a little confused about the proper way to proceed, be smart enough to ask a couple of questions—it's the woman's move to help you out, and we'll almost always give you an A for effort. Performing oral sex on a woman is definitely a way to guarantee that she'll have an orgasm—or at least she'll be able to fake one with conviction. And don't worry that you'll overdo it—the woman will let you know when it's time to put on a condom and ram it in.

And yes, condoms are a must. I'm a firm believer in safe sex, and so is the great majority of American women. I'd guess that 90 percent of us keep condoms around, five percent couldn't care less, and the other five percent are on their way to the drugstore to pick them up. The only women I know who don't insist on the use of condoms are either married or in long-term, committed relationships.

Guys should always carry condoms, if for no other reason than to give them a better chance of scoring. Look at it from a purely practical point of view: Condoms are reassuring to women, because they allow us to feel more relaxed during sex. We'd much rather focus on coming than worry about maybe contracting AIDS or becoming pregnant. If you don't carry condoms, a woman will think you're a repulsive jerk.

By now, condoms have been around for so long, they've become kind of sexy. They're made in all kinds of configurations and colors, and some are edible and some even glow in the dark. Not too long ago, I saw a movie that featured a woman with two guys wearing glow-in-the-dark condoms. They were in a completely dark room, and it was like watching Darth Vader dueling with light sabers in *Star Wars*.

When the foreplay is done, men should remember that while positions matter—you definitely don't want to be in the same one all the time—making love doesn't have to be a big production. (I'm not into things like using whipped cream.) It's fine with me if a guy's aggressive and says, "Come on, turn over." Men *should* initiate those moves, because women are often shy about their bodies or about being the ones to propose different positions. As long as they have the option to say yes or no, most women I know prefer guys to make the suggestions.

What a man should keep in mind is that at the end, both of you should climax. As long as a woman reaches orgasm, it doesn't matter if the sex lasts an hour or ten minutes. Guys should be aware, though, that women *never* want to hear them say, "I can't do it anymore. I'm done for the night." A woman always wants to keep it going until she's had enough.

Speaking strictly for myself, I suppose I *do* want men to be indefatigable, but I know that's asking too much. (And I seriously doubt that *I* could go at it all night.) There are times when men will come up short, but as long as they make an honest effort, it's understandable and it's okay. The bottom line here is satisfaction: As long as both the man and the woman are satisfied, that's all that counts.

One skill guys really should pick up

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

ARTICLE BY JERRY TALLMER

Guccione

THE PUBLISHER AS PAINTER

It was Bob Guccione's Aunt Jean who started the whole damn thing. She saw this kid who had been scrabbling away with his crayons since he was two, three, four years old—the age varies according to where you read it, with Guccione today reducing the awesome question with a shrug to, "When does a kid start drawing?"—and gave him a book of reproductions of great French Impressionist paintings.

Just about 30 years later, in London, the kid with the crayons—a struggling artist living by his wits and entrepreneurial imagination—would start a magazine called *Penthouse*. Four years after that, *Penthouse* hopped the Atlantic to America. We have it on the testimony of Guccione's twin sisters, Jeri and Jackie, that their good Italian mother would sit around the house in New Jersey, peeking at the magazine and moaning, "Why does he have to do this? Can't he do something else? He promised me he was going to paint."

She did not really keep moaning very long.

"The day I started *Penthouse*," Guccione says, "was the day I stopped painting."

Now Bob Guccione, the artist who stopped painting but never stopped drawing, has come out of the closet. And two years ago, the man who commands *Penthouse, Omni, Longevity, Four Wheeler, Saturday Review,* and a considerable all-purpose empire beyond that, started painting again.

This past May, the very prestigious Butler Institute of American Art in Youngstown, Ohio, one of the nation's premier museums, presented a retrospective exhibition of Guccione's work. Louis A. Zona, the director of the institute, wrote in the catalog that Guccione's art is "eclectic ... in the very best sense of the word, and perhaps by virtue of his need to look backward and forward simultaneously, might even accept the classification of 'postmodern.' "

It was early summer 1992 when the catalog of a show at the Ambassador Galleries, on Spring Street in SoHo—New York, not London—arrived in the mail. On the cover was the strong, solid, Roualt-ish, Derain-ish, Picasso-ish painting of a young man with an oval face and hooded eyes. The only other thing on the cover was a single, handwritten word—*Guccione*.

Was that the name of the young man in the painting? Was that the name of the painter? Was the painter *the* Guccione? Bob Guccione? *Penthouse*'s Guccione? Who ever heard of that well-known citizen as a painter? Inside there were reproductions of 19 other paintings, very estimable ones in a wide variety of reminiscent styles, and 41 drawings even more subtly skilled and various than the paintings. And there was a brief text that established that the artist was indeed Bob Guccione of *Penthouse*. There was also a note. "The 41 drawings in this [catalog] ... span the period between 1965 and 1991. For the most part, they were made during extended telephone conversations, business meetings, and depositions.... The paintings are not for sale."

Drawings made during extended phone talks, business meetings, depositions—"In other words, doodles," I would write in a note in the *New York Post*. "They're sure a hell of a lot more proficient than my doodles."

"The terrible thing," said painter Guccione, "is the 30-year gap in which I did nothing. A lifetime gone. These drawings are what I did in the meantime."

In the studio of his Upper East Side townhouse—actually, a double townhouse, two houses conjoined as one—he pulled out and put on an easel painting after painting of the old era, and a few of the new.

"Pregnant Women Against a Yellow Sky"—strong work again, perhaps wedded to the German Expressionists. Two women, peasants, naked from the waist up but not exactly posing for *Penthouse*, more likely getting ready for the wash.

"Figures in the Moonlight"—expressionist-abstract. Two monks—two saints, perhaps—on a darkling plain, waiting for Godot under a full moon in a scudding sky. "Jesus Christ, it's buckling," Guccione murmured as he squared it on the easel.

"Portrait of M."—"Done in Paris, of my then wife." There are no paintings of his third wife, Kathy Keeton, at least not yet, because though she has been at his side for 28 years now, he didn't meet her until just about the time he stopped painting. There is, however, a pencil drawing of her in the catalog, which he did around 20 years ago. Long, upsweeping neck, up-slanting eyes, hair arching up—in fact, the whole thing is a sweep and a swoop to the top of the paper. I would call it the drawing of a very foxy, passionate lady with a mind of her own.

"A View of the Village Dreaming"—"One of the recent ones." Evocative, for all that, of one of the old ones in the pantheon, a chap named Chagall—though with a surreal bonding between village and brain (the brain of a passionate-looking woman) that speaks of a different kind of dreaming than Chagall's.

"Still Life With Apple"—Guccione brushed a hand over it and peered close. "This has been scraped," he said. He was not overjoyed.

"Still Life With Spring Onions"—"Done in Rome about 1957–58. The actual kitchen of the house in which I had a room."

"Portrait of Popovski"—the oval-faced young man on the cover of the catalog. "One of my favorites," said the man who'd painted it. "Popovski was a Polish dancer, a boy who used to live on the Left Bank. He used to hang out at the Deux Magots, the café we went to. He wrote poetry. I bought one of his poems."

"Three Women in a Field"—geometric, with something of

At right top: "Three Women in a Field"; bottom: "Peasant Women Washing in a Stream."

the feeling of Franz Marc. "See this," said Guccione, turning the canvas 90 degrees on the easel, like the hands of a clock. Barely discernible were the ghost traces of some dark portrait underneath. "This thing probably had two or three coats," he said. "I was always hard up to buy canvas. Sometimes I'd paint over and over again on top of the original six or seven times."

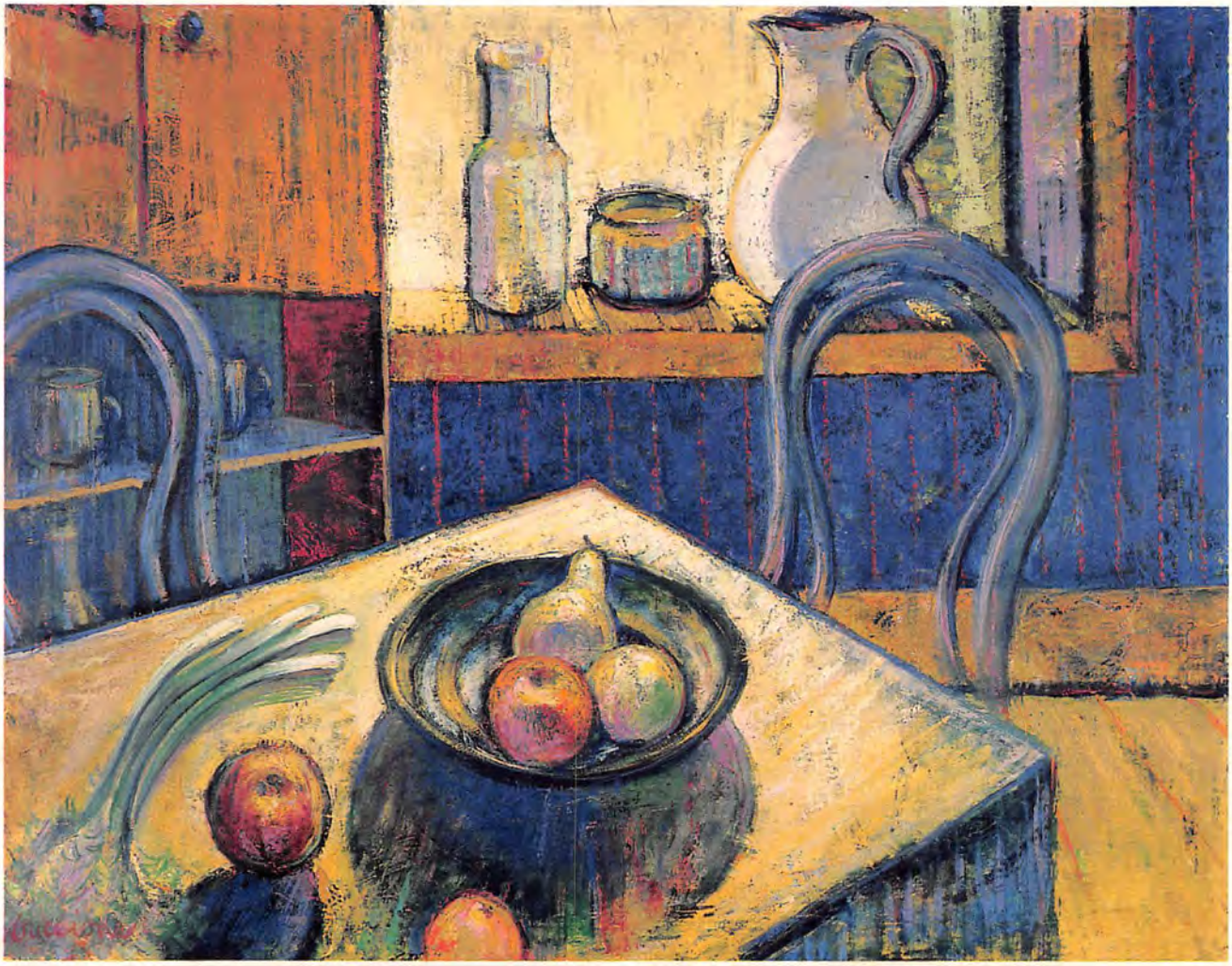
"The Sicilian"—one of the new paintings. In a slim Ambassador brochure (not the catalog) of recent work by Guccione, "The Sicilian" is on a facing page from "The Juggler," one of the old ones. It is brighter, bolder, more swirling, less Picasso-esque, more individual. "I generally paint from memory," said Guccione. "The Sicilian was a guy I used to know in Rome after the war, in 1949, when you still couldn't get meat at any price. His name was Gino, a very cool character, always selling hot watches and all sorts of contraband. He was the only one of us who ever had any money in his pocket." There was more than a touch of admiration in the voice of the Sicilian-American who was saying this, and, in fact, there was a touch of what Bob Guccione must have looked like at age 25 or so in what he had remembered and put to canvas in the cool, forceful, ardent face of that character out of his past.

All the older paintings were done in the 1950s. "I never dated them. Never signed them, either. Now, of course, I've pulled the older ones out and started signing them." He no longer has the first oil he ever did, at age 17, a self-portrait. "Then I did a portrait of my father, and four little scenes."

Robert Guccione, son of Anthony Joseph and Nina Guccione, was born December 17, 1930, in Flatbush, Brooklyn, and raised in the town to which the family soon moved, Bergenfield, New Jersey. "For my mother and father, who would have preferred it this way," is the dedication he put in the Ambassador catalog.

"I lost both of them recently," he says now. "My father at 89, my mother at 86." Her maiden name had been Sabatini, as in Rafael Sabatini, the adventure-romance, swords-and-pirates novelist of this writer's boyhood and maybe yours. "Cousin Rafael," said Guccione with the hint of a smile. "The brother of my great-grandmother on my mother's side, something like that. Did you know that every one of his books was made into a movie?

"My father was an accountant. He worked for my mother's brothers all his life, until I brought *Penthouse* to the United States in 1969, when my father came out of retirement and became treasurer and chief financial officer." It was also, according to sisters Jackie and Jeri, a transatlantic stake of $5,625 from Anthony Joseph Guccione in New Jersey that



had paid the printing bill, or part of it, for the very first London issue of *Penthouse* back in 1965.

The founder of *Penthouse* crossed and uncrossed his arms, pushed a pencil across a tabletop, nursed a Diet Pepsi. He was in canvas jeans, sneakers, a pink work shirt—on another day, a blue work shirt—open at the neck, sleeves rolled. Yes, he was wearing a gold chain, but not a lot of gold chains. His eyes are as light a blue as that shirt, and as candid, penetrating, and guarded. The hair is reddish and curly. You would not mistake the mouth for anything but Sicilian.

"The basic story is this," he says. "I've always been an artist. It's the thing that I do best, and the thing that's fundamental to every other form of expression for me, whether it's writing, running a newspaper, starting a magazine, whatever.

"The two great loves of my life are science and art. I started drawing as soon as I could pick up a crayon, to my mother's despair—'Why doesn't Bob settle down?'—and knew from an early age that I wanted to be an artist. Illustrator? Animator? Fine arts? Some kind of artist is all I knew.

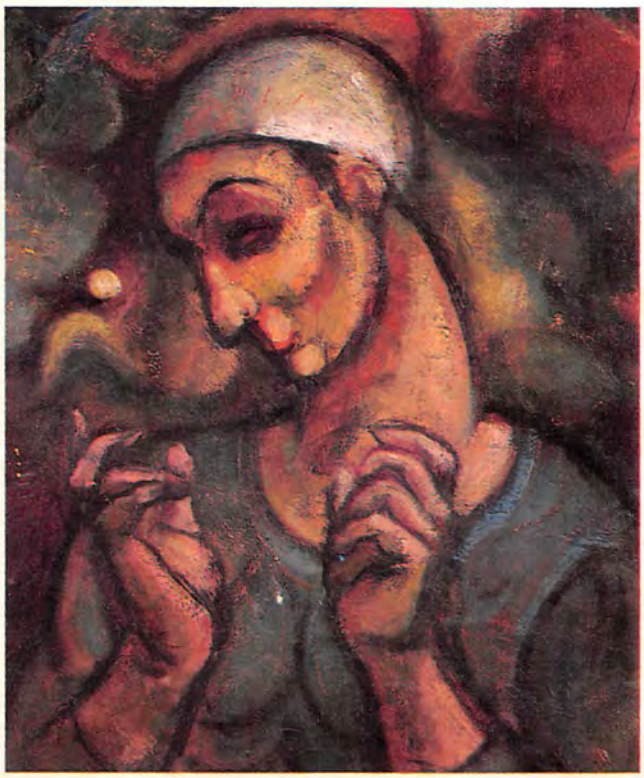
"Another thing—if I had a problem with a teacher, a friend, a girl, I would draw a series of panels on arithmetic paper—like butcher's white paper, you know?—and work out the story the way I wanted it to work out.

"When my interest in art became obvious to all in my family, it became easy for them to give me presents—and the most important present was that book of Impressionist paintings from Aunt Jean. I fell in love with this one pastel in the book. It became my favorite.

"And a few years ago," said Guccione, looking up from the pencil on the table, "I went to Christie's and there it was. I found that remarkable. I said to Kathy, 'I'm going to have it,' and went back to Christie's and bought it. It's the one over the telephone in the next room"—a beautiful little Degas of a woman at her bath. "The Met borrowed it for their big Degas show," says its owner. "It went on all their posters, calendars, everything. Certainly it's a masterpiece, the most finished of all his pastels. I recently went and found some old books, including the one my aunt had given me. That Modigliani over by the fireplace"—"Giovanotto Dai Capelli Rossi" (Boy With Red Hair), slim, androgynous, in a gray suit, hands crossed on his lap, an even more assured masterpiece—"was there in the book."

His folks sent the young Guccione to Blair Academy, in Blairstown, New Jersey, where the Class of 1948 yearbook cites him as, "The Great Gus ... a person of startling accom-

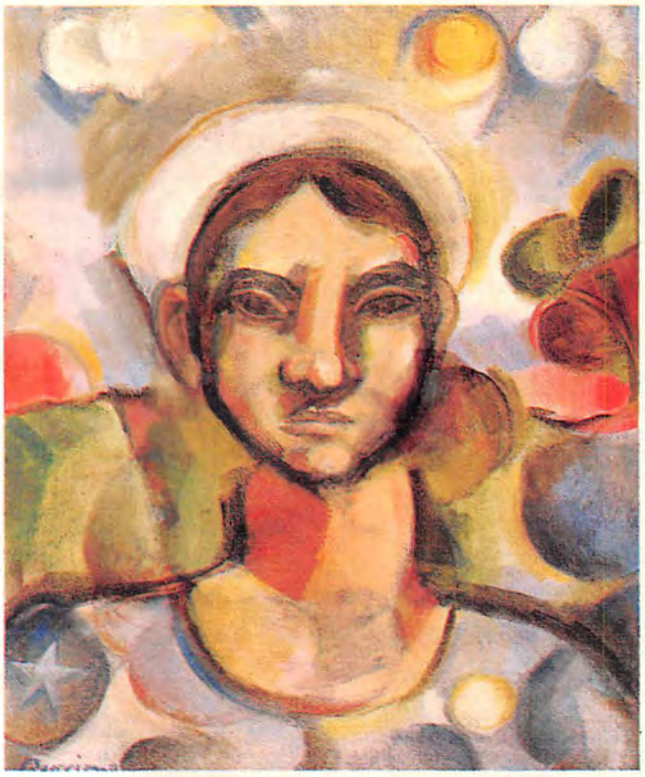
Above left: "Three Women at a Round Table"; above right: "Still Life With Spring Onions."

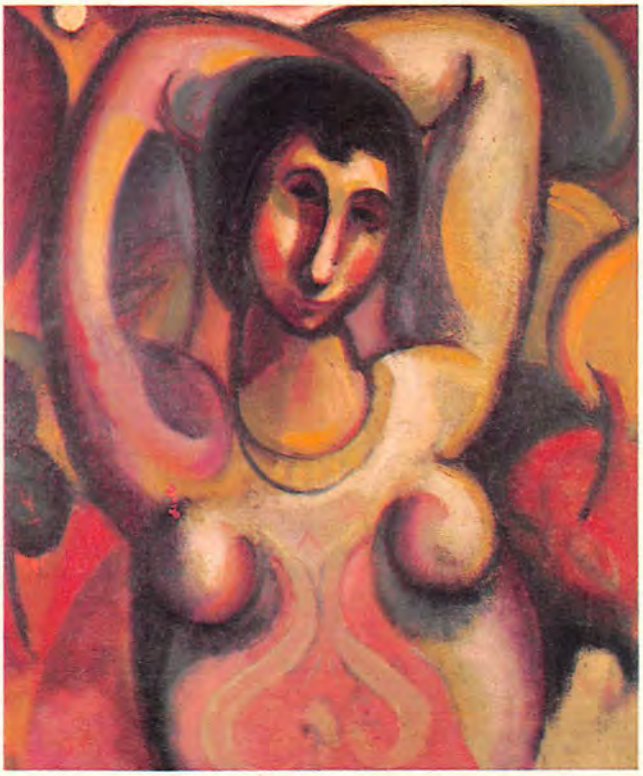


plishments.... Reputed to be Blair's finest artist, he's also an athlete who starred in both wrestling and throwing the shot." Nor do the accomplishments stop with throwing the shot. The Great Gus is also noted for "masterful bullthrowing, magnetic personality, hardy wit, and especially his colossal egotism."

Well, nobody said artists had to be shy. Or *Penthouse* founders, either. But the fact is, to many associates (and to this writer) there is a great deal of modesty, quietude—you could almost call it shyness—in Robert Guccione, painter. Without any question, there was diffidence in that hour in which a constrained Guccione had, for an audience of one, put those canvases on and off that easel. On the other hand,

Clockwise from top left: "Woman in a Forest"; "Pregnant Women Against a Yellow Sky"; "The Juggler"; "Portrait of Popovski."





he will in an instant flash forth with enormous and cheerfully rebellious self-assurance—for instance, "My whole background before I started *Penthouse* was that of a painter. I had no business experience whatever."

When Guccione graduated, a number of both athletic and academic scholarships were dangled before him. "So I had to decide whether to go on to college or"—moment's pause—"and I went off to Europe, and all I did was paint."

Well, he went off to Europe after a stab at the Art Students League on New York's 57th Street, a famed seedbed for everybody from Guy Pène duBois on down. "After two weeks I didn't think I was going to learn anything there."

It was 1949. Guccione was 18. He went off to Europe on a

Clockwise from top left: "Portrait of M."; "The Sicilian"; "La Jeune Clown"; "Boy With Sailor Cap."

boat to Rome with $24 and "a sea trunk with about 400 rolls of toilet paper, because everybody said you don't drink the water, and there's no toilet paper over there." As soon as possible, he brought his wife and baby over (his first wife, Lilyan Becker, and daughter Tonina—"for Anthony and Nina"—the oldest of his five children, today a writer-musician living in Los Angeles).

"I was getting something like $25 a week from my father, and Italian films were booming then, so I worked as an actor." Clasping and unclasping his hands, he says, "Then I separated from my wife and started traveling—all through North Africa, Southern France, Italy, Paris, London—looking at museums and galleries all the time. Paris and Europe in those days were very stimulating. Picasso was at the height of his powers. Matisse was still working. De Chirico was around. In those days you could buy a De Chirico 'Horse' for 10,000 lire, about 25 bucks.

"I used to go around to the tourist cafés at night with a clipboard. I'd ask people, 'Would you like a caricature?' If they said no, I'd say, 'Okay, how about a pencil portrait?' If no again, 'How about telling your fortune?' Any one of these things, I'd get a thousand francs, around two dollars. Palm reading I'd honed to a fine art. I mean, it put food on the table."

In the early 1950s, he returned to the United States and, ultimately, to New York, where, as an artist, he took a fourth-floor walk-up cold-water flat on Carmine Street in the Village for $18 a month. When the landlord wanted to raise the rent $2.75 a month for putting in steam heat and hot water, Guccione went around to the Tamawa Club, the local Tammany stronghold, with petitions signed by all the tenants.

"The guy said, 'Look, I'll take care of it,' so instead of an increase of $2.75, I came back with a decrease of a buck-fifty." Guccione's eyes grew shadowed. "Can you imagine that money was so important in those days?" said the empire builder who estimates the value of his art collection—not his own works, but those by Modigliani, Bellini, El Greco, Vlaminck, Soutine, Picasso, Roualt, De Chirico, Dalí, Degas, Matisse, et cetera, that greet you on stairways, landings, walls, bathrooms, by the swimming pool, everywhere—at from $40 million to $50 million "at today's prices. But," he quickly adds, "collecting is a way of overcoming some of the frustration of not painting. Living with what you love." And the person you love. His very first purchase of a masterwork was the little dark Van Gogh of a mother and child—it hangs just outside his study—that he bought for Kathy Keeton 15 years ago.

The fifties and sixties were also the days of a new hip wave of "funny" greeting cards, and when Guccione returned to Paris in 1959 with a new wife, Muriel Hudson, he had contracts in his pockets to think up, write, illustrate, and send back so-and-so many greeting cards a month.

"Those long oblong ones, studio cards I think they were called, with the wisecrack on the inside. You'd send back 80 or 100 cards and get 20 accepted. So here I was, getting less and less work, with a second wife and a family growing. I said to my wife—she was English—we'll go to London, so once again I went first, to find a job and an apartment in London. I'm a guy who's never been able to hold down a job. I've been

This page left: "Peasant Women in a Field"; right: "Bathers." Right page, clockwise from top left: "Still Life in Motion"; "Still Life With Floating Fruit"; "Figures in the Moonlight."

fired from every job in my life—salad chef, taxi driver in L.A., selling lace in the Garment District—fired in three weeks on that one.

"To show you what an elitist I am, I picked up the *London Evening Standard* and looked in the classifieds under management and executive. Saw an ad from a dry cleaner's in Finsbury Park, so I sent them a telegram. They were very impressed by the telegram. They sent for me and asked, 'What experience do you have? What chemicals do you use?' What experience? I'd worked for a day for a cleaning firm in the States, driving a truck. What do I know from chemicals? I thought for a moment and said, 'V-8,' after the popular American vegetable-juice mix.

"Well, do you know that outfit had been in receivership, and within three months, I had turned it around. They made me managing director. One of my claims to fame—I established the *very first* 24-hour, pick-up-and-delivery service in England, because in those days in London, cleaning clothes took approximately six weeks, and they wouldn't even put it in a box. I changed that. I also changed the name of the company from Knobbs of London to Prompt Cleaners. Even that was a name I remembered from the States.

"I was still drawing and painting then, and there was a new paper starting, a weekly called the *London American*. I went to see if I could get some freelance work. And for their first issue, I sold them a cartoon strip, then continued it on a regular basis"—as he would one day do in *Penthouse*. Next he fed them a humor column while composing and sending a similar column back to the States—entitled "The Solemn Column"—"always off the top of my head, taking off from something in the news, like a poor man's Buchwald." He says it was syndicated into 85 newspapers here.

"Then I would go into the *London American* on Thursdays and help them make up the paper—wrote headlines, captions, did layouts, et cetera. Meantime, I was making £20 a week, about 50 bucks, from the dry cleaning. Executive money," Guccione says with a smile. "So by now I'd reached my goal of being a £1,000-a-year man. I was smoking five packs a day, and the same week I quit smoking, I lost my job.

"So it was back to the newspaper, and again, within six months they made me managing director. The next month after that, editor in chief." Another smile. "The day they made me editor in chief, everybody quit."

In his new capacity, Guccione made a practice of checking the displays whenever he passed a London newsstand. "I kept seeing this American magazine called *Playboy*. I'd never read it, and I never saw an English version. I'd ask the news agents, 'How does that magazine sell?' and they'd say, 'Oh, it sells very well.' So when I saw the newspaper, the *London American*, going down, I thought a British version of *Playboy* would succeed, and it did exactly that.

"We produced the first issue on my dining-room table in Glebe Place, Chelsea"—*we* being he and his buddy Joe Brooks ("my international art director, he's still with me")—and the second issue in "a small studio in Fulham the size of this room, with a toilet, no furniture at all. We went out and got milk crates off the stoops and took the door off the toilet and laid it over the milk crates. That was the first *Penthouse* desk. We also nipped some of the milk," Guccione says with a grin.

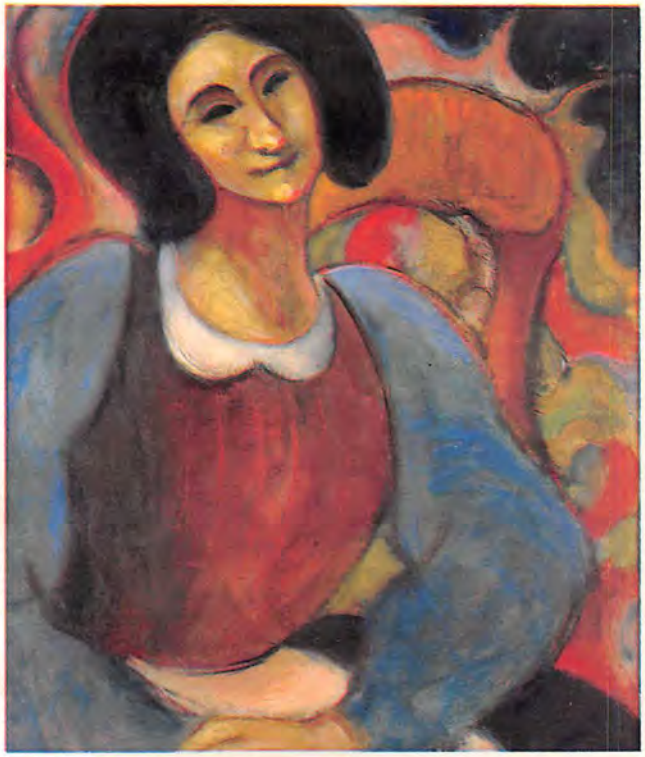
As they were preparing Volume I, Number 1, a press release arrived from Paramount Pictures about a movie called *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold*, in which there appeared a dancer named Kathy Keeton, who, at that moment, was performing in London at the Folies Bergère.

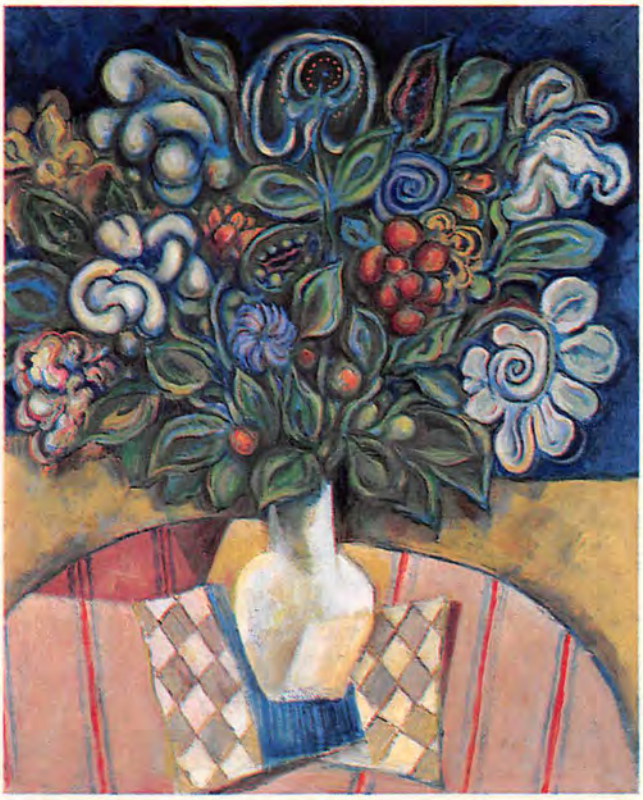
"We found it ridiculous and we printed it, made fun of it. Her manager called up screaming and insisted I come to see her show. I went to the show and then went around backstage, and as I passed all those dressing rooms with their open doors, I'd glance in and see stuff all piled up, tabloids and pinups and movie magazines. When I got to Kathy's dressing room, it was absolutely spotless, and on the extreme left-hand side, there was that week's *Financial Times*, on the extreme right-hand side, a neat stack of science-related books. That was it. We went out to dinner that night, and we became friends."

Kathy Keeton, the daughter of a South African farmer, had been studying and dancing with the Royal Ballet, says her husband, since the age of 12. "She was getting paid eight pounds a week when secretaries were earning about ten. So she went commercial, danced in a number of theaters, including the London company of the Folies Bergère, where she was earning £200 a week and became England's best-known hoofer.

"One day I said, 'You have such a flair for business, why not work for me? But I can't pay you £200.' Kathy said, 'How much can you pay?' I said £15; she said all right. Of course," he says as a straight man would say it, "I couldn't pay her the full 15. Ten now, five later. Because, though *Penthouse* was a huge success from the beginning—of our first printing of 120,000 copies, 2,000 were destroyed on a flatcar going to Scotland and the other 118,000 sold out—we had no money at all. All those apartments I'd fled, all the landlords were coming out of the woodwork for their rent. About a year after we started, I got a phone call from my bank manager. 'Mr. Guccione,' he said, 'I'm nonplussed. I see your magazine everywhere; I know it's very successful. And I know you don't bank anywhere else. The thing is, you have exactly one pound, 16 shillings'—about three bucks—'in your account.'" In the first years of *Penthouse*, Kathy Keeton kept dancing while she sold ad space for the magazine, "and we literally lived off what she made."

The day he started *Penthouse* was—as mentioned before—the day he stopped painting. "To this day," says Jane Homlish, Guccione's special assistant—"keeper of the keys"—who has been with him since 1972, "Bob, to me, is the artist. Not the publisher, not the businessman, not the creator of a major empire. He's the type of painter who believes it's one continual motion, and if you're preoccupied with other

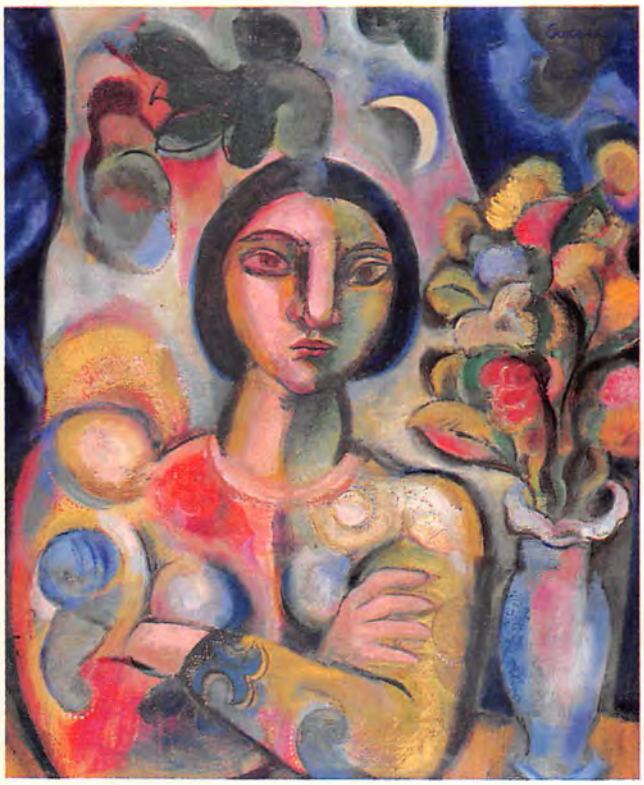


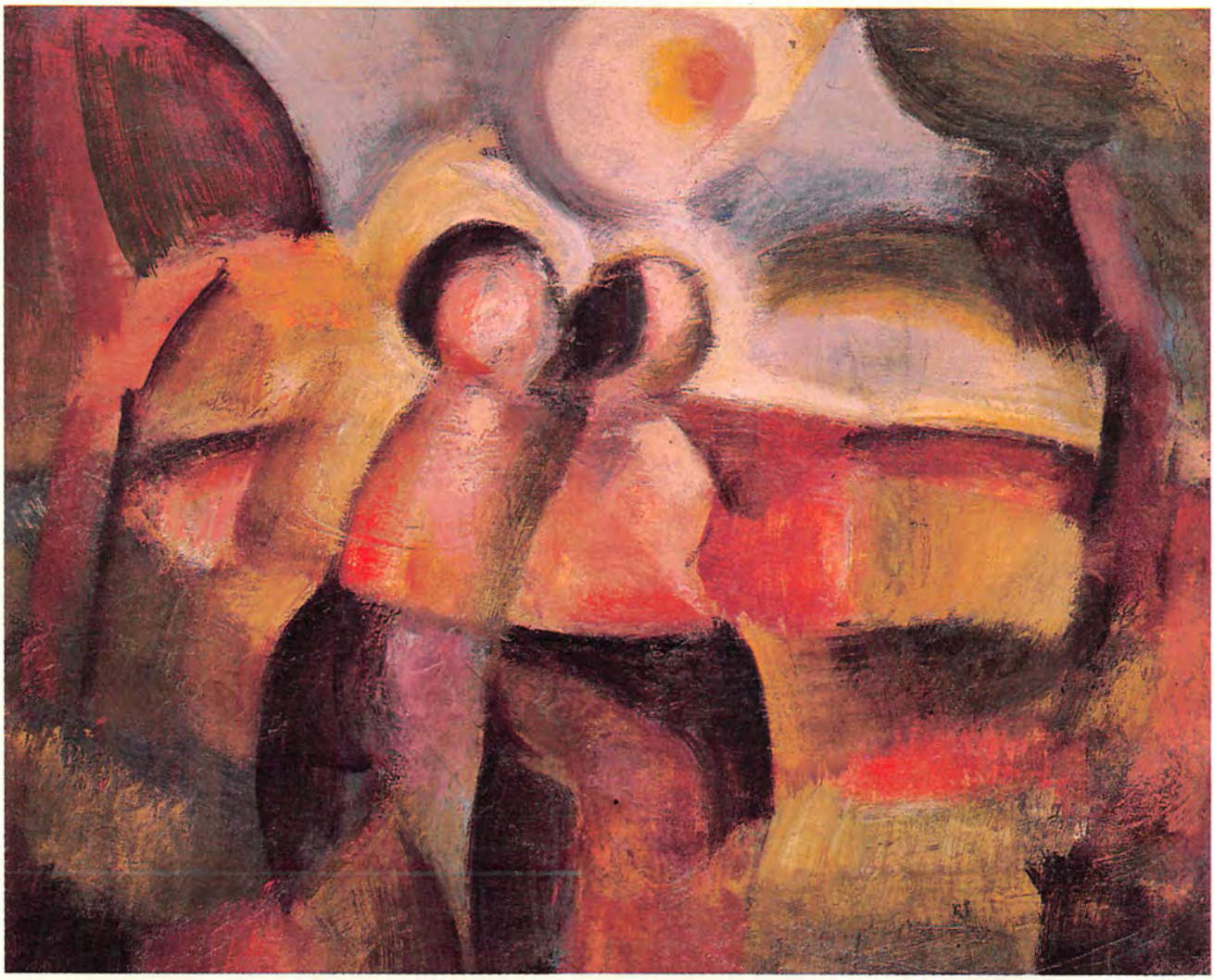


things, it's hard to get back into the work. He used to lock himself in a studio for days at a time—and would so like to go back to that again."

Guccione's face tightens as he says, "I didn't see myself as a Sunday painter. That whole idea is repellent to me. I made a pact that I wouldn't paint again until I could be a full-time painter. And"—with just as firm a face—"I broke that pact after 25 years at the insistence, the urging, of one of my executives, a man named Bill Marlieb. I started slowly and quietly off in a corner about eight months ago. Now I paint at night, usually starting at three or four in the morning. But it's very difficult. Usually I don't go to bed until six or seven in the morning."

This page clockwise from top left: "Sophia Smiling"; "Still Life With Apple"; "Fleur de Soir"; "Still Life With Checkered Cloth."





He paints in New York, and he paints up at his and Keeton's place in Dutchess County. There he starts with daylight flooding into his makeshift studio and works on into the night.

In town he uses two bright standard lamps for illumination. "My theory is—has always been—you look at paintings indoors, under tungsten lights. This whole north-light business is overdone and dates back to the time when painters had to do the job that photographers do today."

Thirty years gone, he had said. A lifetime gone. "Many artists, most artists, did not *have* 30 years. I think Van Gogh, for instance, only had ten years. Modigliani, less than ten years. I started painting again right after the Ambassador show"—which was in May 1992. Now, not bleakly but somewhat flatly, Bob Guccione says, "Had I had this kind of encouragement 30 years ago, all kinds of galleries and museums wanting to show my work, we wouldn't be sitting here today."

The man at whose insistence, urging, and nudging Guccione started painting again is William F. Marlieb, president of marketing, sales, and circulation for the General Media Publishing Group, i.e., Guccione, Inc.

"Nudging, urging, all of those," says Bill Marlieb with a smile. But there is more to it than a simple nudge. "I've worked with Bob and Kathy for about 22 years," says Marlieb. "After about six months of working with him, while I was still an account executive with E. T. Howard, Bob was at a meeting where I saw him literally—to pick up your word, doodling—doodling on a napkin with a pen. And I, who had started out in life as an artist, began thinking how facile he was. Then suddenly he dipped his finger in his coffee and used the coffee to add color. After an hour, when the meeting was over, I picked it up and saw this extraordinary drawing. I took it and kept it."

Does it still exist?

"Yes, at my home."

There's something about this, I said to Marlieb, that reminds me of Joe Cotten grabbing up Charles Foster Kane's first "Statement of Principles" in *Citizen Kane*.

"You got it. History repeats," says Marlieb. "Anyway, all these years I'd see Bob drawing away, mostly drawing people. A lot of people who looked like himself, a lot of people who looked like Kathy, sometimes some villages. At one point I said, 'You are a beautiful artist, and, as a matter of fact, I stole one of your drawings. Can I bring it in for you to sign?' Bob said, 'Yes, but if I don't like it, I'm going to destroy it.' I said, 'Then I won't bring it in.' He promised not to destroy it, so I brought it in and he signed it. Then he gave me two more, so I had three. By now I have around 15. One of them is right on the wall here, that head over by the door. It looks like a young Bob Guccione, doesn't it?

"It was at that time, around 15 years ago," says Marlieb, "that I started to ask him—well, you know, it was very, very obvious to me that he drew better than I did. I asked him if he painted. Bob said he had not painted for many years, but that he had some old paintings in his London apartment. From then on I conducted a steady stream of annoying him to bring the paintings over. Finally, about a year and a half ago, with me nudging him on a steady basis, he did bring the paintings over, and privately invited me to see them at his house in the country.

"They were in paper. He unwrapped them one at a time, and as he unwrapped, I was *en*-rapt—overwhelmed with the quality of the work. And then I started on him. 'Bob, your paintings are remarkable, you have to show them.'

"Two years ago, when I was president of the Advertising Club of New York, I asked Bob if he would be willing to show the work and sell some of the drawings if all the money would be given to two charities, split 50-50 between a Harlem stu-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 280

Left page, clockwise from top left: "The Tailor from Santo Stefano"; "The Illustrated Woman"; "Two Women in a Field." This page: "Portrait of a Roman Woman."

MULTICULTURAL AYATOLLAHS

BY ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

The author, one of America's most prestigious historians and a two-time Pulitzer prize winner, recently retired from the faculty of the City University of New York Graduate School. This article is excerpted from his commencement address there earlier this year.

When I was young, the university was, or at least purported to be, the great citadel of the free spirit—the place in our society where freedom of inquiry, freedom of thought, freedom of speech, were organic in the life of the institution. The university was the embodiment of the Bill of Rights and, above all, of that cornerstone of the Bill of Rights, the First Amendment.

The First Amendment is the constitutional guarantee of the freedom of speech, of the press, of assembly, and of worship. Its contemporary meaning can be summed up in a few familiar phrases. "If there is a bedrock principle underlying the First Amendment," Justice Brennan said, "it is that government may not prohibit the expression of an idea simply because society finds the idea itself offensive." Freedom, Justice Holmes emphasized, means not just "free thought for those who agree with us"—what great virtue resides in that?—"but freedom for the thought that we hate."

Freedom for the thought that we hate: For many Americans, this has been an unpopular proposition. The First Amendment is therefore chronically in danger. Under pressure, first of hot war and then of cold war, the Supreme Court gave ground from time to time in construing First Amendment protection of hateful ideological utterance. But in the main, the Bill of Rights survived hot and cold wars intact.

In defending the First Amendment, the court was repelling attacks from the right. In the good old days, conservatives and hyperpatriots were the militant advocates of repression and censorship. But in a bizarre switch, attacks on the First Amendment and the demand to suppress the thought we hate come these days from the left. Even more ironically, that demand is centered in our universities—exactly the place above all others where unlimited freedom of expression had previously been deemed sacred. And those who lead the assault do so in the name of the multicultural society.

Now multiculturalism is an ambiguous term. Insofar as it means the recognition of other cultures, other continents, other colors, other creeds, its impact on American education has been highly beneficial. Insofar as it asks us to see history from a variety of perspectives—the arrival of Columbus, for example, from the viewpoint of those who met him as well as from the viewpoint of those who sent him—it greatly enriches our historical understanding.

But one must distinguish multiculturalism as an influence from multiculturalism as an ideology and a mystique. The ideologues of multiculturalism would reject the historic American purposes of assimilation and integration. They see America not as a nation of individuals making their own free choices, but as a nation of ethnic groups each more or less permanent and ineradicable in their nature. They would have our educational system reinforce, promote, and perpetuate separate ethnic communities and do so at the expense of the idea of a common culture and a common national identity.

They would ban speech that offends ethnic and religious groups and do so at the expense of the First Amendment.

Democratic governments, with memories of the Holocaust and apprehensions about growing ethnic hostilities, are naturally and honorably concerned to arrest the spread of ethnic and racial hatreds. One can understand why Germany, in the light of its historic experience, would ban neo-Nazi groups and utterances as a clear and present danger to society. But democracies like Britain and Canada with secure democratic traditions have also passed laws prohibiting hate propaganda against racial and religious minorities.

The adoption of such laws by other democracies strengthens the case of those who would censor hate speech in the United States. Nor is there any mystery why the agitation for censorship finds a special location in our universities. The problem of hate speech acquires peculiar poignancy in education settings.

It is no fun running a university these days. White students can often be cruel in their exclusion of minorities, their wanton harassment, their vile and wounding cracks. Racial jokes, slurs, epithets hurled by majority bullies pose difficult questions for educational administrators. Administrators begin to ask themselves: Which is more important—protecting hate speech or stopping racial persecution? Does not the tolerance of racism prevent minority students from joining the life of the university on equal terms? Does not hate speech destroy equality and thereby nullify the very premises of education?

After all, free speech is not an absolute. We regulate speech every day through statutes punishing libel, slander, false advertising, perjury, pornography, criminal solicitation, and so on. Still, in a free democracy the presumption must always lie in favor of speech unless an overwhelming practical case can be made for censorship.

Multicultural ideologues regard the impact of racist speech as grievous enough to justify repression, even though censorship of racist expression could well create precedents for future censorship of other sorts of expression. It is even suggested that the creation of such precedents does not matter, since free speech is no help to minorities anyway. "African-Americans and other people of color," Professor Charles Lawrence of the Stanford Law School tells us, "are skeptical about the argument that even the most injurious speech must remain unregulated because, in an unregulated marketplace of ideas, the best ones will rise to the top and gain acceptance. Experience tells quite the opposite. People of color have seen too many demagogues elected by appealing to America's racism."

One wonders where Professor Lawrence has been over the last half century; for experience tells us on the contrary that, in the unregulated marketplace of ideas, the idea of white supremacy has vanished and the idea of racial equality has been finally accepted in principle if not, alas, in practice. There are few stronger arguments for the unregulated marketplace of ideas than the revolution in race relations over the half century. It was precisely the First Amendment, Professor Gates reminds us, that "licensed the protests, the rallies, the organization, and the agitation that galvanized the nation."

No one needs an untrammeled First Amendment more than those who seek to change to status quo. Radicals are always in the minority, and minorities gain most from the protections of the Bill of Rights. Free speech may often be offensive, odious, repulsive, an instrument of domination and oppression; but historically it has been far more significant as a means—no, *the* means—of liberation. As Norman Corwin, the author half a century ago of that once celebrated radio program on the Bill of Rights called "We Hold These Truths," put it, "The Bill of Rights doesn't offer freedom *from* speech. To silence an idea because it might offend a minority doesn't protect that minority. It deprives it of the tool it needs most—the right to talk back."

If we start down the insensitivity road, we will end endorsing Ayatollah Khomeini and his crusade against *The Satanic Verses.* Does the fact that *The Satanic Verses* hurt the feelings of devout Muslims really justify the murder of Salman Rushdie? Bernard Shaw said, "All great truths begin in blasphemy." The hurt-feelings standard, if imposed in the past, would have silenced Mark Twain, Ambrose Bierce, Mr. Dooley, H. L. Mencken, and so many others whose scorching wit has enlivened and illuminated American life.

And how practically effective have antiracist statutes been in stopping the dissemination of racist ideas? Neither the British nor the Canadian experience demonstrates that censorship is more effective than free discussion in bringing about a tolerant and harmonious society. Driving thoughts underground may only cause them to explode later.

It is ironic that the celebration of diversity concludes in a demand for conformity. In the long run, there is surely no more self-defeating position for reformers and radicals than for the curtailment of debate and expression. "It is by the enjoyment of a dangerous freedom," as Tocqueville wrote a century and a half ago, "that the Americans learn the art of rendering the dangers of freedom less formidable."

The idea of bringing harmony to the American multicultural society through censorship is an evasion of the real problem. Speech reflects social inequities and disparities and injustices; it does not cause them. If we are serious about bringing minorities into full membership in our society, our society must provide jobs, schools, health care, and housing; it must provide equal opportunity in employment and education. Above all, we must root out the racism in our own souls. The answer lies along these lines. It does not lie in the amputation of the Bill of Rights.

DECEIT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

rial has been deliberately mislabeled and scattered into different categories. Those who wish access to these documents are thwarted by the deliberate and malicious concealment of information. There is no way for any average citizen—or expert—doing research on the POW/MIA issue to find this particular material.")

And then there are the Nixon tapes. Nixon refused, when the Senate POW committee asked him, to produce the tapes from 1973 (yes, that's right, the Watergate tapes from the Oval Office) that are believed to contain his conversations with Brent Scowcroft and others on the tactics of how to present the prisoner story to the public. One can understand how the late president and his advisers feared being accused of dishonor had they told us the awful reality: That in 1973 they felt compelled by the circumstances to accept the peace accords even though many of our prisoners were still captive. But that was 21 years ago—and still we are denied the truth.

Over time there have been Pentagon officers, some even in key posts, who tried to tell the truth. Their reports found the Defense Intelligence Agency to be permeated by a "mind-set to debunk." And when the reports leaked out, the debunking machine would shift into high gear once again. Sometimes these officers were defamed as malcontents or worse.

One of those reports was done in 1986 by Eugene Tighe, who was assigned to review the work of the D.I.A. A retired Air Force Lieutenant General, Tighe had been a director of the D.I.A. after the Vietnam War.

His report said, "D.I.A. holds information that establishes the strong possibility of American prisoners being held in Laos and Vietnam." Tighe cited "a large volume of evidence."

His original language, which was toned down by the Pentagon, had been even stronger, but regardless, Tighe had concluded that men remained alive as prisoners in 1986. The Pentagon and its allies immediately launched a smear campaign against this highly regarded intelligence officer (who died earlier this year at 72). Officials began whispering to reporters that Tighe was "not too bright," suggesting senility.

In early 1991, Colonel Millard Peck resigned in disgust after only eight months as the head of the Pentagon's POW/MIA office. In a devastating departure statement, he said, "The mind-set to 'debunk' is alive and well. It is held at all levels.... Practically all analysis is directed to finding fault with the source. Rarely has there been any effective, active follow-through on any of the sightings.... The sad fact is that ... a cover-up may be in progress. The entire charade does not appear to be an honest effort and may never have been."

Finally, Peck said, "From what I have witnessed, it appears that any soldier left in Vietnam, even inadvertently, was, in fact, abandoned years ago, and that the farce that is being played is no more than political legerdemain done with 'smoke and mirrors' to stall the issue until it dies a natural death."

Why has there been no wide and sustained public outcry over this national scandal? The answer is simplicity itself. When the war ended, almost everyone in America wanted to forget Vietnam, erase it, bury it. They still do. The soldiers who came home were reviled as baby killers. We shunned them because, as a culture, we have been imbued with the notion that winning is the only thing. Indeed, we have never been taught how to cope with losing anything, let alone a war. There was no constituency for the truth, no powerful lobby to stir Congress. MIA families don't command many votes.

> *THERE WAS NO CONSTITUENCY FOR THE TRUTH ABOUT AMERICA'S MISSING SOLDIERS, NO POWERFUL LOBBY TO STIR CONGRESS. MIA FAMILIES DON'T COMMAND MANY VOTES.*

The press participated in this national amnesia. Newspapers and television networks and radio stations had sent legions of reporters to Vietnam to cover the war and chase down Pentagon and White House untruths. Yet afterward, to my knowledge, not one major print or broadcast organization ever assigned an investigative team or any significant resources to find out what happened to the missing men, to find out if the Pentagon and White House were lying. Worse still, to hide its delinquency, the mainstream press, for the last two decades, has by and large bought the government line that no evidence exists of men left behind.

Over the years, no one has suffered more from this policy of deceit and cover-up than the families of the missing men. The consistent manner in which the parents, wives, and children of the MIAs have been manipulated and denied information by their government has left a great many of them not only bitter and angry, but, in some cases, broken in spirit.

An episode occurred very recently that is all too typical of the trials to which our government has subjected these families. In April 1993, the wife and two daughters of Henry "Mick" Serex, an Air Force major whose radar-jamming communications plane was downed over the Demilitarized Zone in 1972, learned that a satellite photo taken less than a year earlier—on June 5, 1992—showed what appeared to be the letters *SEREX* drawn into a field next to a prison in North Vietnam, not far from Haiphong.

The Serexes did not get this news from the Pentagon (which, in 20 years, had told them almost nothing about their father except that he had been declared Killed in action/Body not recovered). They learned it instead when the photo was mentioned on a television talk show by an MIA activist.

Confused and distressed, the Serexes began pressing the Pentagon for more information. It took months of pleading and arguing—and the intervention of Senator Smith—before the Pentagon reluctantly agreed to give the family a briefing on the photo in Washington.

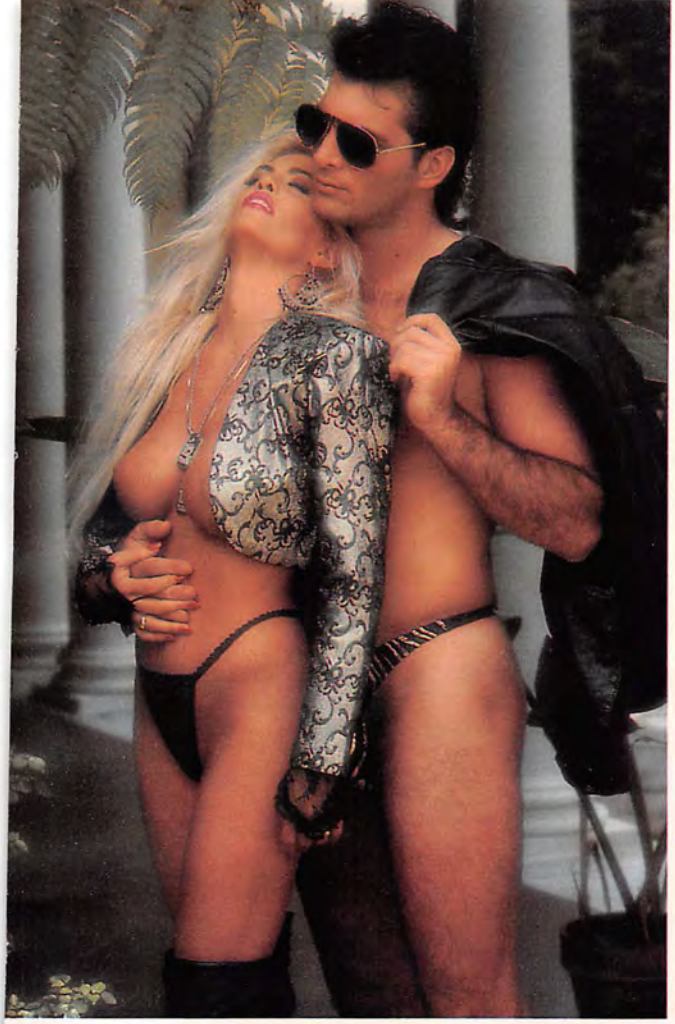
The briefing took place in January of this year at the C.I.A.'s photo lab, which is shared by the Pentagon. Filled with nervous anticipation, the Serexes flew in from the West Coast—only to be the latest family to feel misled and bamboozled by the debunking machine.

Specifically, for nine hours over two days, about 15 D.I.A. officials filled the room and, as one, told the family members that the images they thought they were seeing on a print made from the electronic imagery were neither man-made nor letters spelling out the name "Serex" in capitals on the ground. Instead, the officials said, these images were "a configuration" and "changes in texture" that disappeared when "enhanced" on the computer screen. What they saw were "anomalies," they were told.

The Serexes went home feeling empty and emotionally used. The truth, they believed, had been withheld from them.

One of the daughters, Jennifer Serex-Helwig, a Sacramento, California, mother of three who also works, has continued to struggle with the Pentagon, futilely, for more information. It has left her drained.

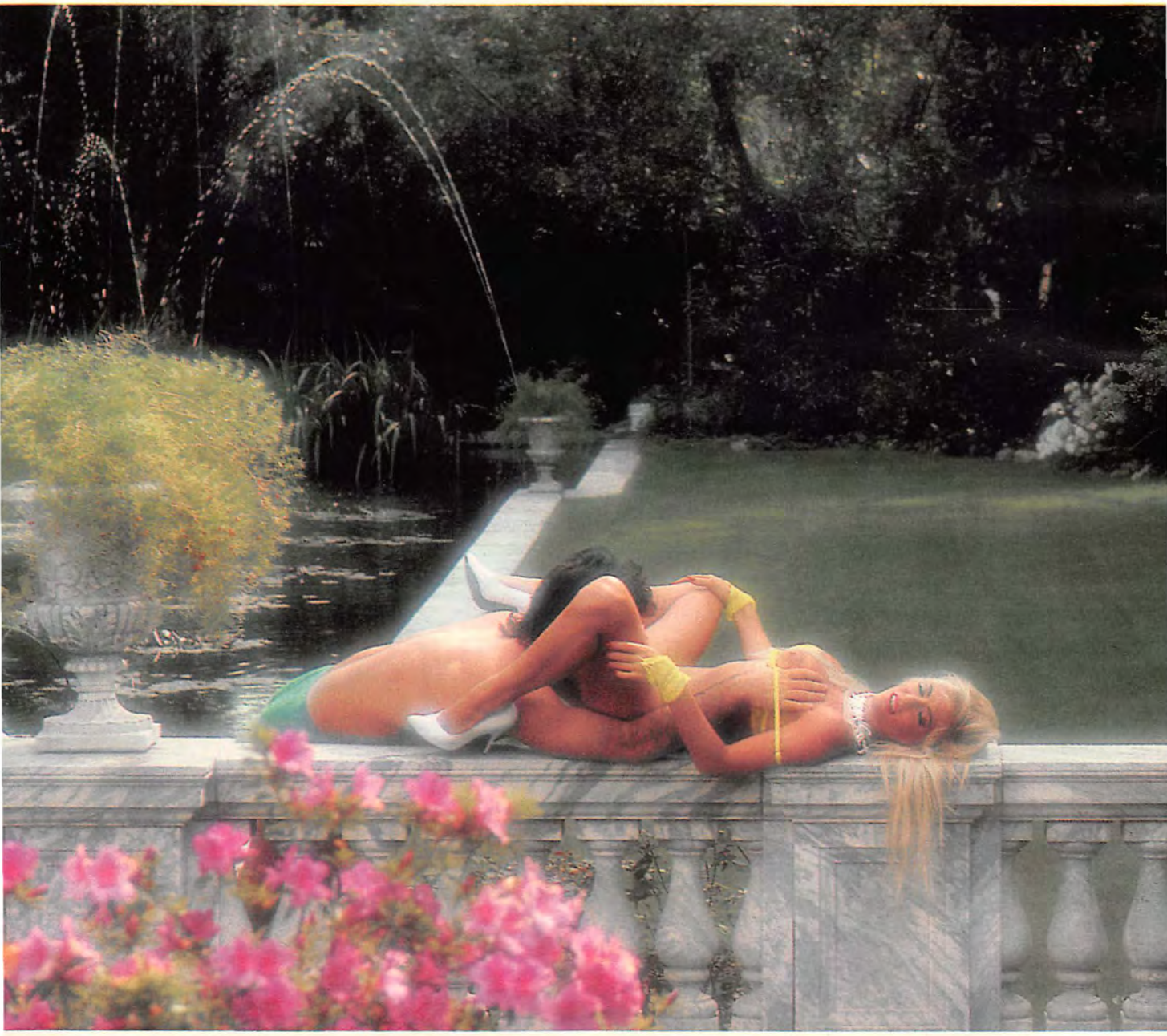
Her voice falters and chokes in the middle of a conversation. "I'm on the verge of tears all the time now, I can't help it," she says, pushing the words out. "Even when I'm doing housework, I feel guilty that I'm not working on this. This shouldn't be happening. I didn't do anything to deserve this."



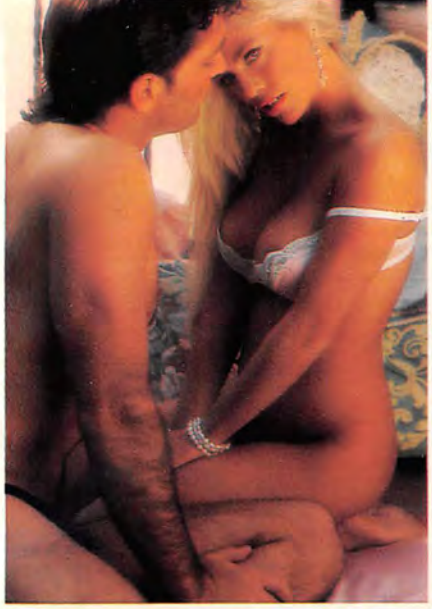
ALLISON & ERIC

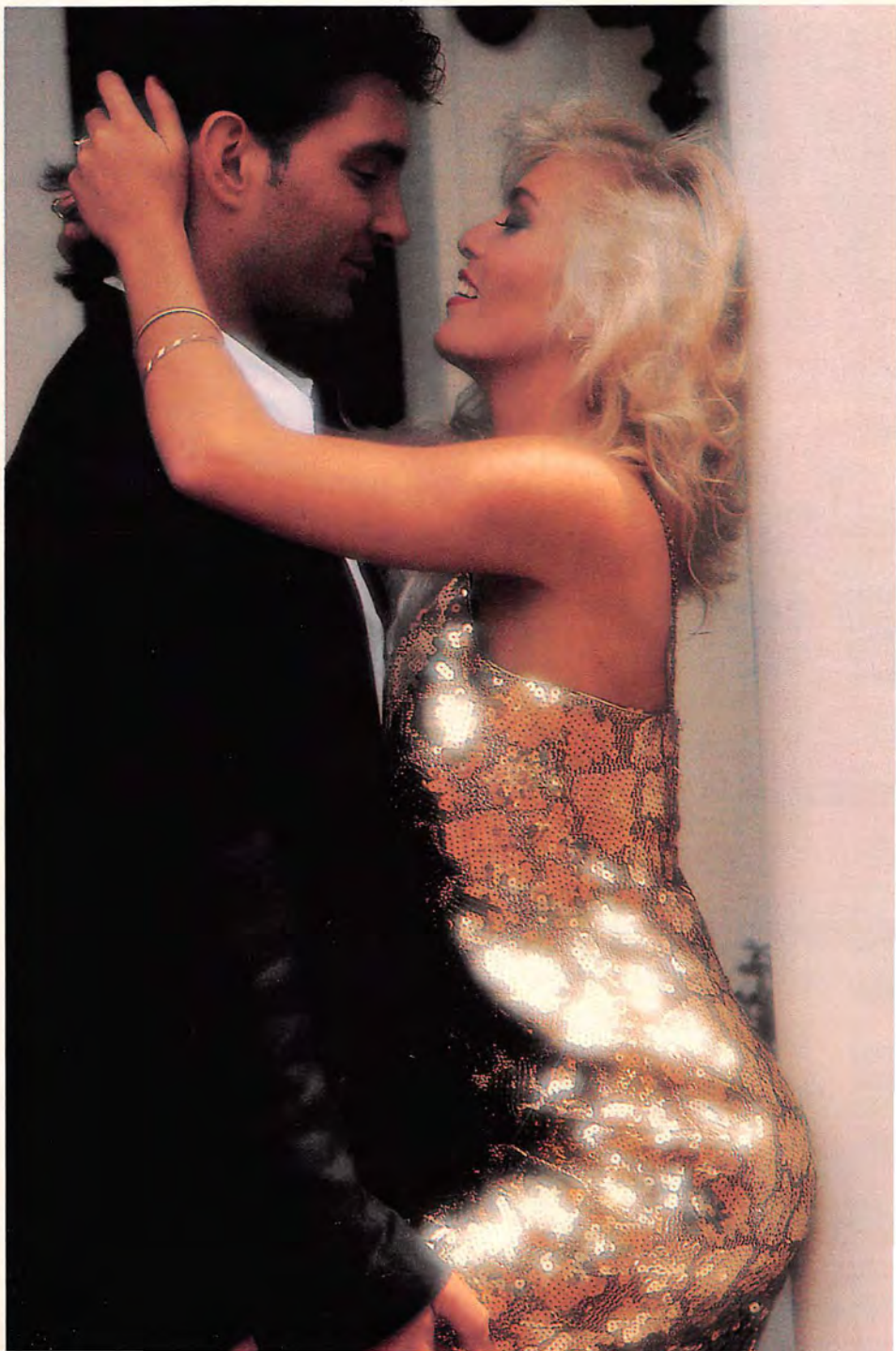
"Allison's seemingly insatiable passion was like fuel on the fire of Eric's desire, and by Sunday evening they were exhausted."

Eric wanted to rekindle the spark between him and Allison, and he had finally found the perfect place to take her—a former country estate. Allison and Eric spent the day exploring the breathtaking grounds, enjoying their new surroundings ... and each other. When they came upon a quiet little spot that looked like something out of a Victorian novel, they couldn't resist acting upon their smoldering desires.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SCHOEN





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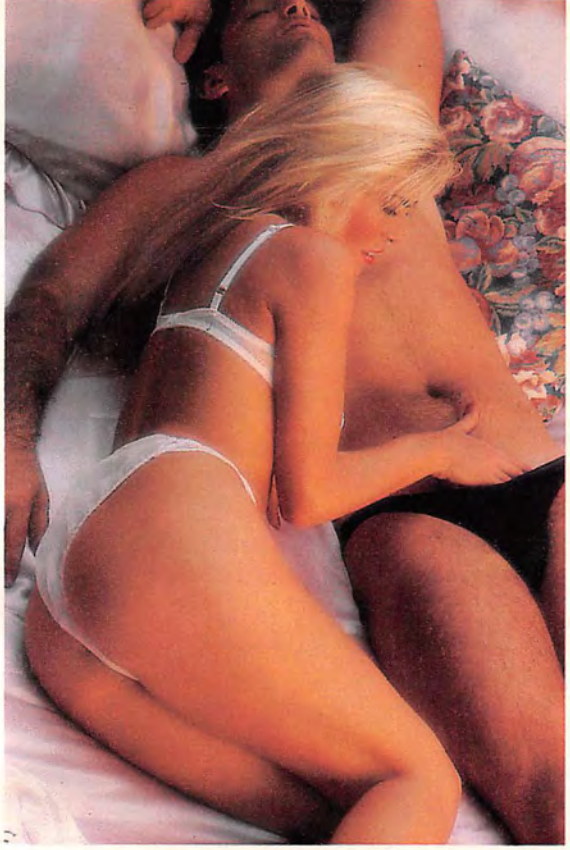
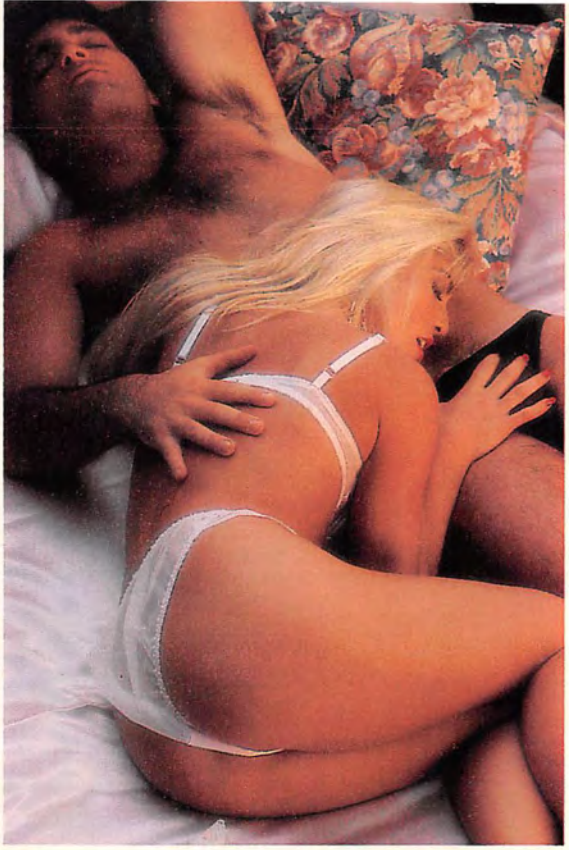
excitement.

Finally, they made it to their room ... and their thirst for exploring was temporarily quenched as they rediscovered each other.





The next morning found the pair refreshed and ready for more. Allison was feeling a passionate need for Eric that she hadn't experienced in ages, and she wasted no time telling—and showing—him of her renewed appreciation for his charms.

Allison's seemingly insatiable passion was like fuel on the fire of Eric's desire, and by Sunday evening they were exhausted but finally satisfied. After one more visit to their favorite spot on the porch, they both knew they'd be back before long.

HEIDI

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

on is how to talk dirty during sex, and I don't mean anything that's degrading to a woman, just exciting. That's a part of sexiness in the bedroom that women like. Watch them react when, in the heat of passion, you whisper something like, "Your pussy's so wet—it feels so good." Most men don't know that works, but it does, because it makes the sex steamier. For me, it's a must. If guys don't know how to talk dirty to a woman, I suggest they phone one of those 900 sex lines, where they'll quickly learn how.

Phone sex can be fun, and it's the safest sex there is. And while I don't think that computers will ever take over for real sex, just watch what happens with virtual reality, where you put a helmet over your face and are suddenly transported to a computer-generated place. I guarantee that a lot of virtual reality will be devoted to sex.

One other subject most guys don't have a clue about is the role of fantasies during sex. Everyone has fantasies, but rarely do men and women share them. They should, because it's yet another way to arouse one another. A lot of women have fantasies of dominating their men. Guys have fantasies of girls having sex with tons of men, or going to a strip bar and picking up a girl. Those aren't unusual fantasies, and a man and a woman can talk and act them out during sex to make things more thrilling. But just remember, when the sex is over, none of the fantasies are true. Don't think you can take your fantasy life out of the bedroom.

Let me get down to a nice final touch to an evening: A man should know how to rub a woman's back afterward. From my viewpoint, that's something he *must* know how to do—if he can't give me a good back rub, he's dead. I don't even mind if he does it with just one hand and is channel-surfing or dialing the phone with the other.

One other move to think about: It's always a smart idea to bring the woman a gift to show her that you're thinking of her. I'm not talking about presenting her with something expensive. Almost anything will do, from a bottle of wine to a single chocolate strawberry.

Even flowers, which usually strike me as unoriginal, can work if you do something novel with them. You can bring a woman one really great flower and a great card and you'll make out fine. If you just buy her some carnations or tulips, they're not going to have the same effect that, say, a little charm bracelet will have. And that charm bracelet doesn't have to cost much. A woman will just want it to be cute, and she'll always appreciate it. Be romantic, let her know she's on your mind, and it'll make a big difference in the relationship.

Women should do the same thing, although, since many single women are short on cash, they can do it in other ways. When a girl leaves in the morning, she should leave the guy a sweet note. If they wake up together, the woman should make the man breakfast or at least squeeze him some orange juice. Both the guy and the girl have to be aware of doing little spontaneous things that keep a relationship going.

That's not always easy, especially after you've been together for a while. That's why all relationships have to contain a lot of gamesmanship, because if everything is status quo and you're both nice and polite and there are never any sparks between the two of you, things get old in a hurry. And someone's going to leave. Couples have to keep each other on their toes in order to keep the fires stoked, and it can be done in ways that are fun. Women definitely respond to challenges that keep the relationship sizzling. Let me put it bluntly: Become a bore and she'll leave.

Want to know one of the main reasons why that happens? Men simply aren't as expressive as women, and that causes a lot of trouble in relationships. No matter what's bothering a guy—work, money, whatever—he has to open up and not try to keep it to himself, which doesn't do him or his woman any good. A man really has to be able to let his guard down and communicate with his lover almost as if she were a therapist. There's time and room for everything in a relationship, and guys have to realize that a little bit of everything takes place in a relationship all the time.

Just one more point to make: Judging from the media, these days men are catching a lot of heat from women. That's fair in the sense that it's payback for all the years of what men have done to women. (That definitely includes the battering of women.) But even though men are being criticized all over the place, I don't think there's a heightened war between the sexes. All that's really happened is that women now realize they don't have to take a backseat to men anymore, in their choice of career or how they lead their sex life. More and more women are now as sexually open as men. It's had a great effect on us, and I think it's had a good effect on guys, too. It makes everything a lot more fun for everybody.

Finally, always remember, if you don't have a good sexual relationship, you don't have a relationship at all. If all of you can keep that in mind, then there's hope for American men.

"So! I come home from work and catch you in bed with a 25 year old!"

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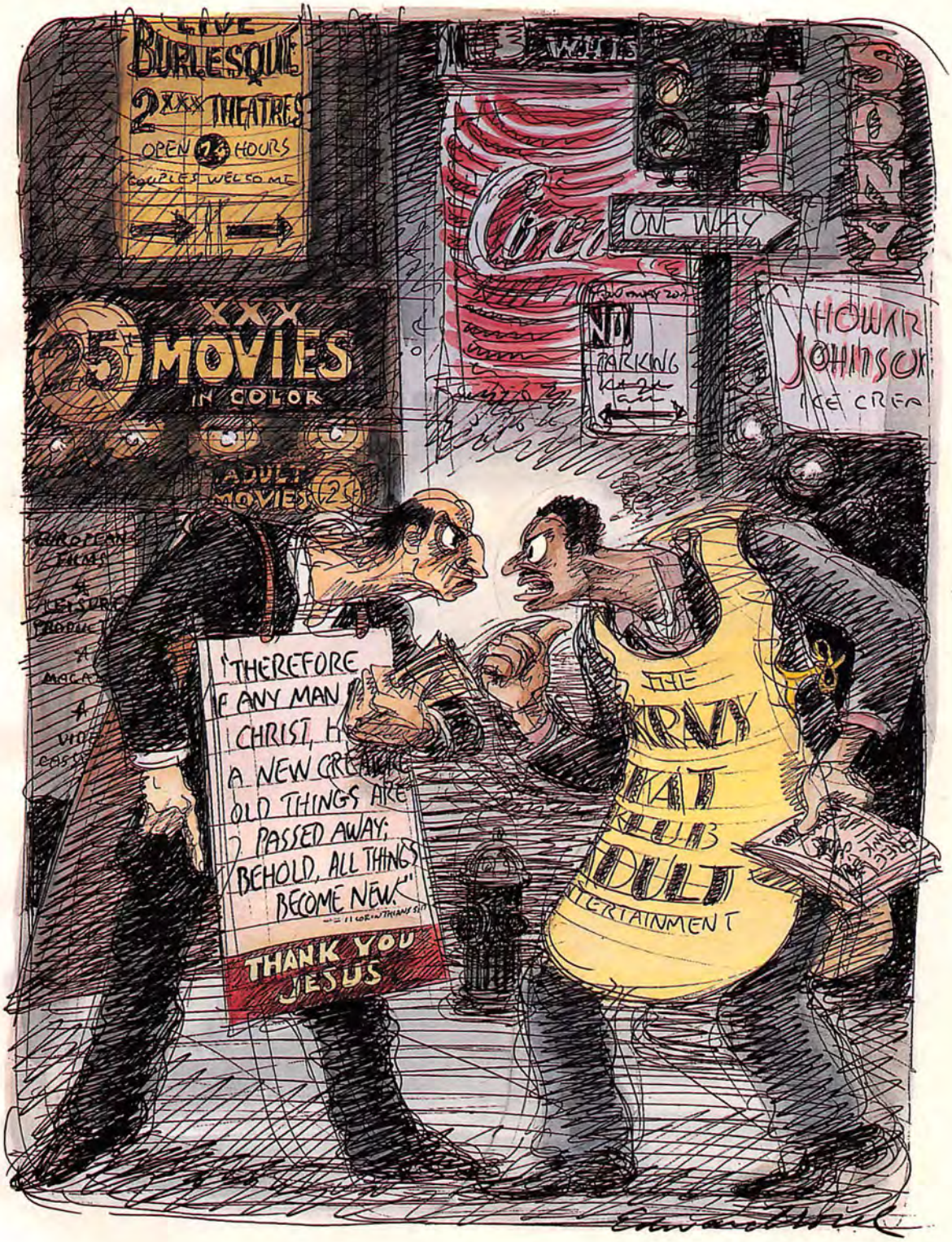
"It was good for me, too, darling. I'm just not one of those pussycats who purr."



"Oh yeah? Well, God spoke to me, too, and he said he was gonna save this corner just for me."

POISONED BAIT

FICTION BY NICK TOSCHES
PAINTING BY MARSHALL ARISMAN

Johnny had known it was coming, but he had not known when. Each day his anchorage in mundane reality had grown less secure, made shakier by the uncanny, excited marriage of apprehension and expectation within him. The world itself seemed to be growing dimmer, more magical, more vibrant, but more ominous, too, a region of unspeakable possibility, sorrow, fear, and doleful shades, as in the haunted black forest of a dream, disturbing and enchanting and fatal, in the blood. Now the eerie transmutation of light, the black forest within him, was like a sultry dusk at the day's end of the world as he had known it. Night was falling, and with it his disbelief in demons and the walls that circumscribed his sense of what could and could not be.

In that summery dusk, he saw Diane as a stranger, but a stranger who embodied all that he did not want to leave behind, an embodiment whose image and love and blessing he wished to bear with him, like a cross around the neck, like a gun, like a sacred thought through the night to come.

Now he sat across from her, cultivating her benediction, her surrender, her blindness with a lie. Because in this dusk—so much he knew—there could be no explicit truth between one soul and another. But beyond that, in his lie there was evil, for he knew that he might cherish the blessing and the gun of her love only as long as he needed them, only through the dark night that lay ahead. He could see himself doing that: loosing the chain from his neck, discarding the gun, cashing her in at 40, as the old-timers said,

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M. Ariaman

for two twenties.

This luncheon rendezvous had been his idea. Thus far, through the hot-and-sour soup and the dried spicy beef, all had gone well. But then he hit her with it.

"What do you mean, you're going away for a while?" She put down her chopsticks and looked at him in that way she had of wielding blades with her eyes.

"It's business," Johnny said.

"What kind of business? You're trying to tell me there's a garbage convention in Paris or something?"

He sighed studiously, attempting to turn the situation around to where he might seem the victim of her sarcasm and lack of understanding. But she did not buy.

"It's for the both of us," he said. "You want us to do well in this world, don't you?"

"It's for the both of us? Then we'll both go. Where the hell are you supposed to be going, anyway?"

His passport and round-trip ticket to Milan were on the dresser in the Manhattan apartment. "I don't have the exact itinerary yet. It'll be a lot of work, that's all I know. But if all goes well, it could be a big break for us."

"What are you talking about, 'itinerary'? Your job hasn't taken you farther than the subway can get you since I've known you."

"Well, it's time to move up. Bigger things, better things. I'm sorry you don't see it that way. I thought you'd be happy for me. For us. I really did."

She seemed confused, hesitant. That was good.

"So you're talking about Europe?" Her voice now was more melancholy than hostile.

"Yeah."

"You always said we'd go there together."

"We will. If this works out, we will."

Her fingers touched her chopsticks for the first time since he had broached the matter.

"Believe me," he said, "I'm not really looking forward to this. It'll be work, a lot of work. A lot of pressure."

"What if some cute young thing wants to talk trash?"

She was almost smiling. That was his cue. He shook his head, grinning, and softly laughed. "You never quit, do you?"

"I love you, that's all."

"And I love you."

Those words, beneath his deceit, were true. But his feelings more and more were becoming occluded, subsumed by an uneasy sense of something vast in the dusk—a storm front of immense elemental volatility into whose path he had strayed, something that ate souls and drained the vital substance from truth and lies alike. But his feelings were not all that this occlusion obscured. Diane's words were as false as his own.

Then Johnny was gone, and Diane sat one afternoon at the Laundromat with her girlfriend Jill from up the block.

"Walk away from it," Jill was saying. "Just walk away." She was an attractive woman, in a grisette sort of way: mid-thirties, dark-haired with a single forelock of gray, which, as she said, many men found attractive. Diane believed that this forelock, along with her horn-rimmed glasses, helped to cultivate Jill's "loose-librarian look." She liked what she called intelligent men. To her, intelligent men were those who went to movies and could pronounce all sorts of things on menus. Intelligent men had good jobs, careers, and spoke to her. She never tired of telling about Jewish lawyers she had been with; the only problem was, they all were married.

Just walk away. Divorced people, Diane thought, were always trying to get others divorced.

"He's your husband, and you don't even know where he is," Jill went on. "That's absurd."

"He's working."

"Yeah, they're all working." Jill rose and poured Ultra Snuggles fabric-softener into the rising rinse water of the machine nearest her.

"Look," Diane said, "let's drop it. I want to enjoy my time. Why don't we go out to eat later, go to a movie or something?"

"Let's go play. We'll find some cute boys, let 'em treat us like the goddesses we are."

"Oh, stop it. Johnny would kill me."

"Jesus, Diane, that's a great way to live. In fear."

"Look, what's right is right."

"Yeah. I'm sure he feels the same way. When's the last time he made you feel good? When's the last time he built up your self-esteem? Come on already. Live for yourself. If you don't breathe, you die."

If you don't breathe, you die. Really now. Jill was forever reading these silly little paperbacks with breath and bridges and passages and women who humped wolves or whatever in their titles. And she was so anti-this and anti-that; so anti-pornography, for instance, that Diane wondered what she did in bed. Why is it, she had once asked Jill, that in those cultures throughout history where pornography has been most suppressed, women have been most oppressed? God, Jill had said without answering her question, he's really got you indoctrinated, hasn't he? Actually, the thought had been her own, though she did agree with Johnny—back before they seemed to disagree on everything sheerly on principle—that the best sex was a marriage of pornography and purity.

"I'm breathing," said Diane.

"Are you?"

"Is that going to be it with you for the rest of your life? Boys, boys, boys? What happens when the rest of your noggin matches that silver strand?"

"I don't plan on being single forever, if that's what you mean."

"So. You liked being married."

"Not to Dwayne."

"Well, look, do you want to do something tonight or what? I'm a free woman."

"Yeah, you're free all right. Just relax. It's early. You're not even in the dryer yet. You're still on spin."

On her way home from the Laundromat, Diane bought a bottle of Beaujolais.

She put away her laundry, took a long bath, showered, and put on her robe. She poured herself a glass of wine. It was a fantasy of hers that her husband kept a secret diary, which she would discover and in which she would find the truth of all that puzzled and tormented her about the distance that lay between them. It was a fantasy that swept away, however briefly, her own sense of responsibility to find the truth within her. This imagined secret diary would tell her to love him or to hate him. But of course there was no diary. As she sipped her wine—a sweet luxury to do so, here, in quiet, in her robe—she browsed along the rows of her husband's books. Most of them were old, from the days when she first knew him. In those days, he had laughed and read and drunk and brooded. The laughter had ceased, then the reading. Then there was only the drinking and the brooding.

But he had kept these books through the years. Maybe there were clues there. His reading had not been rooted strongly in the Christian millennium. True, Dante was there. But beside him were Homer, Hesiod, Horace, and Virgil. She drew down the only book whose title alluded to love, the *Ars amatoria* of Ovid. Leafing

"GIVE ME YOUR PANTIES," HE SAID BOYISHLY. THE DOOR CRACKED OPEN SLIGHTLY AND HE TOOK THEM FROM HER. "DON'T JERK OFF IN THEM," SHE SAID. "WAIT FOR ME."

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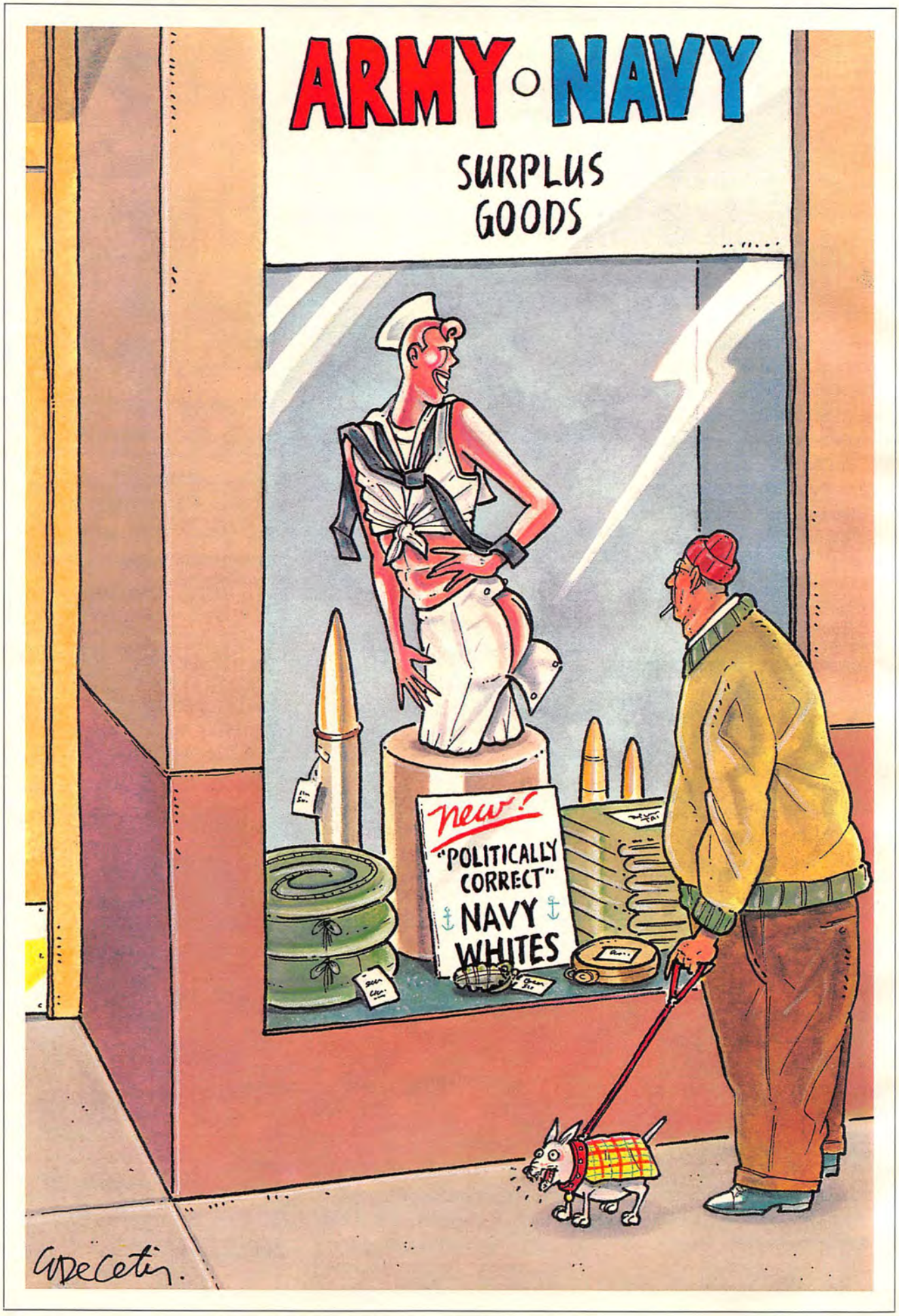
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through it, she found a passage her husband had noted in ink: "It is expedient that gods should exist, and, as it is expedient, let us deem that gods exist." She looked to the left; the original Latin was printed on the facing page: *Expedit esse deos, et, ut expedit esse putemus.* All that English to say those eight simple words of Latin. She looked further for traces of her husband's hand. There: *Si sapitis, solas impune puellas.* The English: "If you are wise, cheat only women."

Well, fuck you too, Johnny dearest. This was supposed to be poetry? This was the shit Emily Dickinson was up against? Fucking Wops. She shoved the book back in its place and poured some more wine. The hair above her genitals was soft and still damp. She ran her fingers absently through it, let the breeze from the open window hit it.

What Bob Marshall planned to do he had done before, in his street-hustle days. He called it his card trick.

At the Drug Enforcement Administration, he was supposed to keep to his desk except for the big, public-exposure takedowns. He was supposed to oversee, not do. You can't judge the problem if you're part of the problem. That's what they said. But he was intent on cracking this one himself.

It was about two in the afternoon when he arrived in Brooklyn, dressed in blue jeans, a dark shirt, and a linen jacket. He did not hesitate, but rang the bell directly.

"Who is it?" The subway-quality intercom transformed Diane DiPietro's voice into a crackling blurt.

"Bob Salerno."

"Am I supposed to know you?"

"Johnny's friend. From the union."

"What do you want?"

"I need to talk to Johnny."

"He's not here."

"Then I need to talk to you."

"About what?"

"Look, if you don't trust me, come down."

The buzzer sounded sickly. Marshall pushed open the door and made his way up the stairs. Diane was waiting for him, peering over the length of chain that ran from the door's edge to the jamb.

"May I come in?"

"I don't know you."

"Same here." He smiled. He saw that her eyes were red and puffy, as if she'd been crying. Then he caught a lingering whiff of marijuana and saw that she had a wineglass in her hand. She was wearing a peach-colored silk robe.

"I don't know anything about the union," she said. "Besides, if you're a friend of Johnny's, you should know where he is."

"He's in Italy. But we don't know how to reach him."

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So that's where he was. Italy. That was more than she knew. See Naples and die, you son of a bitch.

"Let me put something on," she said desultorily.

She returned a few minutes later in a cotton skirt, white blouse, and espadrilles, with a fresh glass of white wine. Coldly, she let him in.

He sat on the couch. She sat in the easy chair across the room, near the spider plant by the window.

"I guess Johnny told you about the trouble we're having," he said.

"I told you. I don't know anything about the union." He struck her as somehow different from the other characters she had met through her husband. He seemed cleaner, less coarse.

"How long have you known Johnny?" she asked.

"A few years." Blowsy or not, she was a pretty woman. How did these fucking sewer rats get these good-looking broads?

"Is he your boss?" She saw him glancing surreptitiously at her legs. It pleased her. She had shaved just this morning. She ran her hand over her knee and shin. They were as smooth and cool as ivory.

"Did he tell you that? Did he say he was my boss?"

"He never even mentioned you. He never mentions anything." She rose, went to the kitchen, poured herself another glass of wine. She offered him a glass as well. He accepted. As she moved she flaunted her best walk, the subtle, river-hipped lilt she had learned as a teenager from watching old Jeanne Moreau movies. She felt as if she were teasing a young neighborhood boy, proving to herself with girlish delight that she still had it, that years of apathetic husbanding and aging cells had not yet robbed her of the power to command. "Do you know he has his own apartment?" She wondered if the men who worked with him had any idea of what he was really like, of what a prick he really was.

Shit, thought Marshall. *Right church, wrong pew.* "I guess that's your business. I guess that's between you two."

"Yeah. I married a man. Now all I've got is his clothes. That's all he comes here for lately."

Perfect. Right church, right pew.

Diane crossed her legs so that her right ankle lay on her left knee. As she sipped her wine, she narrowed her lowered eyes, monitored those of the ivory poacher. Would Johnny even bother to look? She finished her wine, went to the kitchen, letting her pelvis sway in that fine, fucked walk. She opened another bottle. Marshall had barely drunk from his glass. She lighted a joint, sucked on it, asked her visitor if he wanted some.

"Not right now." Christ. This broad must have a bladder like a camel. He averted his eyes from her. She was getting him excited. He never cheated on Mary. But as much as he loved her, there were things she shied from in bed, especially lately, with the baby on its way. He wondered about this one here. Would she do those things?

Diane had told Jill she would call her by three. They were supposed to go to a movie. Fuck it. This was better than a movie. When was the last time she had been alone here with a man? Except for a few repairmen, never. But enough was enough. She had had her fun.

"Well, what did you need to tell me?"

"If I tell you something, can you call Johnny and give him the message?"

"What makes you think I can reach him?"

"Doesn't he call?"

"Not even a postcard."

"Well, then, it doesn't make sense to go through you. I'll just wait till he comes back. If you don't mind, I'll just finish my wine and leave a little note for him."

"YOU'RE LIKE ME," HIS UNCLE TOLD JOHNNY. "YOU FIGURE IF THEY FUCK YOU, THEY'LL FUCK ANYBODY." IN A WAY, HE ENVIED JOHNNY THE HEAT OF HIS MAD PASSION.

The sealed note was in his pocket. But he had already made up his mind to trace Johnny's other address and send it there. For now, the card trick, if he could pull it off, was all that mattered.

"Please yourself." She wheezed, drawing on the joint. She did not know why she smoked this shit. It always ended up making her dwell on things, such as her childlessness, such as all the times that Johnny had hurt her. How often in their years of marriage had he been alone with a woman? Had he ever been a gentleman like his friend here? Shit, Johnny didn't even have to be alone with them. He dragged them into public toilets in bars. He was probably fucking some bitch right now, for all she knew.

Marshall sipped his wine, looked at the print on the wall. "Nice picture."

She craned her neck, then stood, took a few steps back, and stared at it.

"Johnny doesn't think so."

"Why not?"

"It makes him jealous."

"I don't get it."

"You don't get Johnny. And like you said, it's our business." She'd had enough of this. She was getting morose. She wanted to be alone.

"Would it make him jealous to know that I was here?"

"No." Fuck it. She turned around, faced him, took another step toward him, felt something like a wolf rush up inside her. "But this would." She took his hand and put it under her skirt to rest on her thigh.

This was ridiculous, he thought. But his erectile tissue stirred like a boy's. He stood, bringing his hand up and around to clutch her as he rose. Her neck loosened and she opened her mouth to his, feeling that stirring in his britches strong against her abdomen. She stroked it, grabbed it, snaked her tongue within his mouth. He slipped his hand beneath her cotton panties, moved his fingers from the soft flesh of her ass to the warmth of her crotch. When he discovered that she was sopping wet, a groan escaped him, soft and low, a falling, abandoning sound.

"Do you want to fuck?" she whispered into his ear. He felt more than heard her: sounds not so much of voice as of breath. She could feel his heart pounding against her bosom.

He couldn't fuck her. He couldn't do this to Mary. No, that was bullshit. He could do this to Mary, all right. But he couldn't risk getting caught. God only knew what this slut might dose him with. No. Fuck that. One way or the other, it would weave an indelible lie into the fabric of their marriage. Could he live with that lie? Maybe a blowjob. Could you get AIDS from a blowjob? A handjob. Maybe a handjob. Mary was good for neither.

"I'll be right back," she said.

He waited till she closed the bathroom door, then took off his shoes and crept into the bedroom. From his jacket pocket, he took out a small stack of D.E.A. calling cards and began slipping them into the pockets of Johnny's suits, jackets, and coats. He returned to the living room, stood near the bathroom door.

"Give me your panties," he said boyishly.

"Why? Do you want to sniff them? Does that turn you on?" She was sitting on the toilet, brushing her teeth, grinning, with a look in her eyes like that of a cat playing with a mouse.

"Yeah."

The door cracked open slightly. He took the cotton panties from her hand.

"Don't jerk off in them. Wait for me."

They were scented and stained with her juices. He wrapped them around a calling card, returned to the bedroom

CONTINUED ON PAGE 201

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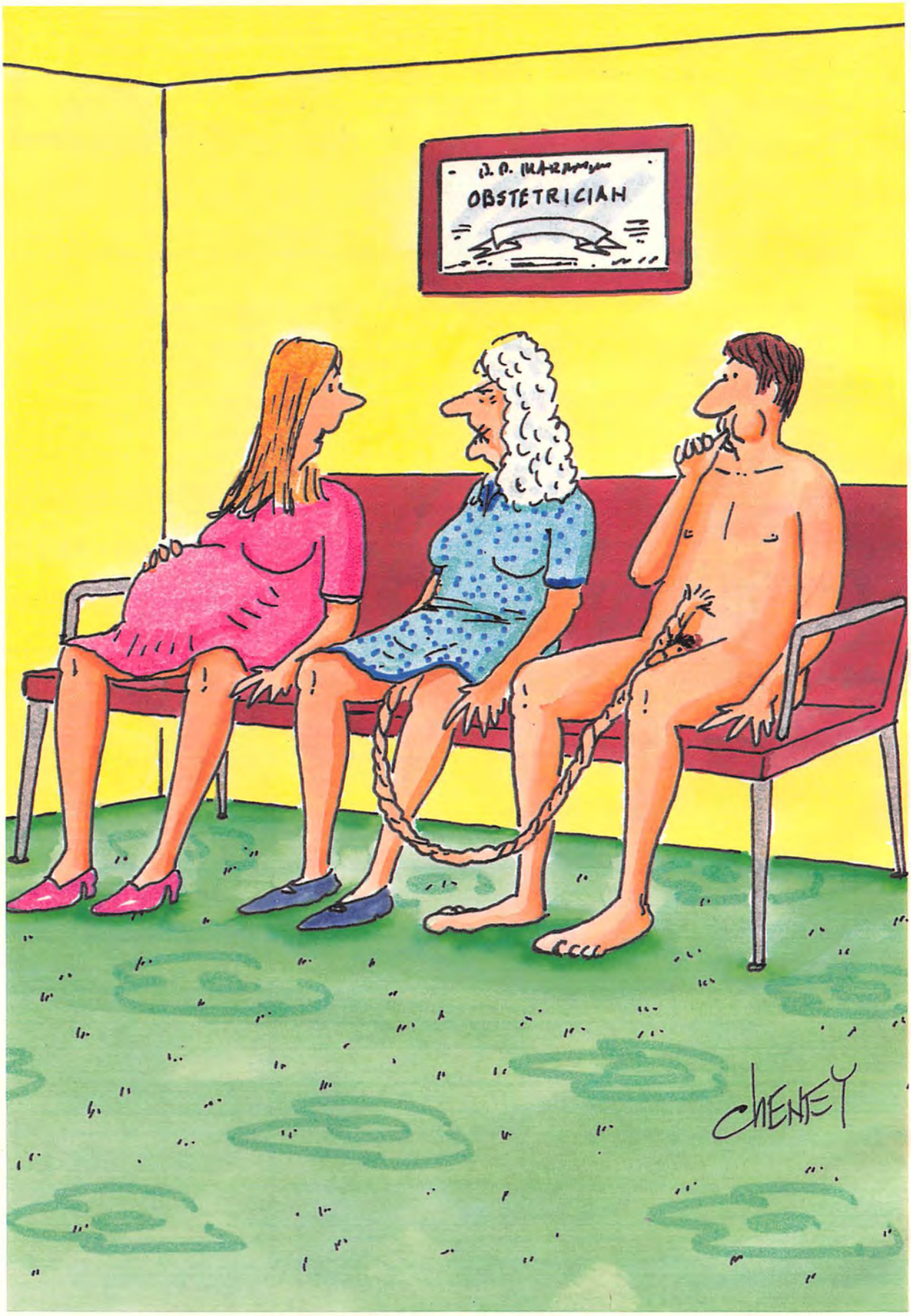


"Have you been waiting long to see the doctor?"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

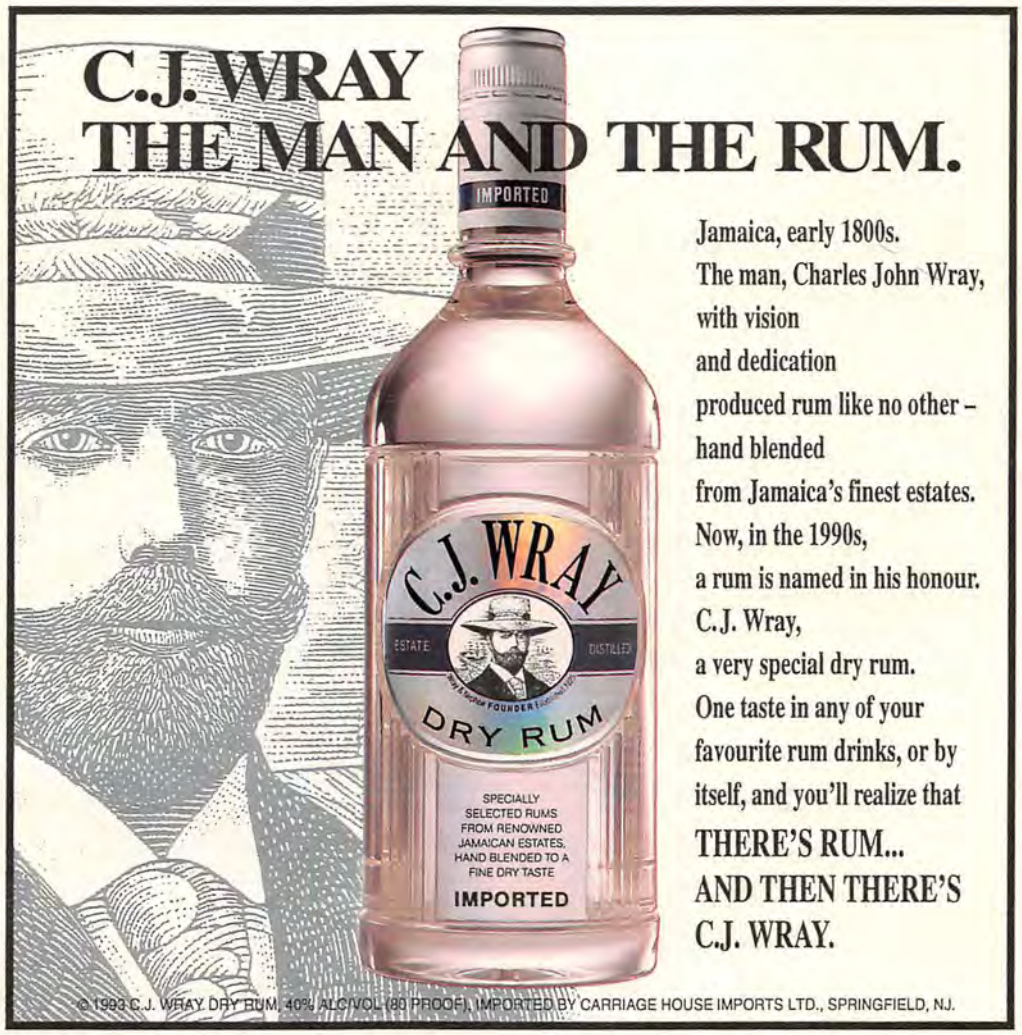
Phil, was about average in every respect, including his six-inch dick. We all stripped off our clothes, and Renee went around and gave everybody a quick blowjob. Then she wanted Carl to fuck her doggie-style while she gave head to Phil and I rubbed her tits and belly. Carl really fucked the hell out of her, and I could tell by the way she was fucking back that she really dug his big dick (you see, my dick is only five and a half inches long). Then she turned around and started licking Phil's meat like she was in love with it. After everybody got off that way, she wanted to make a "screw sandwich."

Phil rolled over onto his back, and my wife lay on him. Then I spread her legs farther apart and lay down on top of her. I knew she was surrounded by dick.

Then she asked Carl to squat over her face so she could suck him off. After much thrusting and humping, she came, and so did everybody else. But she wouldn't let go of Carl's prick. She drank down all of his come—something she had never done for me (and from the difficulty she had getting it down, it must have been quite a load). It didn't bother me, because I could see how much pleasure she was getting from his big dick.

Then she told us we could each have one more fuck in the standard position. Naturally, Carl and Phil went first so I could be the only one left when they were gone.

It ended up being the best fuck of our lives, so we decided to do the whole thing over again (but with different guys!) every month.—*Name and address withheld*



PENAL CODE

I would like to share an experience I once had and, I'm happy to say, am still having. I am an ex-convict, and about two years ago, while I was still in prison, I was sent to a mental-health clinic because I was very depressed and suicidal. While I was there, I was assigned to a very young psychologist named Jean.

Jean was 26 years old and a very beautiful young blonde with the bluest eyes I'd ever seen. At first I was only allowed to see her once a week, and for only one hour each visit. After a while she saw that our talks were helping me considerably, so she decided to let me see her twice a week, and sometimes our talks lasted as long as two hours. We became very close friends, and soon I found myself telling her things about myself that I had never even dreamed of telling anyone before.

It was after I had started telling her about my sexual experiences before I was sent to prison that I noticed a change in her. Sometimes when we would talk about sex, she would sit back in her chair, giving me a complete view of her body. She gradually began to do things like crossing her legs to give me a good look at them. Since she occasionally wore short dresses, I saw quite a bit of her legs. I knew that all that would eventually lead to something, so I made it a point to talk about my sexual hang-ups whenever I could.

One day, while I was discussing a certain sexual experience that I'd once had with an old girlfriend, I got a tremendous hard-on. I noticed that Jean kept glancing down at my bulge, then she would look back up at me and again back down at my crotch. She was wearing one of her short dresses, and the sight of her legs was making me very nervous. Then she asked me if I ever masturbated, and I told her that I did once in a while. Then she asked me if I felt like I wanted to masturbate at that moment.

I said, "I'd like to, but it can wait. I'd rather stay here and talk to you."

Then she shocked the hell out of me. She said, "If you'd like to, you can do it right there. I have a handkerchief you can use."

I didn't say a word—I just smiled and pulled out my dick. She handed me a handkerchief from her purse, and I wrapped it around the head of my dick and started jacking off. I was having trouble coming because I was a bit nervous. She must have sensed it, because she raised her skirt a few more inches and said, "Maybe this will help."

It did. As soon as I saw those two beautiful thighs, I shot off all over the place. I thought I'd never stop coming.

Nothing much happened after that day, and I thought it was all over. Then, the last time I saw her before I left the mental-health clinic to go back to my prison unit, I was in her office, and we

were telling each other how much we would miss each other after I was gone. She stood up and said to me, "You know what I'd like to do? I'd like to give you a big hug."

I laughed and said that it would be fine with me. With a big, beautiful smile on her face, she walked over to me. We wrapped our arms around each other, and she buried her head in my chest. I knew that this would probably be the last time that I would see her for quite some time, so I took full advantage of the moment. I slowly moved my hands down her back until I reached her buttocks, and I gently massaged the cheeks of her ass in each hand. She didn't seem to mind at all. In fact, she held me even tighter. I pulled her closer to me until my hard penis was pressed firmly against her stomach. We remained in that position for about a minute, then she looked up at me with a somewhat sad expression on her face and asked me to make love to her right there in her office.

We broke each other's embrace, then she started removing the things from her desk and placing them on the floor. She reached under her dress, slid down her panties, and stepped out of them—there wasn't time for both of us to undress completely. She pulled her dress up around her breasts and lay down on top of the desk. I undid my pants and let them fall to the floor. Jean was lying across the desk with her legs hanging over the end, and I stood in front of her, between her legs. As I placed my dick against those pink lips, I reached up and began fondling her small breasts. I then brought one hand down to my prick and guided it inside her moist pussy. As I slowly began my in-and-out movements, she wrapped her legs around my waist and began moving her hips up and down to match my rhythm. It wasn't long before we both reached orgasm, and she let her legs fall from around my waist.

I didn't see Jean again for more than two years, but we wrote to each other and made plans to get together again as soon as I got out of prison. I was released about five months ago, and I've been seeing her ever since. She no longer works for the state-prison system, and we are now sharing some very nice times together. I never thought that I would ever hear myself say this, but I'm certainly glad that I went to prison.—*Name and address withheld*

BRIEF ENCOUNTER

I am a 25-year-old, well-built woman who enjoys reading "Forum," especially with my man looking over my shoulder. I think a pair of bikini panties on a man is a fantastic turn-on, especially when he has a body like my man does. Just seeing that line across his rear through a pair of tight jeans makes me want to grab his cheeks. The front is better yet, because there's always a beautiful bulge just aching to be caressed. The sight never fails to get me going.

My lover first introduced me to his panty fetish about a year and a half ago, and we have shared some wonderful experiences ever since. I've never felt anything as exciting as a man's balls and hard prick through a pair of soft, sheer panties, and the more I caress him, the larger he grows, until his prick begins to grow out of the lacy edge. By then I'm as excited as he is—we are ready to make love.

One evening, he came over and asked me to undress him, so I slipped my hand into his jeans and felt his cute little cheeks through the soft nylon. I couldn't wait to get his pants off. To my delighted surprise, he didn't have one pair of daring little panties on, but five—each more daring than the one before.

THEN MY COACH'S WIFE STARTED SUCKING THE HEAD OF MY COCK THROUGH THE PANTIES WHILE SHE JERKED ME RAPIDLY WITH QUICK, SHORT STROKES.

First I slowly removed a print pair, caressing his balls as I slipped them off, only to reveal a pair of black, wet-look string bikinis that by now held only his balls, for his prick had grown quite large. As I took those off, his hand slipped into my panties and began exploring my already very wet pussy, making me want him even more. The next pair was my absolute favorite, because it left almost nothing to the imagination—it was beautifully sheer and pink and gave me a fantastic view of his throbbing organ.

I stripped him of those dainty things, only to see that he had adorned his body with two pairs of crotchless panties. We left the last pair on, for it was slit from front to back and trimmed with a little black lace—just to tease. I was so hot, I knew that as soon as he entered me, I would come, and I did—not once, but several times, until we both exploded together in a fantastic climax. My lover has more than 100 pairs of panties, many of which I have given him—he loves the way they feel on his body, and so do I.—*Name and address withheld*

TIT FOR TAT

I have an unusual sexual habit that I think may be of interest to others like myself. I am a 32-year-old male who has supersensitive nipples—I love having them sucked occasionally. I have asked many male friends about this, but none of them have said that this particularly turns them on, and some have said they don't care for it at all. I have asked many of the dozens of women I have fucked, and none of them have had such experiences with other men.

The reason I am writing is that this nipple sensitivity has caused me embarrassment on numerous occasions, and I want your female readers to be aware that there may be many men like myself who are driven up the wall by having their nipples stimulated during foreplay and while fucking. It may also be an exciting new experience for a lot of people—both male *and* female—because it turns some girls on tremendously to do this to a man.

I'm not Joe Superstud, but I am a nice-looking guy with a good build, and I have never had trouble getting sexual partners. However, I have a very average, six-inch dick that isn't particularly big in diameter. If I'm not superhard, my dick seems small, and I rarely get superhard without having my nipples rubbed—even when I am with the sharpest girls. It sometimes embarrasses me to the point of distraction to have to direct my partner to my nipples or indicate that I like—or sometimes need!—to have it done a lot during lovemaking.

The most satisfying piece of ass I know is a 42-year-old woman who has one of the finest sets of tits I've ever seen. We start with her sitting in a chair as we chat about things that have happened since we were last together. (It's usually about a month between visits, since I live in another city.) I sit at her feet, rubbing her legs and playing with her tits through her blouse, all the while chatting in normal tones. I ask if she would like me to take her blouse off and, after doing so, I continue playing with her tits through her bra. After a while, I ask if she would like me to take her bra off so she can be more comfortable. I remove her bra and continue working on her titties (she continues chatting as if nothing is going on). First I caress them, then I kiss and suck them, and finally, I carefully nibble and bite them. She gets particularly turned on when I try to suck them while working her nipples between my tongue and the roof of my mouth.

By this time I am on my knees so she can pull my shirt up and rub my nipples

CONTINUED ON PAGE 307

LEIGH

"Vinny makes love with the same passion and intensity that he fights with. After 12 rounds of championship sex, I'm completely knocked out!"

EVERLAST

VINNY'S GIRL

They say that behind every good man is a good woman—and two-time world boxing champion Vinny Pazienza wants us to show you his. So, for once, he's stepping out of the limelight to give his girlfriend, Leigh Anderson, her moment in the center of the ring. Although she's the boxer's favorite sparring partner, 27-year-old Leigh is a knockout in her own right. The 36D-25-36 model-dancer met Vinny several years ago at a club. "He was really giving me the eye the whole night," this Mississippi maiden tells us. "Of course, not being a boxing fan at the time, I didn't even know who he was. In fact, it was a mutual friend who convinced me to go out with him. And boy, I'm glad I did. It was the best first date I ever had. We hit it off right from the start, and I couldn't believe how much we had in common." Six months later, having met her match, the beautiful blonde moved into the pugilist's Rhode Island home. "I thought my life was good before I met Vinny, but now it's great," says Leigh. "He's taught me never to be a quitter and to keep going after what I want. I'll tell you, though, I didn't give myself to Vinny right away. That built up this great sexual energy between us. It was a hot and humid evening when we first became intimate. Vinny makes love with the same passion and intensity that he fights with. After 12 rounds of championship sex, I'm completely knocked out! If any man out there can top that, I'd like to meet him."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

"Vinny has such confidence our relation-ship that he asked B Guccione to arrange this feature," Leigh tells u

In fact, Vinny actually helped direct the whole pictorial. It was such a turn-on having him there watching me."

"When I heard that I was going to be in *Penthouse*'s 25th Anniversary Issue, I couldn't believe it. Since only 12 girls out of the thousands who pose get selected to be *Penthouse* centerfolds, I know that being in *Penthouse* is really special," she says. "It's an even more prestigious honor to be a part of *Penthouse*'s celebration of its 25th year in publishing." Leigh is happy to spend much of her time celebrating the man in her life. "Vinny spends so many hours training that he needs a supportive woman who can be there for him." But when she's not sitting ringside at one of his bouts, Leigh likes to relax by going to the movies and munching on popcorn and Raisinets. "At times, I've seen all the films that are out," she says. Does she rent videos? "Just X-rated ones," she adds with a sly smile.

"I'm a strong woman with a gentle heart," our Pet says, tossing her head, her glossy blond mane catching the sunlight. But as much as our southern belle is devoted to her love, she's also not one to keep a good thing all to herself. "Vinny is so sexy that my ultimate fantasy would be to share him with two or three of my favorite Penthouse Pets," Leigh says wistfully.

Leigh explains that during the hours before a fight, she usually goes off to do her own thing. Sometimes she'll even take in a show at a local strip club. "I appreciate a beautiful woman as much as anyone," she explains. But when Leigh and Vinny are together, there's no separating them. "We'll jump at any opportunity to give each other a little thrill. If planes, trains, and automobiles could talk, you'd know all my little erotic secrets."

Wardrobe courtesy of Roma Fashions, Hollywood, Calif.; accessories courtesy of Roma Fashions, Hollywood, and Lanivich Designs, Beverly Hills.

Leigh plans on going into the field of communications. "I'd like to be a sports commentator," she reports. "Right now my life is like a roller coaster. It's very exciting and fast-paced. For now, I just want to enjoy the ride. But maybe once all the hoopla dies down, I'll settle down. I'm not one to plan for the future. Basically, if I'm healthy and Vinny is healthy and we live a good life, that's the best I can ask for."

MILITARY *affairs*

Any man or woman who has worn a U.S. military uniform knows that you can have almost unlimited supplies of the most sophisticated military equipment, but without morale it is largely ineffective. As Vietnamese General Vo Nguyen Giap said, "In war there are two factors—human beings and weapons. Ultimately, though, human beings are the decisive factor. Human beings! Human beings!"

Today America's all-volunteer force is in a state of transition, if not irreversible decline. The "downsizing" of the force due to the demise of the Soviet Union and budget constraints has been less than orderly. It has been accomplished, in large measure, without appreciation of its effects on the men and women in the armed forces. Military service, if it is to be effective, must take place on a two-way street—there must be loyalty down from the president, his appointees, and members of Congress if there is to be loyalty up from the armed forces. For the president and those in the bureaucratic chain of authority to take the men and women of the armed forces for granted is not only a measure of unwarranted arrogance, it is stupid.

The fallacy that our armed forces are made up of robots is a disaster waiting to happen. The public is unaware of the fact that large numbers of today's all-volunteer force, as well as the military retirees and the veterans who fought the hot wars and won the 45-year Cold War, are angry and demoralized over a string of broken congressional and presidential promises.

The entire category of valid military-personnel complaints is not newsworthy. The media treats these, if at all, as the bleating of a small-scale no-special-interest group. Today's veterans and military-retiree associations muster very little political clout. There are now fewer veterans in Congress than at any time since before World War II.

Regardless of these facts, the real question is whether military morale is a proper public concern. We believe it is. A case in point of the unfair things done to the armed forces in the past year involves the very prosaic problem of transferring a serviceman or woman from one duty station to another. Bear in mind that service people have no recourse other than to say "Aye aye" when receiving orders to transfer.

These "permanent change of station" orders require the service member and his or her family to pick up stakes and proceed to wherever they're told, based on the presumptive needs of the service. However, since January 1994, America's military personnel and their families have had to pay an unfair, inordinate price for President Clinton's highly heralded budget-reconciliation bill. Under this bill, all costs in connection with moving military personnel, their families, and household goods will be considered income paid and will be subject to income tax. This absurd notion of creating a tax liability for a member of the armed forces who is simply carrying out his or her orders is destined to wreck the armed forces. Consider, for example, a sergeant with high-tech skills stationed in Germany who is due to re-enlist and is also scheduled to return to the United States as part of the NATO downsizing. In this case, his imputed income could exceed his regular gross pay, and his tax liability could exceed the amount of his putative re-enlistment bonus.

This policy is more than unfair—it is dangerous. You might ask how such a dumb idea came to pass. The answer is simple: President Clinton and Congress haven't a clue as to what it takes to maintain a properly motivated and led military. If the administration's armchair warriors have their way and U.S. forces are committed to combat, there will be unwarranted and unnecessary casualties, because the leaders who could have made a difference have left the service because they could no longer afford to serve.

In 1933, Army Chief of Staff Douglas MacArthur warned, "Though morale can survive and develop in adversity that comes as an inescapable incident of service, it will quickly wither and die if soldiers come to believe themselves the victims of indifference and injustice on the part of their government, or of ignorance, personal ambition, or ineptitude on the part of their military leaders."—*William R. Corson*

We want to know what you think about the state of our nation's armed forces. Call ***1-900-772-2223****. For more details, see page 302.*

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Experience something deliciously different. A subtle hint of exotic spice a
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POISONED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 180

closet, and tucked them neatly into the inside breast pocket of a black kid-mohair suit. That should unhinge this fucker but good.

He was still in the bedroom when the bathroom door suddenly opened. Hurriedly, he pulled off his jacket and threw it on the bed, then began unbuttoning his shirt.

"What did you do with my panties?" she asked, standing there in her peach-colored silk robe.

"It's a secret."

"Tell me. I want to know." Her voice fell to a whisper. "Did you kiss them?" She unbuckled his belt and unzipped his fly with two hands. "Tell me."

She took him by the hand, lay down on the bed, drew him down beside her. She couldn't fuck him. She didn't even want to fuck him. She wanted to jerk off while he fucked her mouth. But drunk or not, she wasn't about to let a strange cock between her lips. Now that she thought about it, what the fuck was this all about?

He had done what he had come here to do. He should just get up, piss off his hard-on, and git.

"Does he ever hit you?" he asked.

"Don't even think about it," she snapped.

"No. I was only curious." What if this cocksucker beat the shit out of her when he found those cards? Maybe the bit with the panties had been too much. Fuck it. This guy wants to play with fire, fuck him. But what about her? What if she caught a beating over this?

He heard a small wet clicking sound. She was playing with herself. Her breathing grew heavier, strained and wild at once.

"Come on my tits," she said, panting. She repeated it again and again, like a chant. What would Johnny do if he knew? Would he kill him? Would he kill her? She imagined Johnny standing over them, watching, masturbating in a rage, like a caged and cornered beast.

Marshall knelt over her, fondled her breasts, watched her face contort. She opened her eyes, watched him caress his cock. Her hand moved more furiously.

"Now." Then she began to moan, low and long, and as he watched her writhe beneath him, he shuddered and shook the hot, pasty sap from his cock onto her breasts and across her shoulder and neck. She called out for God, then wilted and lay there gasping. Even through the general anesthesia of the wine, she hated herself. She had never before laid bare her nature for a stranger like this. What had gotten into her? She had felt miserable before. She felt wretched now.

Marshall skulked with his clothes into the other room. He felt like shit. He had come here as an agent and was leaving as a fool. We're all fucking animals, all of us, he told himself. When he was dressed, he went to the bedroom and looked down on her.

"I guess we'll keep this afternoon our little secret," he said.

She said nothing. It did not seem that there was anything to say.

Back in his office, Marshall sat at his computer and began merging data. He was still there at eight o'clock, when Mary called. By then he had washed his hands three times. Before he went home, he washed them once again.

Then, in time, Johnny showed up once again in Brooklyn. He told Diane that he had just returned from Europe and he wanted to pick up some things, that he had one more trip to make. In truth, it was the shackles that had drawn him.

She had a look in her eye that disturbed him. It was the look of neither a stranger nor an enemy, but of an orphan in a storm, a look that seemed to recognize him only as a figure from a recurrent and troubling dream. He knew then that they would never make love again.

"How do you feel?" she said.

"All right," he said, unsure.

"About us, I mean."

To that there was no response—real or feigned—within him, other than to embrace. He did, and she immediately began to weep. And before he knew it, what would never again happen between them was happening. Her mouth seemed to want to drink in whatever cure there might be for the aching, draining loss of her tears, and her body filled with the greatest passion of all, a passion not of pleasure or love or heat or hate but of blind rage and sorrow. And that is what it was, not a fucking but a sorrowing, a sad, slow, carnal dance of loss. They lapped at each other like two beasts licking their mutual wounds in soundless, instinctive ceremony. Her cunt was hot and wet and clenching, and his cock struck within her like a misericord.

They lay together silently, until the slow beating of dark night became too much to bear.

He was about to leave. It was she who reminded him: "Didn't you want to pick up some things?" She reached up and turned on the wall light over the bed, then rolled over into her own darkness.

He started pulling some clothes from the closet: the jacket of soft olive silk he had bought on sale at Burberrys, his black kid-mohair custom-tailored suit, a pair of blue wool summer slacks, a few light shirts. At first he thought the bulge in the breast pocket of the black kid-mohair jacket was a necktie. When he pulled out the balled-up pair of

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"Somehow I just assumed that ball gazers used crystal balls."

Dennis Franz

The man behind "NYPD Blue's" lumpy, sarcastic Detective Andy Sipowicz

The clouds still haven't cleared from last year's monsoon of publicity over "NYPD Blue." Even before its debut in the fall of 1993, this edgy new cop show from ABC was kicking up a storm. First there came word that the series would push into realms of nudity and rough language previously unheard of in prime time. The prospect of that—of what Executive Producer Steven Bochco was calling "the first R-rated show" on network TV—agitated groups like the perennially agitated Reverend Donald Wildmon and his American Family Association and scared off some ABC affiliates (43 of the network's 225 stations refused to carry the show during its first season). Then, following that flap, there came a second gush of stories—this time adoring pieces about series star David Caruso, whose red-headed mug was suddenly everywhere.

Now, like a tortoise gradually gaining on the outside, comes Caruso's costar, Dennis Franz. In his role as the lumpy, sarcastic Detective Andy Sipowicz, Franz, 49, is finally getting the notice he deserves. On "NYPD Blue" he gives an original and stinging portrayal of a man in trouble. This cop isn't just a tough guy—he has the hunted look of an introvert. Fans of the show have also developed a rooting interest in the fumbling romance between Sipowicz and Assistant District Attorney Sylvia Costas (Sharon Lawrence). At last, a love affair with fear and bile in it—something real people can relate to.

Like Sipowicz, Dennis Franz has a street-tough side and a private side. If there were a town called Mental Health, however, Sipowicz would be outside it, lost on the freeway. That's not so with Franz. The actor has a genial light in his eye and a powerful handshake. He has a solid relationship of 12 years with his girlfriend, Joanie Zeck (the two live in Bel Air, where he has helped raise her two teenage daughters). This seedy and sallow thing

"I don't think 'NYPD Blue' is a violent show. The emotional consequences of violence are always great. It's a very moralistic show."

Interview by Pope Brock • Photograph by Peter Liepke

he does, that's *acting*.

The only son of German immigrants, Franz had a scrappy but stable childhood growing up in Maywood, a suburb of Chicago. After graduating from Southern Illinois University, he spent a watershed year in Vietnam as an army corporal with a reconnaissance unit. He went in, he says, "a frivolous young man," but after enduring the death of friends in combat and moments when he lay on the ground literally shaking with fear, he returned home changed.

His acting career began in earnest in the mid-seventies, with a five-year stint as a member of the Organic Theatre Company of Chicago. The troupe often developed its own plays—"It was the most creative time of my life as an actor," Franz says—but in 1978, several members of the group, including Franz, Joe Mantegna, and Meshach Taylor, headed for Los Angeles. Mantegna wound up as a prominent film actor, Taylor in TV comedy ("Designing Women," "Dave's World"), and Franz was slotted into a Hollywood career playing mostly cops.

In fact, Franz has, by his own count, played 28 cops in his career, in a slew of projects from TV's "Police Story" to the big-budget movie *Die Hard 2* with Bruce Willis. The nadir, according to Franz, was a TV pilot for something called "NYPD Mounted" (which sounds even sexier than "NYPD Blue"; it was, sadly, about cops on horses).

The cop show that lifted Franz out of the ruck was the legendary "Hill Street Blues," where he began his association with Steven Bochco and David Milch, co-creators of "NYPD Blue." Actually, Franz played two police officers on "Hill Street": First, in a five-episode run during the 1983–84 season, he was Detective Sal Benedetto, a cheerful sadist in a long leather coat who wound up blowing his brains out in a bank vault. The character was a big hit—*TV Guide* voted him Villain of the Year. The producers wanted Franz back, so eventually, Benedetto morphed into the popular Lieutenant Norman Buntz, who was featured on the show's last two seasons—a rogue detective with the worst wardrobe this side of a clown college.

Now comes Andy Sipowicz, Franz's crowning cop. Franz does say he's grateful for the new challenges "NYPD Blue" has offered him. (One he has yet to face is playing a nude scene, but every once in a while, the body-makeup lady shows up on the set and, like the Angel of Death, one day she will come for him.) Even so, when this series finally slips into history, Franz hopes to retire his badge. He wants to play something besides a cop. He figures 28 is enough.

First scene, first episode of "NYPD Blue": You grab your crotch and snarl at prosecutor Sylvia Costas, "Ipso this, you pissy little bitch." After that, the two of you wind up in the TV romance of the year. Was it planned that way from the beginning?

No. At that time it was not intended that Sipowicz and Costas would have a relationship. In fact, that was not even supposed to be the first scene of the series. But after we had filmed it, the producers liked it so much, they thought it sort of set the tone for the whole series, so they put it up top.

So how did these two characters get involved?

I'm happy to say that was my suggestion. I'd played 28 cops, and not one of them had ever had a love interest, so I was really looking for one. I like relationships between characters coming from entirely different places, and when I brought it up, the producers immediately said, "Great idea. Let's go for it." That was around the seventh or eighth episode. Sharon's pretty thrilled about it, and I am, too. It's proved to be everything I thought it would be.

Shooting that first love scene in Sipowicz's apartment must have been a change of pace for you.

I loved that scene. I loved the difficulty of playing it. It's true, I don't get to play too many love scenes, so it was awkward for me. But I was able to use that. Sipowicz is an extremely closed man, very concealed about his feelings, so it's very awkward for him, too.

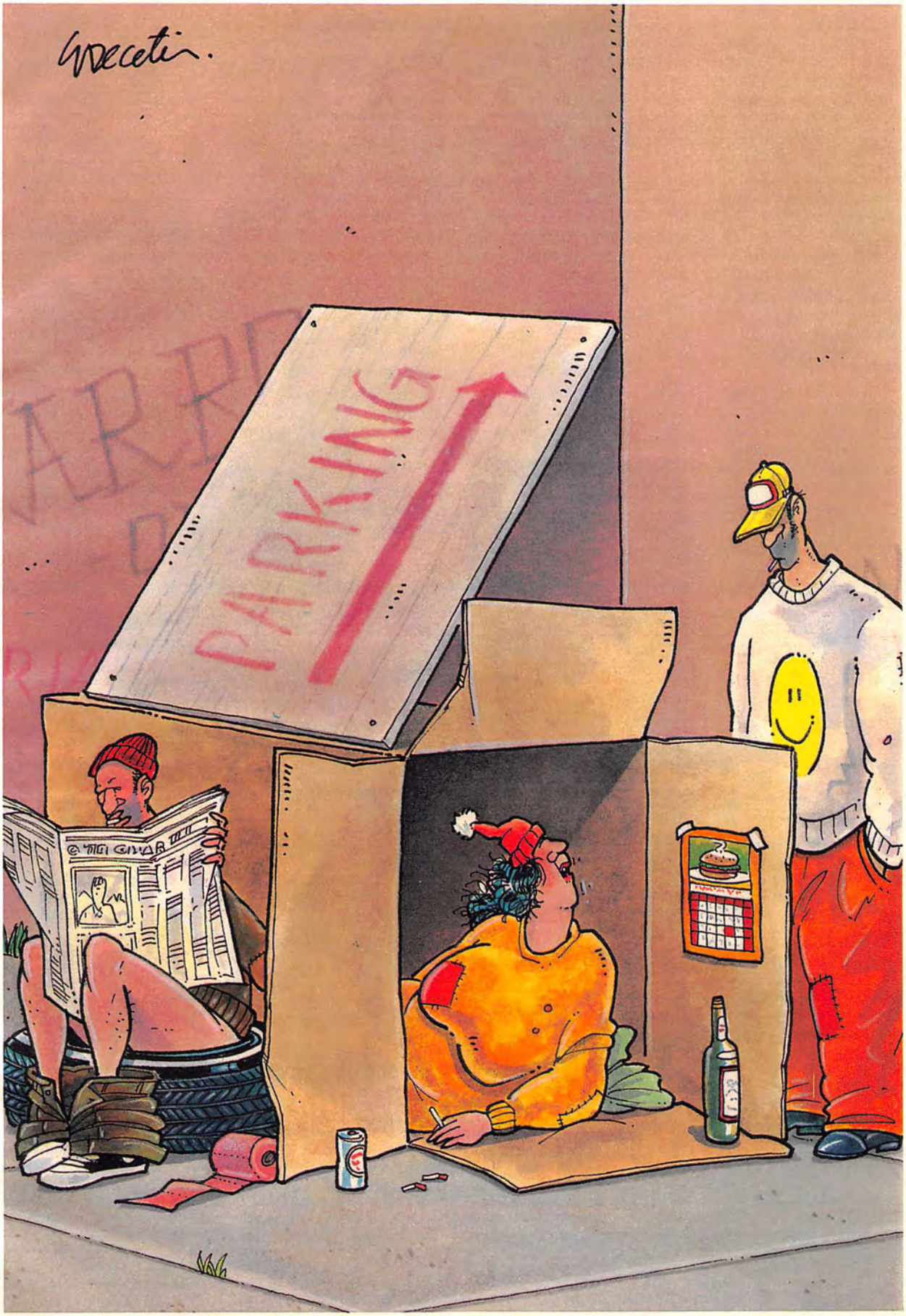
As originally written, that scene had us in bed rolling around in the nude together. Then the rewrites came down, and what it turned into was simply Costas taking her top off and me flipping off the lights—which I thought was really sweet. I liked that. I liked the sensitivity of this guy, being embarrassed enough that he has to turn the lights out. I liked his respect for her.

Was that the toughest scene you've had to play on the show so far?

No. It was the pilot episode, where Sipowicz is in such a low state, where he's out of control and can't ask for help. And then some of the fight scenes are exhausting, just on a physical level. I had a battle with [mobster] Alfonse Giardella, played by Bobby Costanzo, in the pilot. I stuff a $100 bill in his mouth, then I stuff a sock in his mouth, then I take his wig off and jam it in his mouth. Then I jump on his back. We end up falling in a sandpile, and we're throwing sand at each other. And then I jump on top of him again and start smacking him.

Stuff like that is exhausting, but it's also fun to do. We were like two big kids. In fact, when we were watching it back on the replay, Costanzo said, "We look like

With "NYPD Blue," the hottest new drama of last year's TV season, Dennis Franz (shown here with costar David Caruso) finally gets the notice he deserves.



"He's in the bathroom."

two out-of-work sumo wrestlers."

When I played Benedetto on "Hill Street," I grabbed a guy's nose in a pair of pliers. I pushed another guy's face in a plate of spaghetti, and then I threw red wine on him. It's fun on both sides. If I'm the guy getting smashed, that's fine. If I'm doing the smashing, that's okay, too.

Is it a good outlet for your aggressions?

Absolutely. Without question. I do get to release my frustrations through these guys I play. It saves a lot on my home life.

Are you a good fighter in real life?

Yeah, I can handle myself. I would always rather not, but I grew up in an area, a suburb of Chicago, where you had to. You had to learn how to use your fists. You had to be able to defend yourself.

Do you have the same problem that, say, Humphrey Bogart used to have, when people who have seen you on TV spot you in a bar or something and want to confront you to see how tough you really are?

I've had that a couple of times, especially when I first started getting visible. People thought maybe that's the way I am, and they'd want to challenge me. When it first started happening, I thought, *Am I going to play into this? Am I going to be this kind of guy all the time, always aggressive?* I knew in my heart that's not what I'm most comfortable with. I'm a lot less confrontational than the characters I tend to play. I'm more passive. I walk away. So I just had to make a decision early on that I was going to be myself, and if it disappoints people, so be it. I can always do the bombastic sort of character. I can pull it off. But I'm not that guy.

Of course, "NYPD Blue" is famous, or notorious, for pushing the boundaries of what's acceptable on network television. Let's take language, for instance. Obviously, there are still some words you can't use. Is there a list somewhere?

Evidently, there is. Shit, fuck, goddamn—those three for sure. I was surprised when I heard prick. But I guess after asshole, prick is soon to follow.

I used up one show's whole quota of assholes in one particular scene. Kelly [David Caruso] and I are racing somewhere, and a car cuts us off and we smash into him, and this drunk driver gets out. He says, "You asshole." I get enraged and jump on his hood and kick out his windshield. I just went off. There was no dialogue written, nothing. I just climbed up on the hood and started jumping and going, "I'm an asshole? I'm an asshole? I'll show you an asshole, you asshole." I used asshole maybe ten times. And then I kicked in his windshield. That was not supposed to happen; it was an accident. But as soon as I broke it, I thought, *Well, they're stuck with this take. They've got to eat all these assholes.*

Isn't there something kind of unreal about how the lines are drawn now? That somehow douche bag is okay, but shithead isn't?

It *is* odd. A word is a word. There was this one word we used—goonya. I had a line, something about "bouncing around in your goonya." Somebody at the network got up in arms about it. They said, "You can't say 'goonya' on TV." And Milch says, "What are you talking about? I made up that word. It's not a real word." They said, "Yeah, but the way Franz says it, you can't use it." They fought over it. Eventually, we got it on the air.

What are the exact rules on nudity?

No pink. That's the rule. No nipples. No genitals. Butts are okay. Don't ask me why. And even that, they try to put limitations on the use of that, and Bochco and Milch will agree to that. They don't want to just be gratuitous. But if that helps them in telling their stories, that's a color they can use.

There's a nudity clause in all the principal actors' contracts?

Yes. If requested, we agree to appear naked. I was very flattered. I said, "Absolutely. I'll sign."

How do you feel about the Reverend Donald Wildmon and his American Family Association?

Well, I owe him a lot. He made the show a huge success. At least he was instrumental in that, in the immediate success of it. Do I disagree with their concerns? Not entirely. On the other hand, this is still America. We still have a choice. We still should be allowed freedom of speech. And it's our choice, hopefully as responsible adults, to either approve or disapprove of any particular artistic offering. That's exactly what this is. Wildmon has every right to make his statement and to try to get others to see it his way. I do appreciate his concerns about the state of entertainment, but I don't agree with his encouraging people to not be allowed to have a choice in this. There are people who made decisions without even having seen the show. They were afraid of the concept of "NYPD Blue," and they got on the bandwagon and protected their communities by

CONTINUED ON PAGE 274

"Some of the fight scenes are exhausting ... but it's also fun to do. It's fun on both sides. If I'm the guy getting smashed, that's fine. If I'm doing the smashing, that's okay, too."

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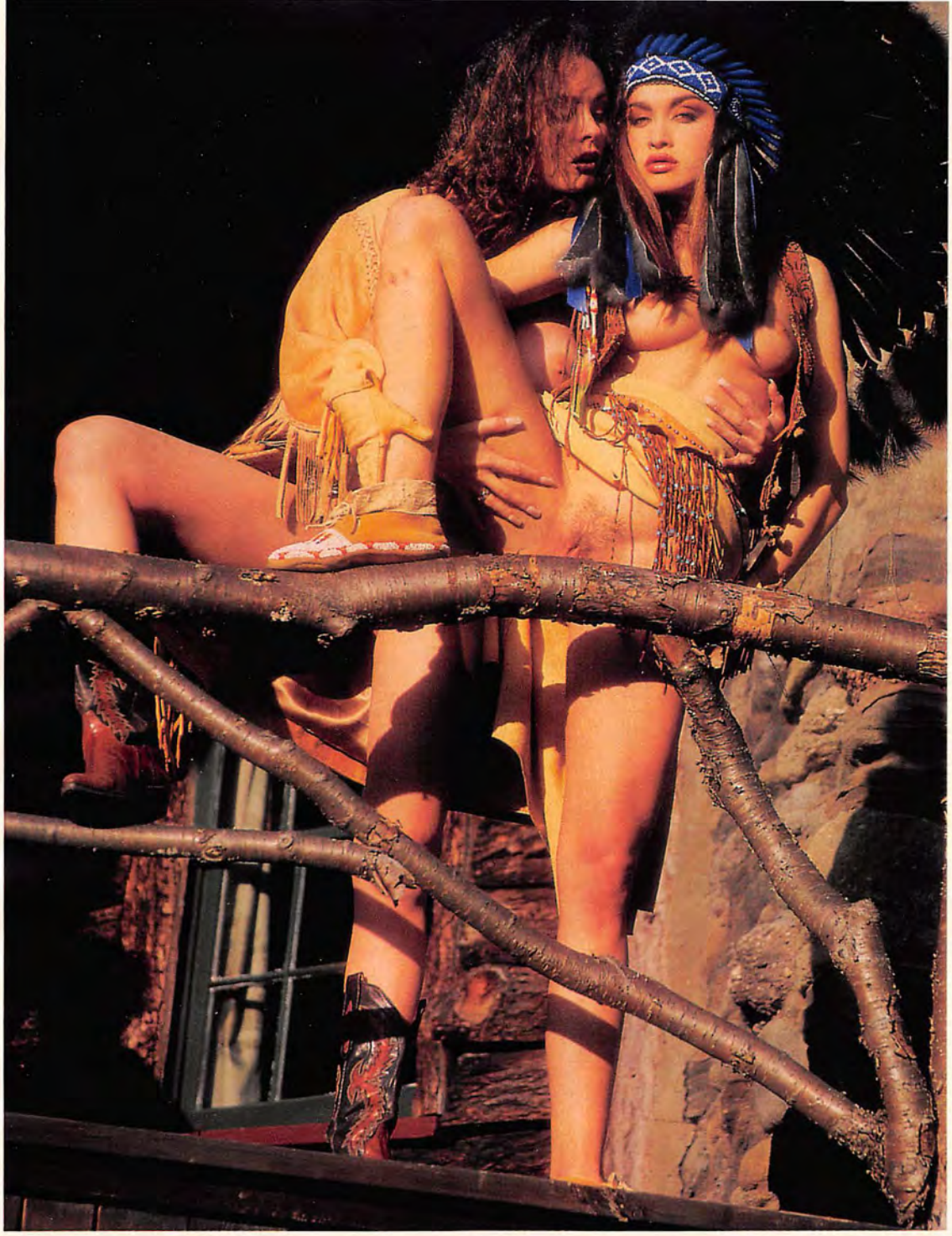


SASHA & LESLIE

The *Penthouse* Pet of the Year and her admittedly chagrined Runner-Up—smaller minds might presume that pride or jealousy would prevent such lovely twain from ever uniting. Not so with our two shining stars of 1994. "I must admit, I *was* disappointed at not being chosen Pet of the Year," says our luscious Runner-Up, Leslie Glass, "but that honor has always been just *one* of my favorite fantasies." Although it wasn't easy to accommodate their bustling schedules, Leslie and Sasha Vinni were both determined to steal a few moments to share the camera, and each other, in an unforgettable 25th-anniversary extravaganza.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIP MOND

The Russia
born Sash
has always
been crazy
for all thing
American-
especially
the legend

of the Wild West—and when she suggested a *Dances With Wolves* motif, Leslie happily obliged.

"Frontiersmen—and *women*—were known for their itch to explore
for hidden treasure and penetrate virgin territory,"
observed Leslie slyly, as she set out on her sexy new adventure.

The girls were well aware that their million of fans wou expect the fur to fly during this

very unique
hoto shoot.
"Let's *really*
give them
omething to
talk about,"
Sasha
cooed.

But then, as their poses began to take on increasing fervor, words ceased and their passions took them both by surprise. The camera clicked furiously, barely able to keep up with the action.

The photographer was forgotten as these two queens of passion held court, acknowledging only the sensations of tongues upon quivering flesh and the stomach-churning, heart-pounding excitation of their orgasms. If only the entire world could take a lesson from them, someone remarked, packing up the equipment. The cameras were gone, but Leslie and Sasha were far from finished.

The health of most of the Americans in the war may have been compromised when the Army gave them experimental drugs —without their informed consent.

ARTICLE BY GARY NULL

The Gulf War Syndrome:

Causes and the Cover-up

"The situation is unfair from start to finish. It begins with soldiers who are asked to participate in research or take experimental drugs, but are not told what the risks are before, during, or after.

"Then information about the exposures is not included in the soldiers' medical records, putting them at even greater risk. And when these soldiers leave the service and become veterans, the [Veterans Administration] lacks information about the exposures and about any resulting illnesses, making it more difficult to help them.

"Finally, when these veterans become ill, they are unable to get the medical records and other information they need in order to prove that their illnesses are related to military service.

"This situation is unacceptable."

Our government is responsible for more deaths and disablement of U.S. soldiers than the Iraqi forces were. In effect, we conducted war on ourselves.

These strong words about service-related illness in Gulf War veterans sound like they come from a radical veterans' rights–group activist. But they don't. They were spoken by John D. Rockefeller IV, senator from West Virginia and the chair of the Senate's Committee on Veterans' Affairs. They were uttered on May 6, 1994, when that committee held a hearing on the topic "Is Military Research Hazardous to Veterans' Health?" In the aftermath of America's Persian Gulf involvement, clearly the answer to that question was yes. Military research has been hazardous to veterans' health.

It's been common knowledge that the Gulf War—whatever it did or did not accomplish politically—definitely constituted a terrible environmental assault on the health of the Americans who participated. Fumes from burning oil wells and other toxins, as well as the unsanitary conditions the soldiers lived in, wreaked havoc on the immune system of many of our people there.

But now we're also learning that the health of most of the 700,000 servicepeople in the gulf may have been compromised even before the onset of their participation in the conflict, when the Army gave them experimental drugs. What's

more, our servicemen and -women were given these drugs without their informed consent.

One hundred and fifty thousand of our military personnel were given anthrax vaccine, an approved but rarely used drug. Eight thousand people received an experimental vaccine against botulism. And, depending on whose figures are used, more than 400,000 military personnel ingested an experimental nerve agent pretreatment in the form of a series of pills called pyridostigmine bromide. There was nothing voluntary in our servicepeople's taking of any of these powerful drugs.

The news gets worse in that the giving of the pyridostigmine bromide was probably a total mistake. That's because while pyridostigmine is supposed to be effective against a particular chemical agent, soman, it may make individuals more vulnerable to other nerve agents, such as one called sarin. The only verified report of chemical weapons in the gulf concluded that it was this latter agent, sarin, that was present. In other words, experimental pills were given for the wrong agent.

Fumes from burning oil wells and other toxins, as well as the unsanitary conditions the soldiers lived in, wreaked havok on the immune system of many Americans in the Gulf War.

Well over 100,000 GIs have become sick since the war, with spouses catching some of these illnesses and babies being born with health problems. Compounding the horror is the fact that the Department of Veterans' Affairs has done a terrible job of following up on all this. They don't seem to want to know anything.

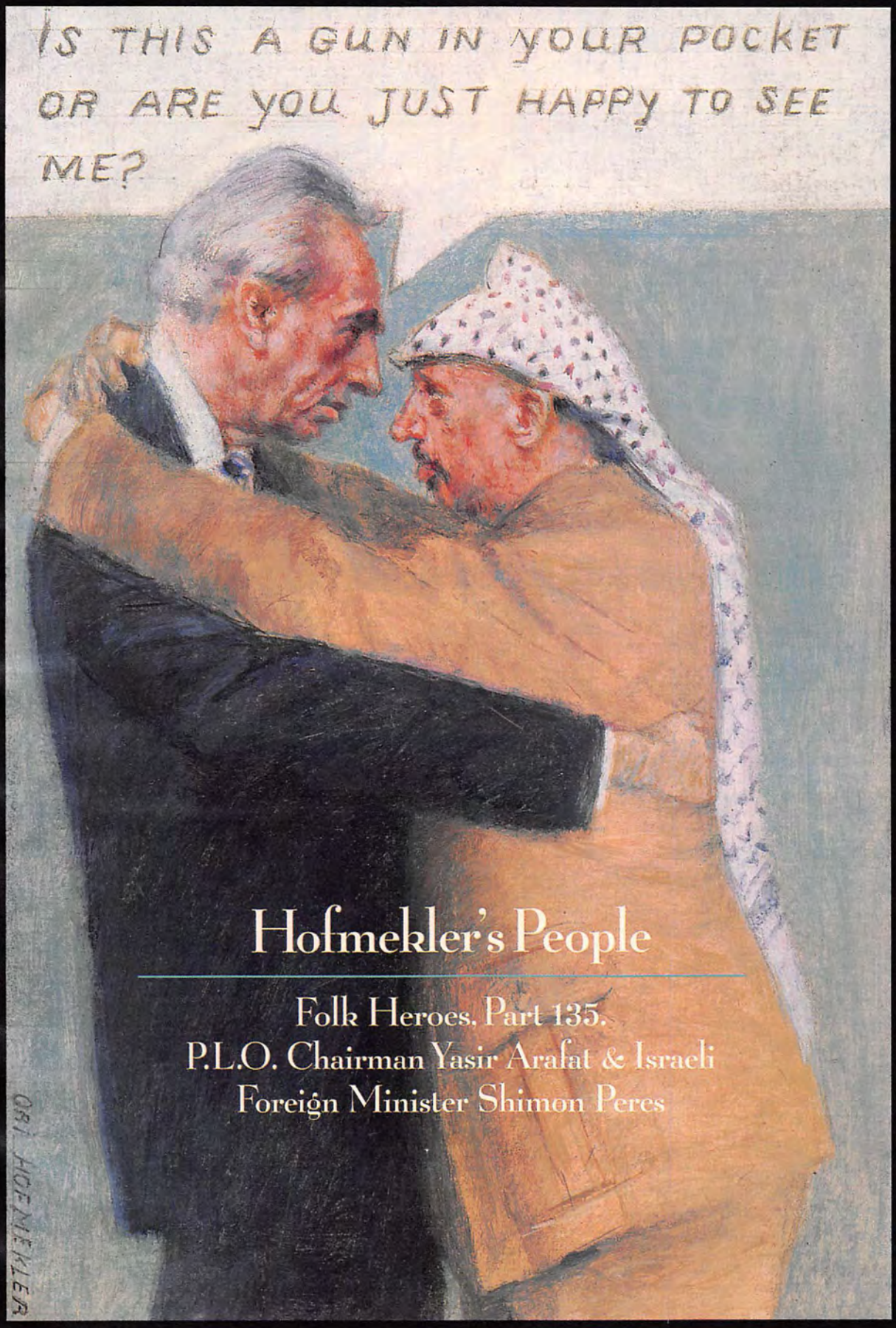
In a sense, this has the terrible appearance of history repeating itself. All Vietnam veterans know by now that Agent Orange, which contained a known toxin—the defoliant dioxin—was widely used in deforestation efforts in Vietnam. That poison became a deadly time bomb ticking away in the bodies of up to a million GIs, who were later denied recognition of their problem, not to mention adequate treatment and benefits.

Paul Sullivan, a participant in this most recent tragedy, served in the Persian Gulf War as a cavalry scout with the First Armored Division. After he became ill, he began to organize other Gulf War vets in the Atlanta area. Recently, Sullivan spoke about what he went through: "I first became ill right there in the gulf, with rashes and what we just considered runny noses. It never went away. I ended up with chronic sinusitis, chronic bronchitis, learned I had a tuberculosis infection. The rashes still haven't gone away. The V.A. completely blew me off for two years, until I went public and talked on your radio station.... Before then, the V.A. was in the process of purging people's records, denying them service.... This denial of the problem—that it even exists—by the Department of Defense and the Department of Veterans' Affairs is absolutely shocking, immoral, and unconscionable—absolutely outrageous....

"When you finally get into the V.A. system," Sullivan continued, "what happens is, they'll lose your records. I went to appointments, ended up waiting four, five additional hours for the doctor simply to find my medical records or the X rays that they took two or three days earlier. When you do get an exam, the doctor will say, 'I've got five minutes. Tell me your problem.' Then they won't record your symptoms. You hear stories about doctors where their stethoscopes were not even in their ears. You hear stories about soldiers going in there like me, with rashes and respiratory problems, and the doctors not even writing it down. Then, even though we're sick, they don't do any tests. Lung-function tests, sinus X rays, chest X rays—they weren't doing any of that. Then for the few tests that they did run, such as blood tests—in my case, they knew I had an immune deficiency—nobody ever looked at the results....

"Unfortunately for the many veterans who get out of the service and don't have any health insurance," Sullivan added, "the V.A. is our only

CONTINUED ON PAGE 234



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SORAYAMA

This unique artist, with an eye for beauty, a hand for craft, and a penchant for hard work, celebrates the female form.

"Art is a kind of tenacity, an insistence upon asserting your own originality," says Hajime Sorayama. "By contrast, superrealism deals with the technical issue of how close one can get to one's object." Since graduating from art school in 1969, Sorayama has been perfecting his own superrealistic illustration techniques while simultaneously raising the level of skill and craftsmanship in the field to new heights.

The career of this first-class illustrator began as the last-ditch effort of an extremely intelligent but highly unmotivated 20 year old to find his true passion and place in this world. After an unsatisfying attempt at college, studying Greek and then English, Sorayama's childhood affinity for drawing led him to Japan's Chuo Art School. Besides, he figured, they didn't even require an entrance exam.

But he was an excellent student, and his first job after graduating was as a comprehensive illustrator for an advertising agency. A comp illustration is a sketch drawn—usually under a tight deadline—for the sole purpose of providing an image to be used during the agency's client presentations. The job taught Sorayama two things: He hated being forced to cut corners due to time restraints, and he strongly preferred finished illustrations to sketch work. Not surprisingly, he left the corporate world as soon as he could afford to.

He has since been diligently perfecting his craft, following the credo that technique is a matter of discipline and practice. According to Sorayama, "Unlike art, illustration is not a matter of emotion or hatreds,

but an experience that comes naturally through logical thinking." In 1978 he started drawing robots, and a year later, these sexy female figures began to surface publicly. While Sorayama's fine-tuned technique is superbly suitable for a wide range of subjects, his favorite remains the erotically charged form of a naked woman.

Hanging on the wall and cluttered all over his desk are *Penthouse* photographs of women. From that inspiration Sorayama first drafts his images, some of which are featured in this beguiling layout. Like many men, Sorayama prefers tightly muscled and sinewy women. As he explains, "I like a firm build. I feel that a bad-woman type is sexy. I think it's sexy to see muscles." After drafting an image, he uses tracing paper to copy it on to an illustration board. Pencil lines are drawn in once again, and after brushing in the black portions and adding a fixative to the pencil lines, faint coloring is applied with an airbrush. The flesh portions are applied with a brush, then the colors are painted over in layers so they become deeper.

After drying the picture, Sorayama erases some of the paint to create true-to-life highlights—a vital task, because light is the most important element in his work. As he says, "Observing light very carefully and drawing it accurately are the most fundamental parts of superrealism." Last the artist carefully draws the model's eyes, which he believes can often determine the quality of the finished product.

Sorayama enjoys shocking people with drawings that are so similar to the originals as to be indistinguishable. He believes that as an illustrator doing realistic work, it is important to convey the feel of the subject while withholding the idiosyncrasies of the artist. That's not to say, however, that he doesn't appreciate the masters of his genre. For instance, Sorayama says that his favorite artist is Henri Matisse, explaining, "His sensibility gives the canvas the feeling that it is really breathing." And, in fact, many of Sorayama's images look as if they themselves are about to come to life.

Sorayama will be signing exhibition posters at his first U.S. show, at the Tamara Bane Gallery on September 23 and 24 of this year; more than 50 of his original works will be displayed. The gallery, located at 8025 Melrose Avenue in Los Angeles, will also be displaying prints and posters during the event and can be contacted at (213) 651-1400 or (800) 325-2765.

GULF WAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 222

option. And our only option has crashed and burned under the stress of so many hundreds of thousands of vets coming in and looking for help."

Sullivan went on to talk about the GIs' exposure to chemical weapons in Iraq. "We actually went into these Iraqi bunker complexes and cataloged their chemical-tipped warheads," he said. "And they're denying that the Iraqis ever used them. We were over there counting the stupid things. And they're going to tell them that the Iraqis didn't use them or that some of them weren't blown up accidentally when our bombers bombed their positions or when our artillery bombed their positions or when our tanks shot all kinds of rounds into their bunker complexes? Of course some of that stuff had to leak, but we weren't told to put on our masks. In fact, nobody did. No chemical-detection kits were brought in there with us to detect chemical warfare.

"As a result," Sullivan continued, "a whole lot of guys in my platoon are sick. I started contacting them after I started running into problems with the V.A. and getting sicker and sicker and sicker. I found out that these guys in my platoon have the same kinds of rashes, the same kinds of respiratory problems, and a bunch of them also came home with tuberculosis infections. The V.A. says there's no pattern. There's no pattern because the V.A. isn't looking for one."

But there seems to be a pattern in the military's misuse of our fellow citizens. Neil Tetzlaff, who was a lieutenant colonel in the U.S. Air Force during the Gulf War, told the May 6 Senate hearing about his health problems, which began even before he arrived in Saudi Arabia: "While being mobilized, I was issued a seven-day supply of pyridostigmine-bromide pills and was told to start taking them on an eight-hour schedule, which I did. The package contained no warnings. For me, this was a chronic overdose of pyridostigmine. Both my immediate physical and mental symptoms corroborate this fact.

"On the plane ride to Saudi and during my first day in-country," Tetzlaff said, "I was nauseated and vomited. I attributed the sickness to the plane ride and tenseness of the situation. On my second day there, I vomited again and felt 'different.' I attributed the sickness to something I'd eaten. On the third day, I was extremely nauseated and vomited many times. I sought out the doctor and discussed my illness with him. We dismissed it as something I had eaten at the Saudi canteen. On my fourth day there, I vomited violently, the worst ever of my life, and was acting a bit off center and muddled.... On the morning of the seventh day, I vomited about a quart of blood.

"I knew then I was in deep trouble," Tetzlaff continued, "and I headed straight for the doctor. Shortly thereafter I began to lose consciousness, and the doctor started an I.V. After examining me in the Taif clinic, the doctor commandeered a C-130 and air-evacuated me to the Royal Saudi Hospital in Riyadh....

"Since taking pyridostigmine while deployed for Desert Shield, I have been suffering moderate, severe, and intolerable pain, fatigue easily, and lately have developed one heck of a palsy. I've lost my ability to speak because I can't recall words, have extreme problems with my short-term memory, and I had a dramatic change in my olfactory system. The last three and a half years have been extremely difficult on my family and me. This brief description by no means enumerates the mental and physical disabilities I've had to overcome.

NEIL TETZLAFF, A LIEUTENANT COLONEL DURING THE GULF WAR, ASKED THE SENATE: "WAS THE U.S. GUILTY OF DOING THE SAME THING THE NAZIS DID?"

"As the situation stands now," Tetzlaff went on, "the disabling effects of pyridostigmine are not known and are not being investigated, even though the drug was used during Desert Storm on an experimental basis. I am caught in the same dilemma as the victims of [Operation] Crossroads and Agent Orange. During the nuclear tests in the forties, radiation wasn't considered hazardous, and during Vietnam, Agent Orange wasn't considered harmful. Pyridostigmine, taken at the dose of 30 milligrams every eight hours, is considered to be noninjurious to humans by the D.O.D."

Tetzlaff reported that "military medical doctors routinely returned soldiers taking pyridostigmine to duty, even though they were suffering overdose symptoms, such as vomiting, increased urinary frequency, and headaches, without telling the soldiers to stop taking pyridostigmine."

He also said that in November 1990 some pharmacists deployed to the gulf refused to issue the experimental pills to soldiers without getting consent forms from them. "They raised a number of moral, ethical, and legal issues," Tetzlaff said, "such as, Was the United States guilty of doing exactly the same thing the Nazis did in World War II? This forced D.O.D. to get F.D.A.'s approval to issue the experimental medicine to soldiers without individual consent. Even with F.D.A.'s approval, there is still a great deal of discussion in medical and pharmaceutical literature as to whether D.O.D. violated the Geneva accords."

The Senate hearing at which Tetzlaff spoke was the culmination of an intensive six-month investigation that, Senator Rockefeller said in his opening statement, "showed a reckless disregard that shocked me, and I think that will shock all Americans."

Rockefeller went on to say that "the use of investigational drugs in the Persian Gulf is especially troublesome. The Pentagon did studies of one of these drugs, pyridostigmine, in a cautious way before the war, excluding anyone who might be harmed by the drug. But after protecting a few hundred men who volunteered for these studies, they threw caution to the winds, ignoring all warnings of potential harm, and gave these drugs to hundreds of thousands of soldiers with virtually no warnings and no safeguards.

"If that wasn't bad enough," Rockefeller said, "they administered these drugs and vaccines in such a way that there is a very good chance they wouldn't have even worked for the intended purpose. They would not have protected most soldiers from chemical or biological warfare. These are strong statements, and I don't make them lightly."

Dr. Thomas Callender, a physician who specializes in internal medicine in addition to environmental and occupational toxicology and who has worked with many Desert Storm vets, also spoke at the hearing: "First, as a result of their activities in Iraq–Kuwait–Saudi Arabia, the physical health of many of the Desert Storm veterans has been seriously impaired, and many more are having significant problems. My second observation is that the military has abandoned the soldiers and behaves as if it does not want to know what happened. Many of the soldiers I talked to are heroes in the classic American sense of the word, and this country should be proud of them.... They are not disposable objects to do a job and then be discarded when they are no longer needed....

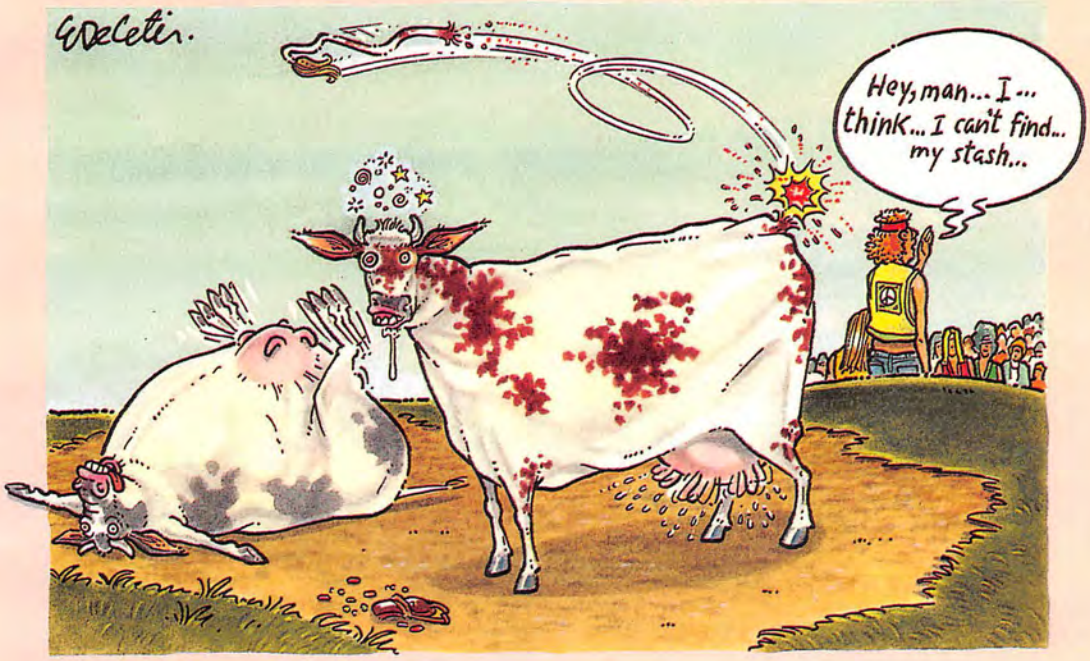
"The military has erroneously, superficially, and often deliberately chosen to conclude that the Desert Storm veterans are either over-stressed, neurotic,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 240

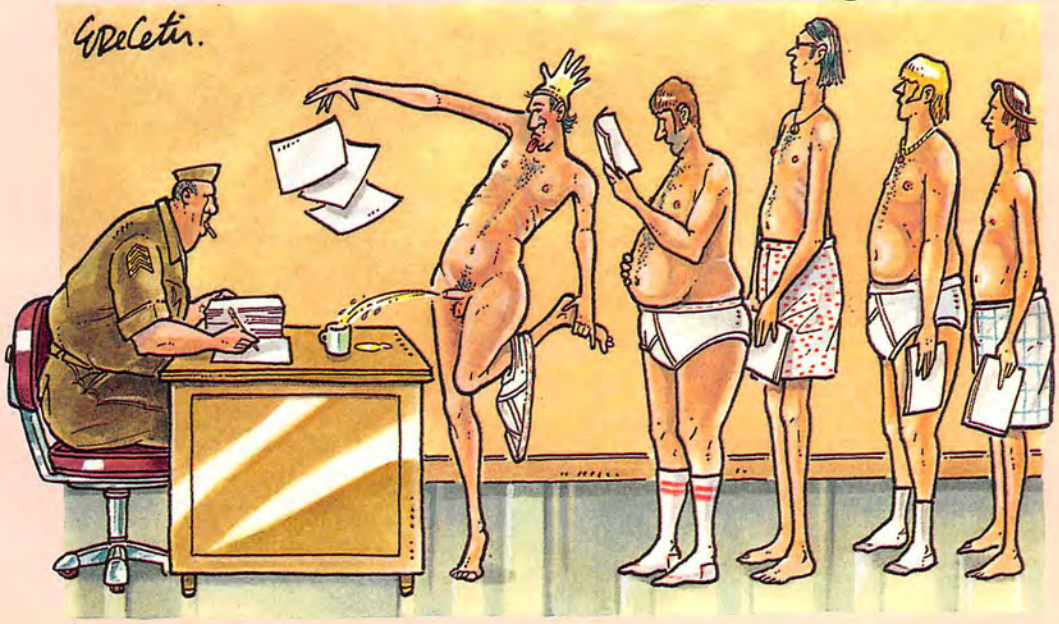
Blind Dates

SATIRE BY ERIC JAY DECETIS

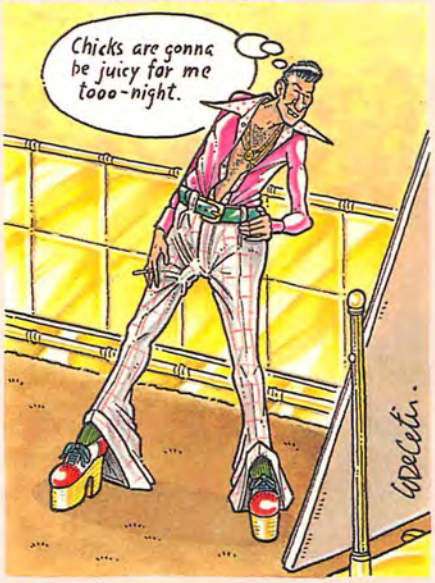
1969 Max Yasgur's farm is "hippie heaven" at Woodstock festival. Local officials fear flood of hallucinogens into community.



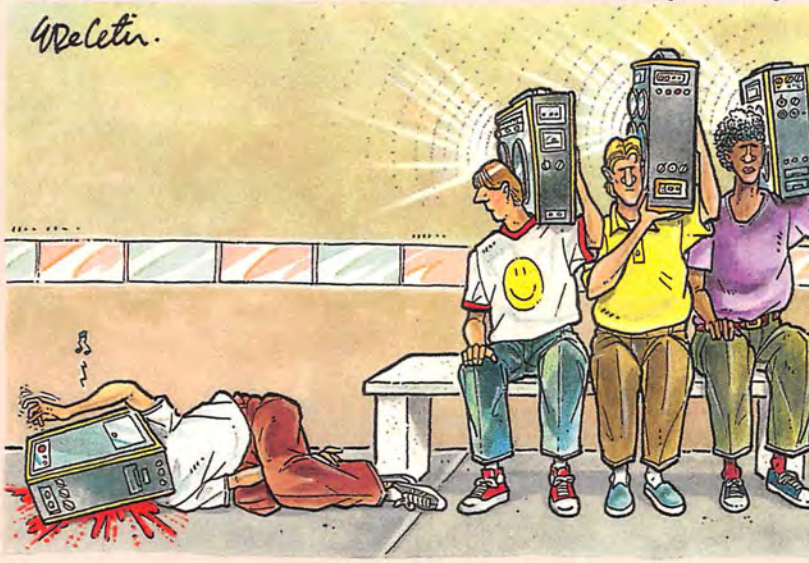
1970 Selective-service induction centers flourish as draft evaders get creative.



1975 Fashion experts agree....
Sexy new disco styles are hot, hot, hot!



1976 Health risks surface as "boom boxes" increase in popularity.

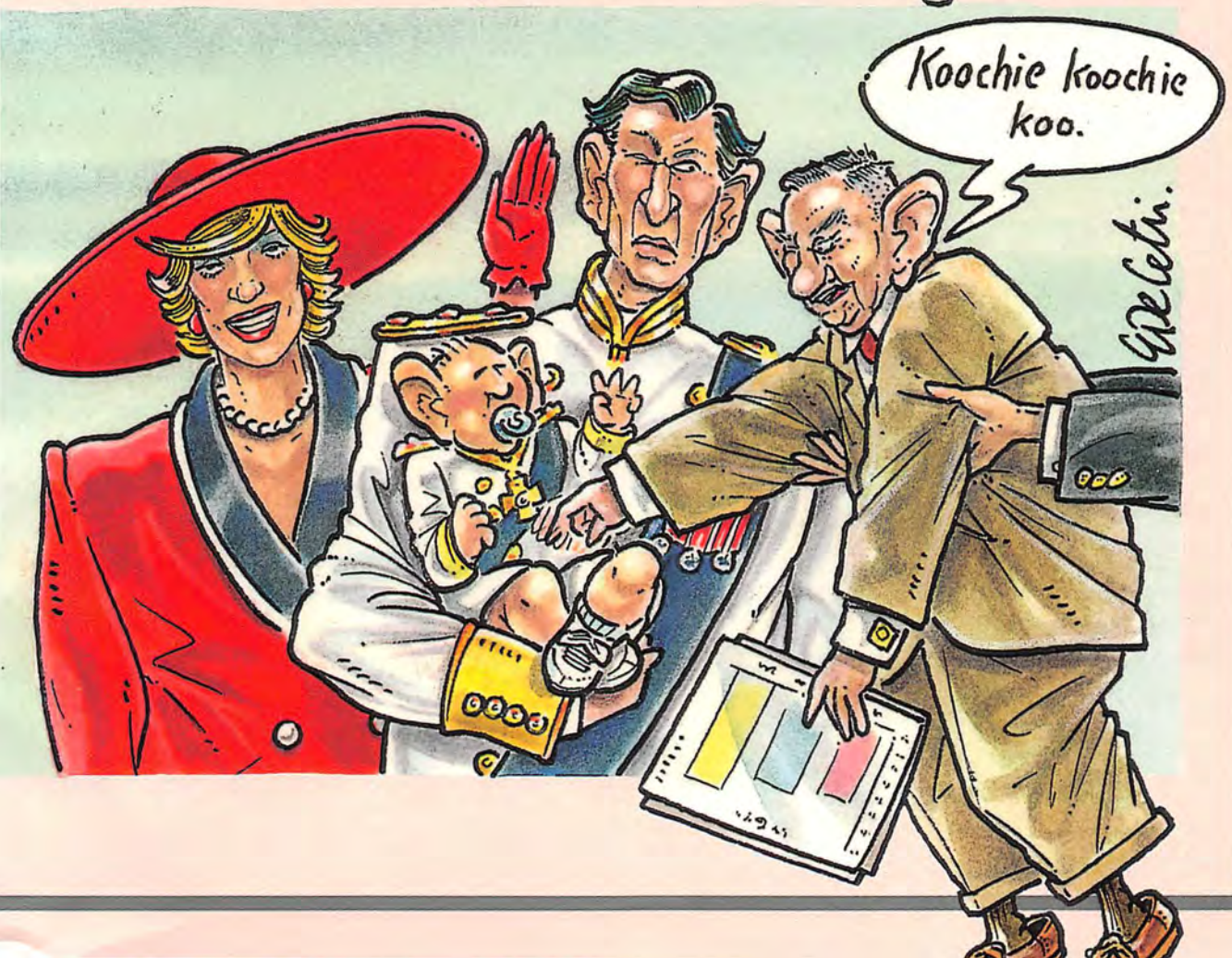


1981 World's first test-tube baby at 3 years.
Scientists baffled by Louise Brown's first words.

977 The King is dead. A portly Elvis is laid to rest at Graceland.

1978 Alternative lifestyles on the rise. "Domestic partner" trends rival the traditional household.

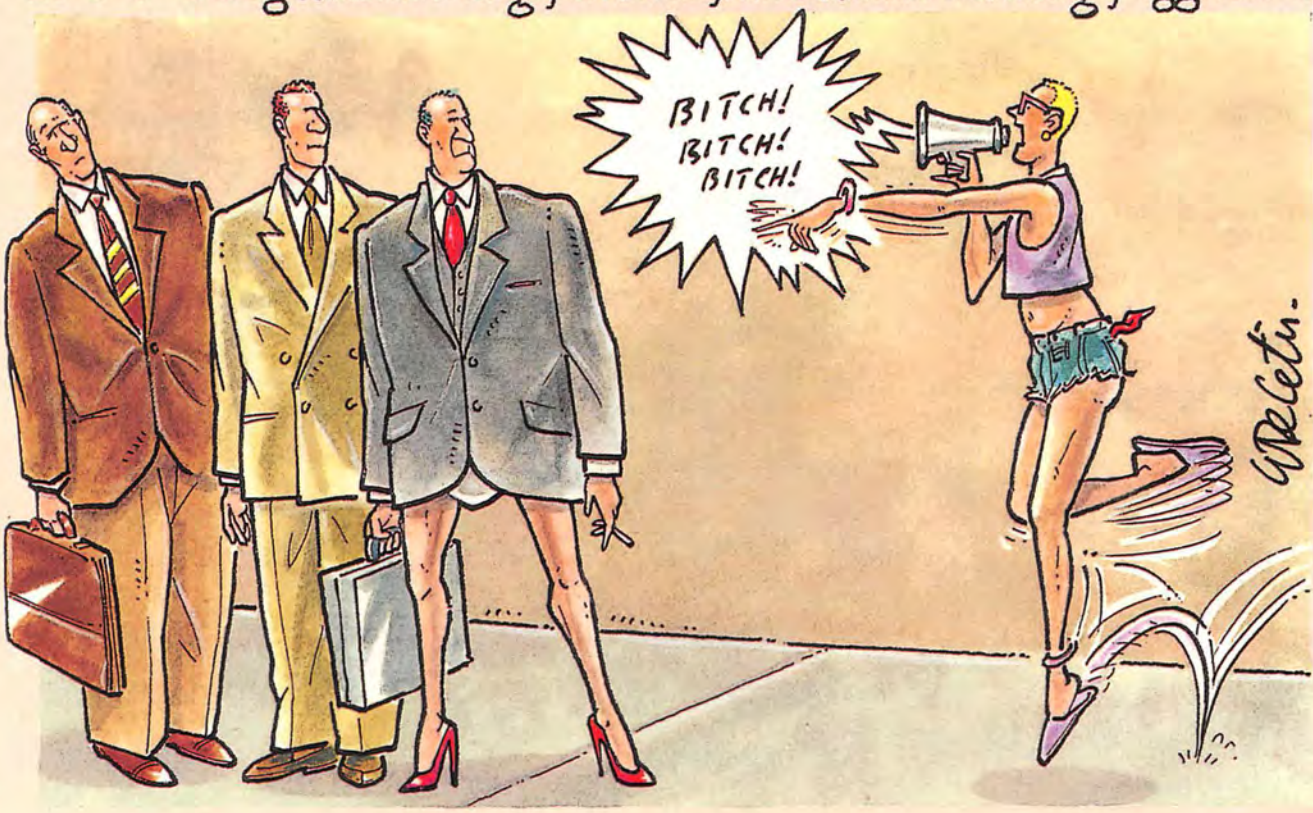
982 A prince is born to Chuck and Di. Rumors run rampant as to the biological father.



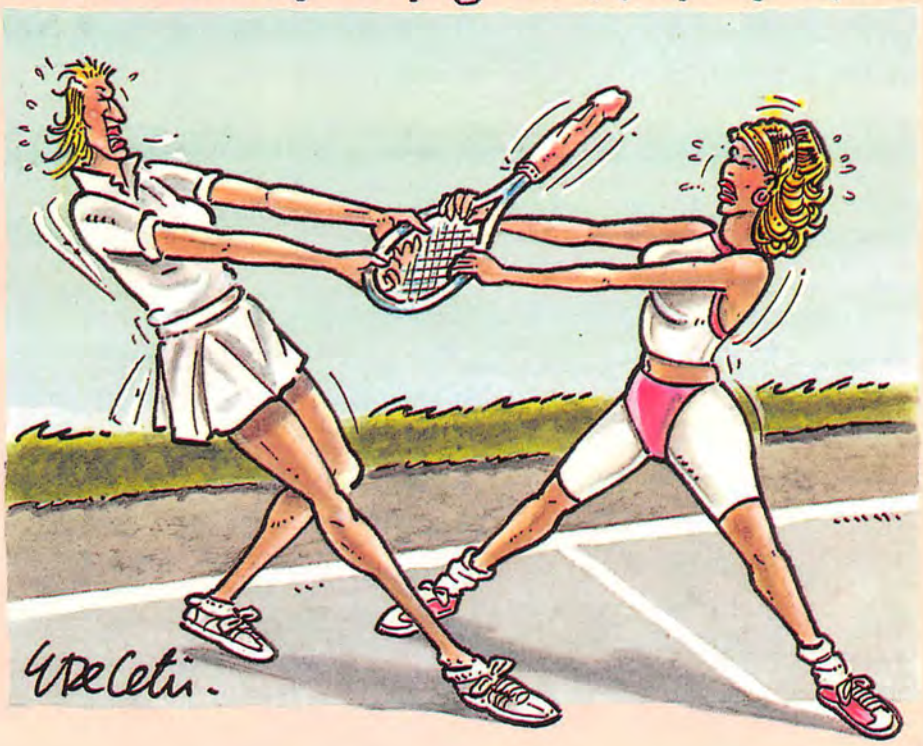
1986 Iran contra-gate rages while Reagan responds with studied alacrity.

1989 John and Lorena become Mr. & Mrs. Bobbitt.

1990 "Outing" escalates from gay community. Homosexuals increasingly aggressive.



1992 Martina Navratilova splits with lover.
"Galimony" suit plagued by property dispute.



1994 Lorena Bobbitt released after month in state hospital.
Feminists to unveil portrait honoring new role model.

GULF WAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 234

or simply seeking secondary gain. In cases where physical impairment is undeniable, the military has simply turned its back on the soldiers and denies that the soldiers' problems could be related to Desert Storm.

"Many of the military health professionals do not have the proper training to deal with complex toxicological subjects," Callender continued. "Those that do have the basic knowledge take an antagonistic posture before they have seen the facts. The military health professionals that do need information are reluctant to seek information outside their fields. It has been my experience that military health professionals who do ask for assistance of knowledgeable physicians outside the military avoid doing so officially, as if they are afraid of their superiors' awareness of such a contact. In fact, civilian physicians are frequently ignored or verbally attacked by the military personnel who have not even researched the subjects at issue. Whenever asked to explain their behavior, I have been told that they state that they are following orders."

Dr. Callender explained that while pyridostigmine bromide (P.Y.B.) helps counter nerve poison, it's also one of a class of agents that are essentially pesticides or nerve poisons themselves. He said that while preliminary research done on P.Y.B. by the Department of Defense excluded people with a susceptibility to the substance, once combat personnel were getting the drug, no such screenings for susceptibility were done. Also, women were never included in the studies, despite the fact that they would be in combat areas. So, said Callender, "these facts make the entire concept of the safety of P.Y.B. as being promoted by the military untenable. If only a few percent of the soldiers are susceptible, then many tens of thousands of individuals are at risk for serious side effects."

Other problems with the preliminary research on P.Y.B., Callender added, included the fact that the tremendous variability between individuals of different genetic makeup was never taken into account. This led to problems for many of the soldiers who had to take the drug. "Some of the patients that I interviewed that had the worst side effects from P.Y.B. also had personal histories and familial histories of an intolerance to many medications, therefore suggesting a genetic, biochemical susceptibility," Callender stated. "This history was ignored, as well as complaints of adverse reactions following each time the P.Y.B. was taken."

Concerning the safety of the drugs given to gulf soldiers, Ph.D.'s Diana Zuckerman and Patricia Olson conducted an investigation for Senator Rockefeller in conjunction with the May hearing, and what they discovered was disturbing. They explained in their report to the senator that "when the Department of Defense began preparations for Desert Shield and Desert Storm in 1990, officials were extremely concerned about the need to protect U.S. troops against chemical and biological weapons that were believed to have been developed by Iraq. Under current law, all vaccines and medical products must be proven safe and effective by F.D.A. in order to be sold and distributed in the United States. However, D.O.D. officials wanted to use a botulinum toxoid—a vaccine against botulism—that was not approved by F.D.A. They also wanted to use pyridostigmine bromide—a medication—to protect U.S. troops against certain chemical weapons, such as soman. Although approved by the F.D.A. for treating patients with a neurological disorder [myasthenia gravis], pyridostigmine is not proven safe or effective for repeated use by healthy persons under any circumstances.

"D.O.D. told F.D.A. that these investigational products had well-established uses and were safe," the report continued. "However, these claims are not supported by the research that the D.O.D. has provided to the F.D.A."

Here's some of what Zuckerman and Olson had to say about pyridostigmine: "Pyridostigmine bromide is a chemical which is believed to enhance the effectiveness of established drugs for the treatment of nerve-agent poisoning. Pyridostigmine is also a nerve agent itself.... In recent studies, animals given pyridostigmine followed by two antidotes (atropine and 2-PAM) were more likely to survive exposure to a nerve agent called soman. However, pyridostigmine pretreatment may make individuals more vulnerable to other nerve agents, such as sarin. The D.O.D. scientists concluded that pyridostigmine should only be used when the chemical-warfare threat is soman. Iraq was believed to have both soman and sarin, and the only verified report of chemical weapons in the Gulf War concluded that *sarin* was present.

"In addition," the doctors claim, "D.O.D. documents indicate that the treatment regimen for U.S. troops during the Persian Gulf War may have included an inadequate dose of atropine. Therefore, even if Persian Gulf soldiers had been exposed to soman, it is questionable if the pyridostigmine pretreatment would have provided any protection, since the dose of atropine was apparently inadequate....

"Because of the D.O.D. researchers' concerns about serious adverse reactions, virtually all of the studies screened the male subjects to determine whether they were hypersensitive to pyridostigmine before allowing them to participate in the experiment. In addition, individuals with many medical conditions, those on medications, and those who smoked were excluded from the studies. Study participants were told not to drink any alcoholic beverages. Despite these precautions, serious adverse reactions were reported for several of the studies, including respiratory arrest, abnormal liver tests, unusual electrocardiograms, gastrointestinal disturbances, memory loss, and anemia....

"None of the Persian Gulf War troops were adequately warned about the risks associated with the drug," the doctors continued, "and few if any were given a choice of whether or not to take it."

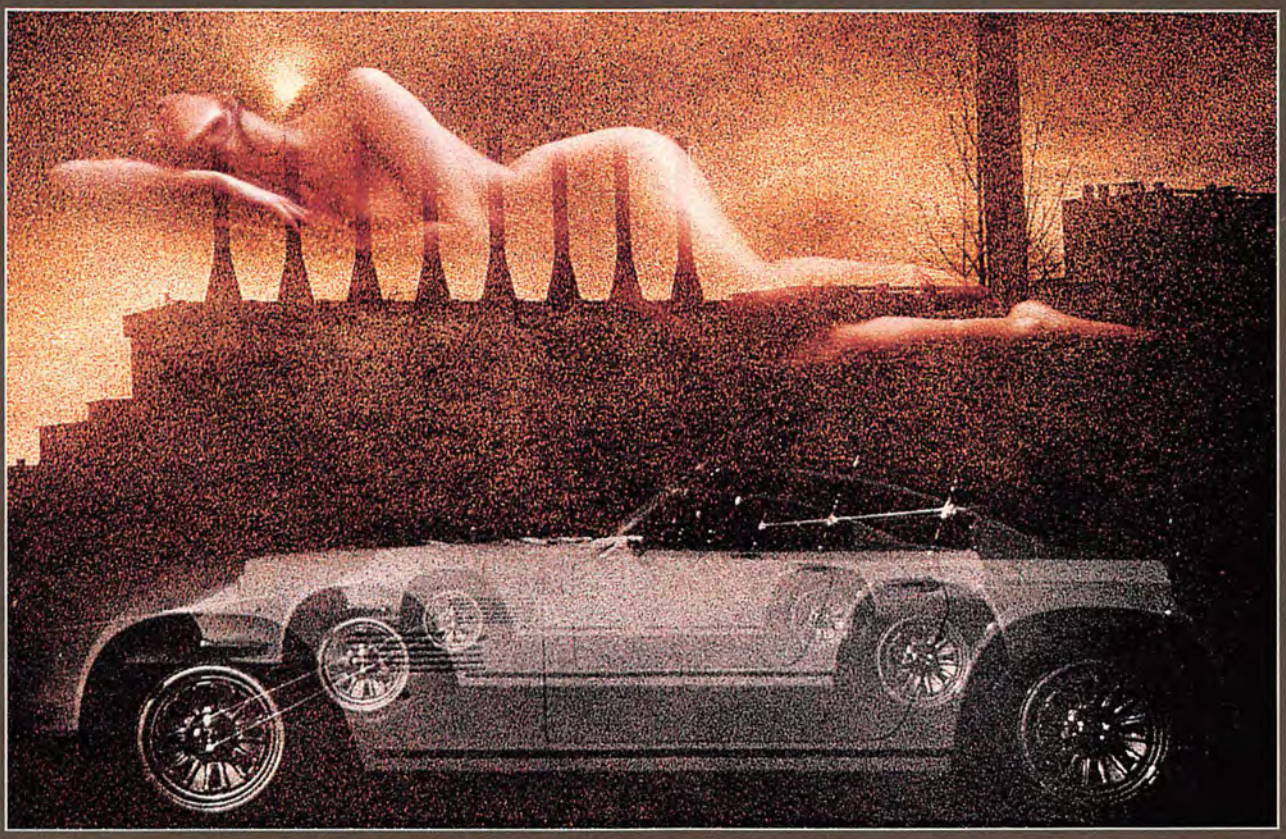
Zuckerman and Olson also brought up the possibility of synergistic effects in relation to P.Y.B. "Last year," they reported, "Dr. James Fox, a scientist at the U.S. Department of Agriculture, conducted research on cockroaches that could have important implications for Persian Gulf War veterans. He found that when used in combination with pyridostigmine, a common pesticide called deet became ten times as toxic as when used alone. Deet and many other pesticides were widely used in the Gulf War. If individuals who took pyridostigmine pills became more vulnerable to pesticides ... this could explain the serious neurological symptoms experienced by so many Gulf War veterans."

According to Zuckerman and Olson, initially the Department of Defense assured the F.D.A. that investigational drugs would be administered to soldiers on a voluntary basis, information on the products would be provided, and soldiers would be monitored for ill effects. As it turned out, though, none of these conditions were met. The Defense Department got the F.D.A. to grant them waivers from informed-consent regula-

> *"I GET BENT OUT OF SHAPE WHEN I SEE ANOTHER OBITUARY COME ACROSS MY FAX MACHINE FROM ANOTHER GULF VETERAN THAT THE GOVERNMENT LET DIE."*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 252

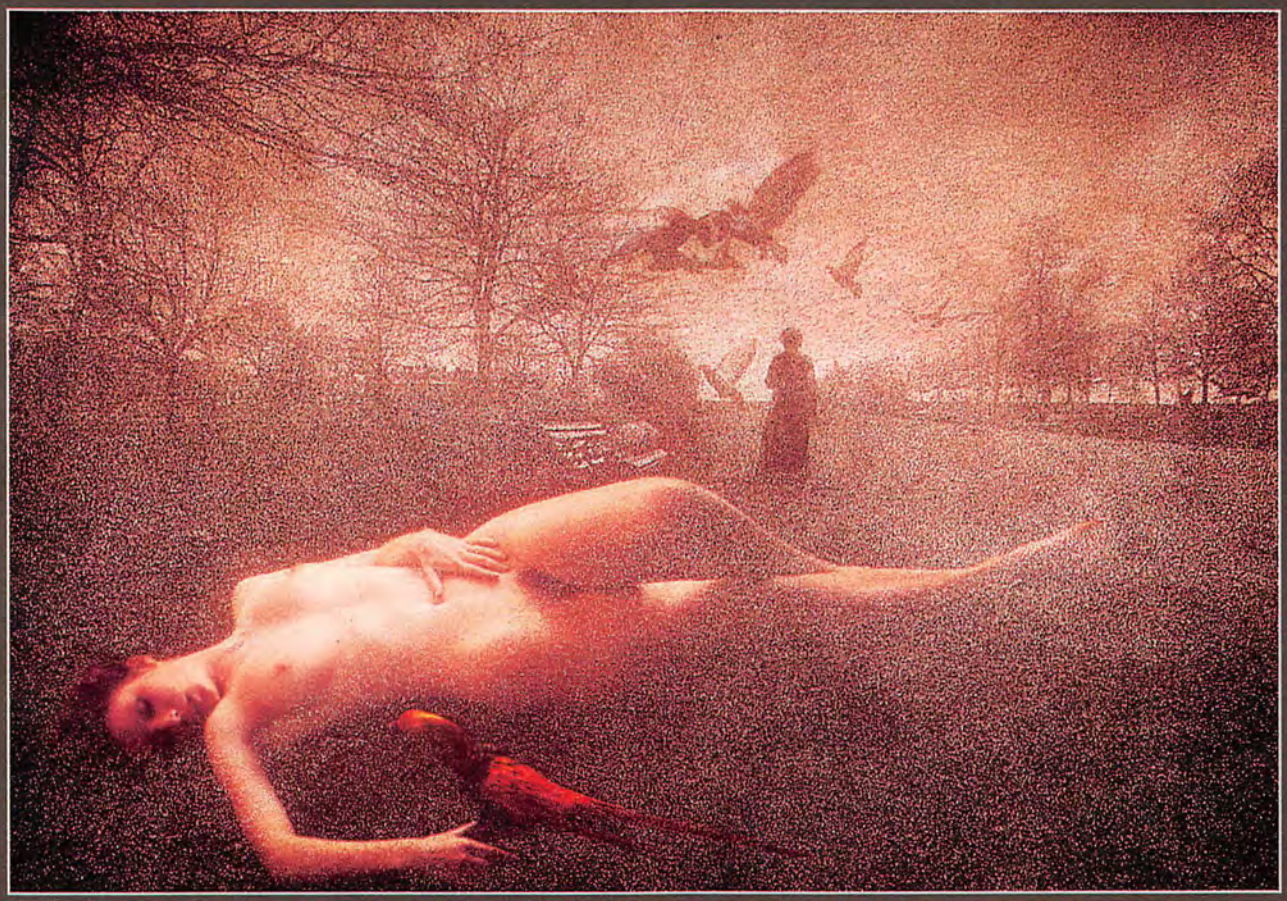
"Out of toil and dirt
A dream of boundless pleasure
Captivates my mind."



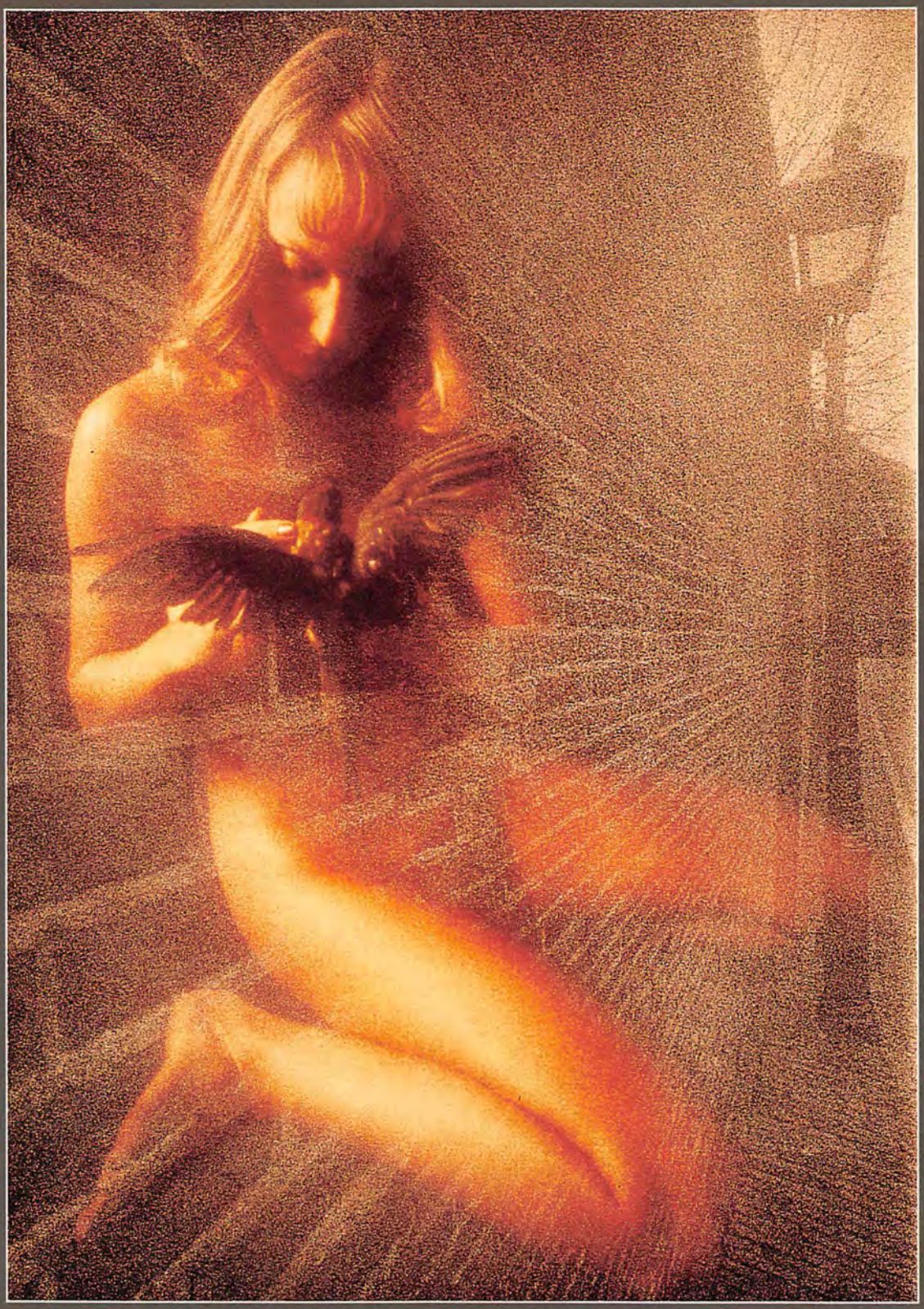
G·R·O·E·B·L·I

"When I was first shown these pictures," wrote Professor John Hennessey of the work of photographer René Groebli, "I was enchanted by their poetic insight and imaginative symbolism. I was excited by the colors, shapes, forms, and then by the stories, the revelations of human emotions." Hennessey also wrote the poems on these pages, explaining, "Haiku is highly contrived and carefully wrought, and yet appears simple and spontaneous. The same can be said of these beautiful and evocative pictures."

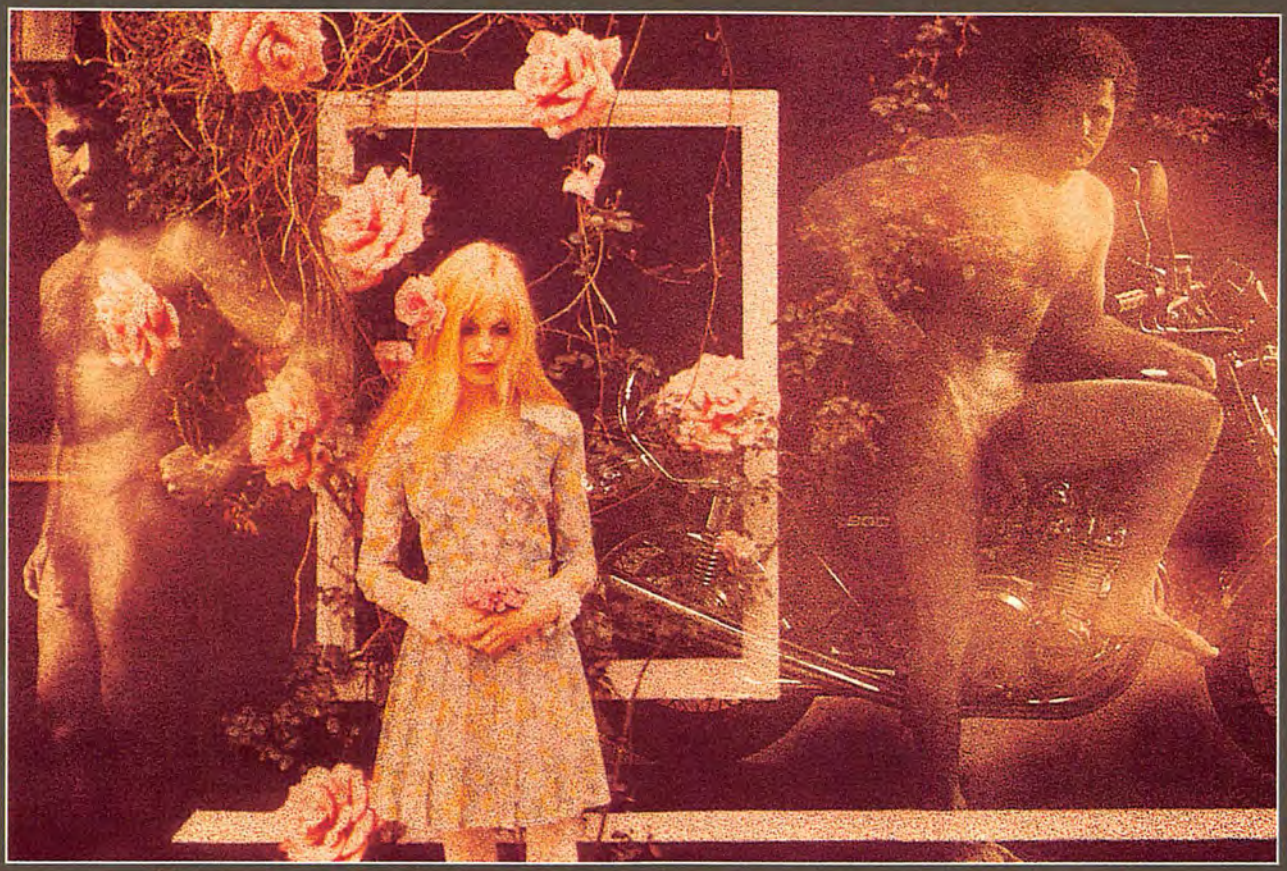
"Roses bloom around
And set the girl adreaming
Silly-lovely dreams."

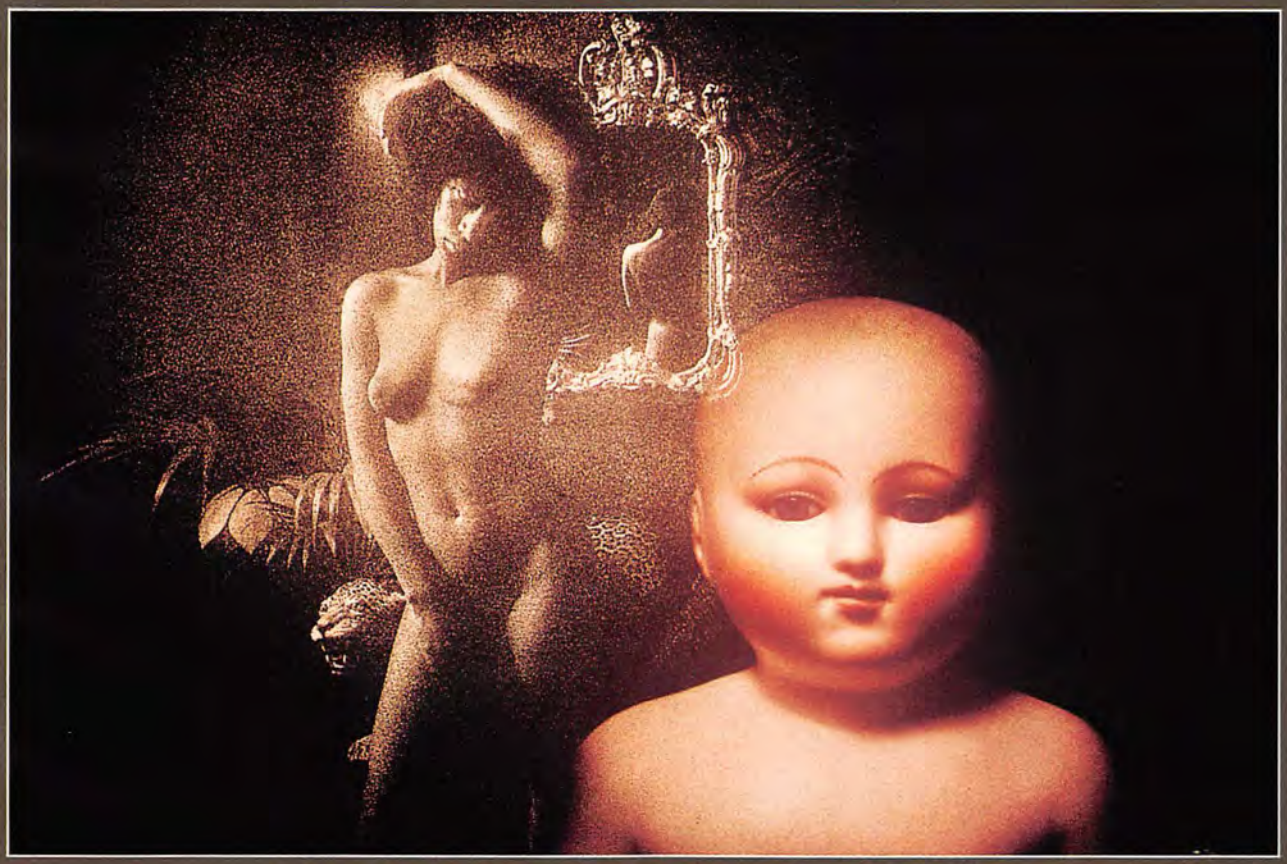


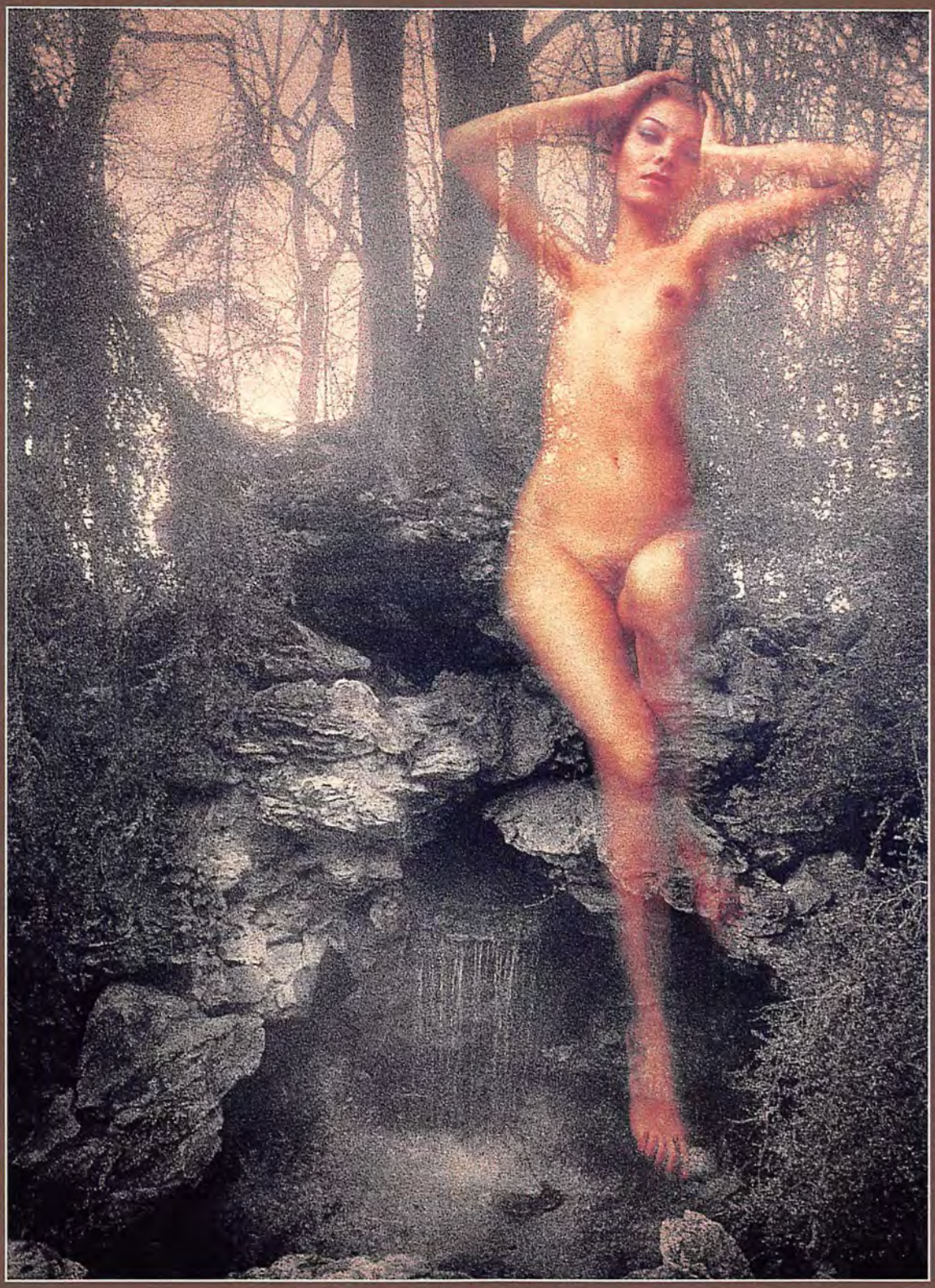
"Old Dame, turn your back;
Your dreams are grey-behind you.
Mine are here, and red."



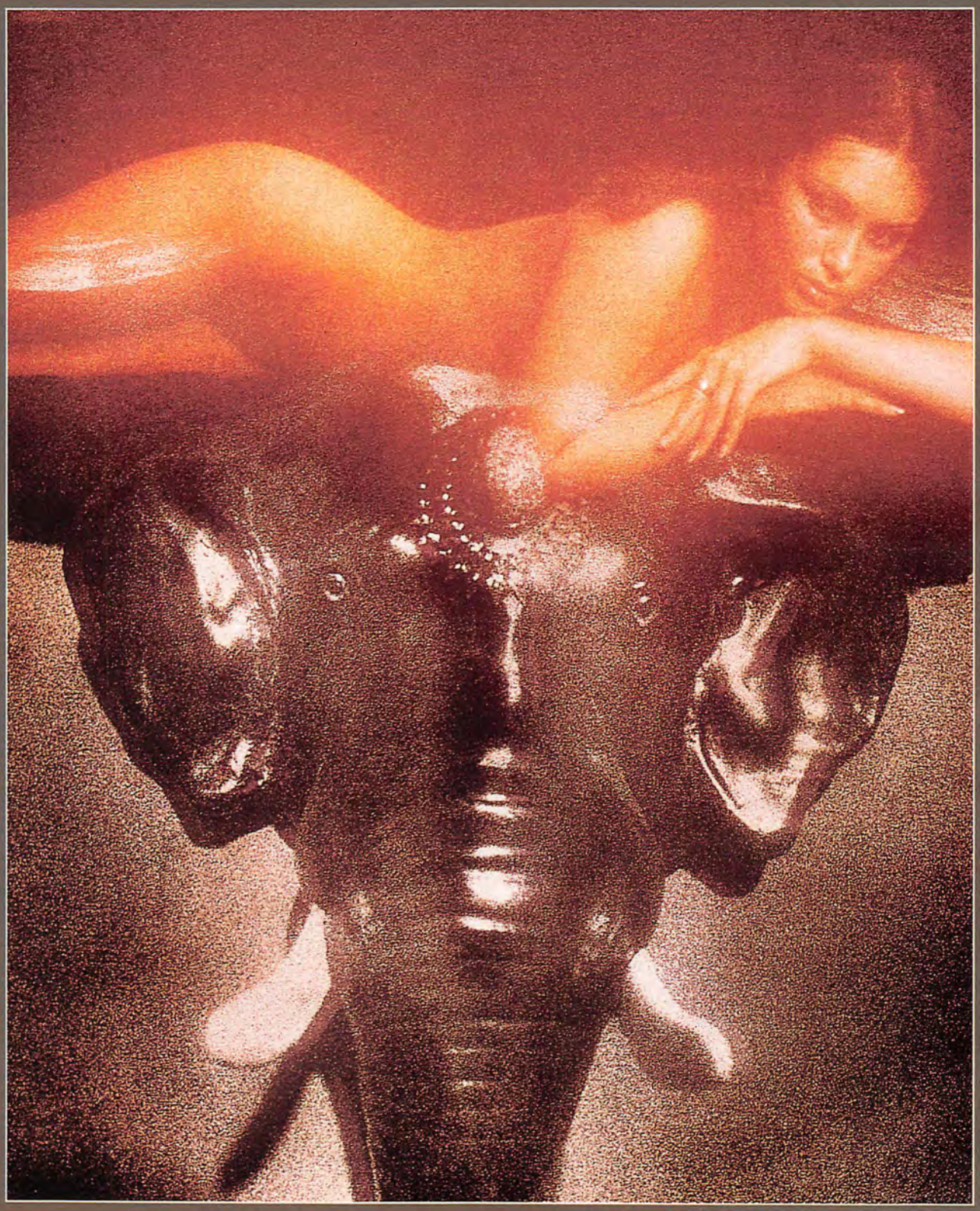
"Tender and birdlike,
Through all imprisoning walls
She freely makes escape."



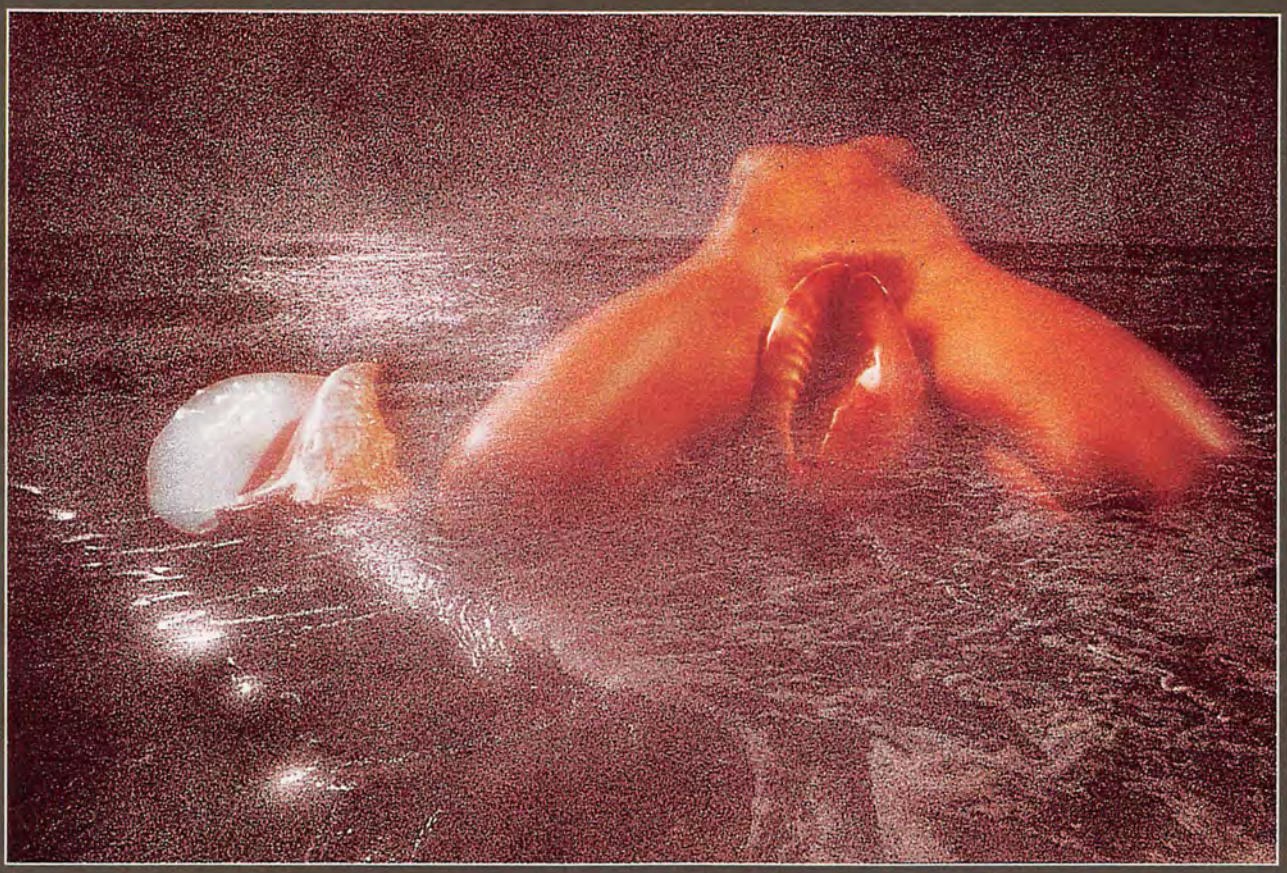




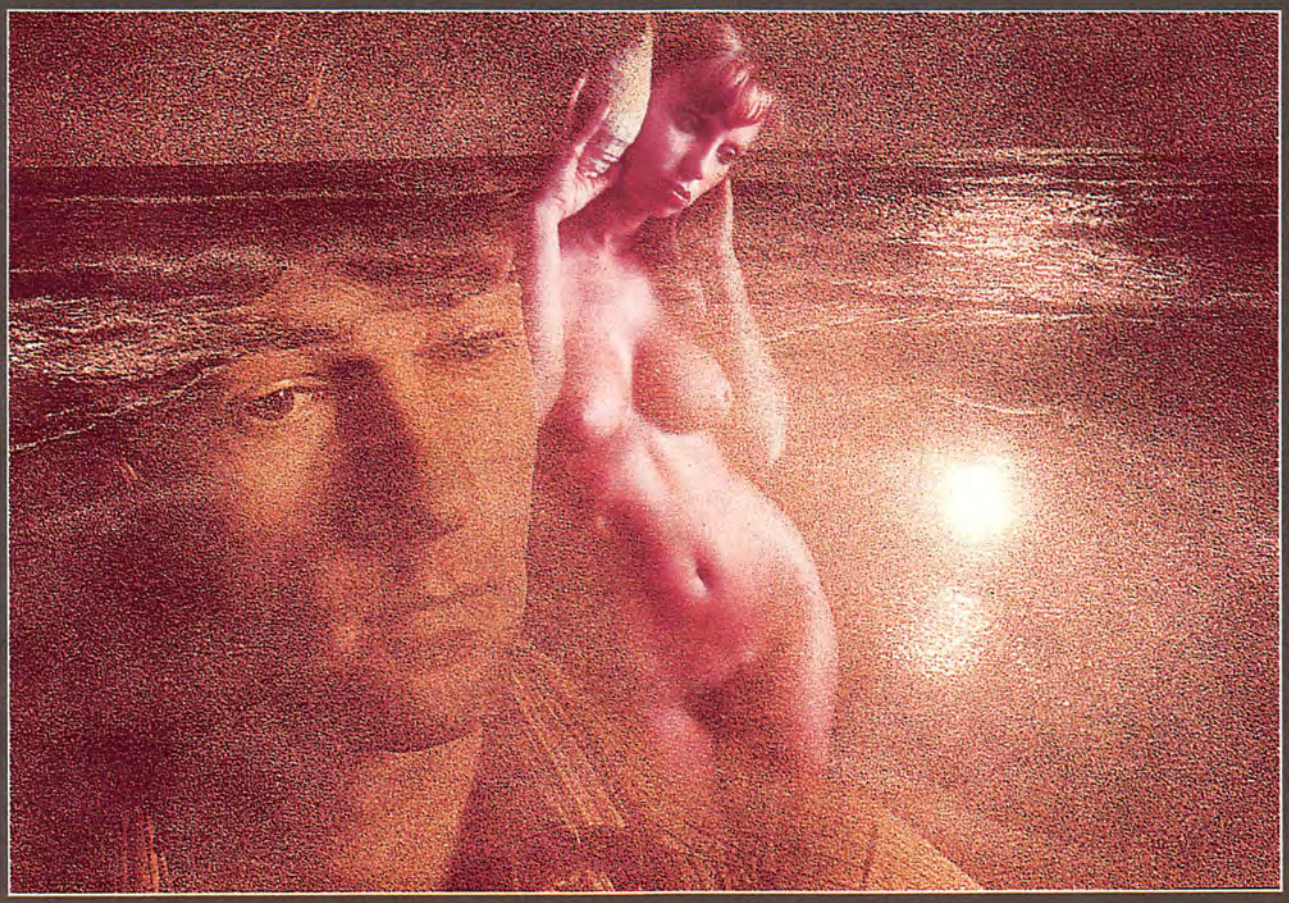
"With you I can fly
Far from grimy ugliness;
Fresh and new and free."



"Lifted, out of reach,
Teasing, she looks down at me,
Tempting me to climb."



"Man-made elegance
Echoes, but cannot compete.
Curving harmony."



"In this lovely shell
The sea cannot be captured.
Will it hold his voice?"

GULF WAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 240

tions for the use of pyridostigmine and botulinum-toxoid vaccine. As a result, many gulf veterans were not told what vaccine they were being given or what the risks were. Zuckerman and Olson informed Rockefeller that "many [veterans] report that they were told not to tell medical personnel that they had received a vaccination, even if the vaccination caused pain or swelling. No record of the vaccine was available in medical records. As a result, physicians who were concerned about any local or systemic reactions often had no information about the possible causes of those symptoms. Veterans who claim they were harmed by the vaccines or pyridostigmine frequently have no proof that they were vaccinated or took the pills, or that they had an adverse reaction."

One of the veterans who knows about this situation firsthand is the Reverend Dr. Barry Walker, who served as a chaplain in Saudi Arabia and ultimately in Iraq and Kuwait. Here's some of what he told the Senate committee hearing: "On January 16, 1991, I received the first of two shots of a vaccine, but we were not told exactly what it was. We were later told that the purpose of the vaccine was to protect us; rumor was that it was for protection against anthrax. Also in January, after the first Scud was launched, we were ordered to start taking some pills, although we were not told exactly what they were, either. All we were told was that the pills would protect us against chemical and biological weapons. We were told to take the pills and not given a choice, though some soldiers did not take them. I was expected to be an example to others, so I took them at first. I later learned that these pills were pyridostigmine.

"To my knowledge," Walker added, "none of the 4,700 troops [in my ministry], except maybe the command headquarters, was given any real information about the risks of these drugs or vaccines. We were not shown anything in writing or told anything other than that these would protect us. My chemical officer was asked to find out more about the pills, and she shared some of that information with the group commander and a few staff officers. She said there were no problems with the pills.

"The fact that we were given the vaccine or drugs was not recorded in our medical records, although I insisted that the vaccine be recorded in my personal record. Many soldiers did not carry a vaccine record, and most wouldn't have thought to ask that it be recorded. I don't recall any list being made of who was given the vaccine."

Chaplain Walker started having back problems after a February 1991 Scud attack and attributed them to his work lifting bodies and debris after the attack. When he returned to the United States a few months later, he was so happy to be home that he ignored his continuing back pain. But by the summer, he knew that something was seriously wrong; tests showed that the nerves in his lower body were impaired. Now, he reported to the committee, his symptoms include headaches, rashes, fatigue, memory loss, sweating, blood in his urine, inability to concentrate, and difficulty sleeping.

"For the past three years, I have been spending much of my time helping other Gulf War veterans and their families," Walker said. "I have taken over 150 veterans to the hospitals for treatment or helped them in other ways. Many of them have symptoms similar to mine. Some are much more serious. Some just plain get lost for periods of time and do not know how they got where they are, some have blood in their urine. Some have trouble walking, some will pass out and not remember it."

What are the ethical ramifications of giving experimental drugs to soldiers in time of war? Arthur L. Caplan was another voice heard at the hearing; he has a Ph.D. and is the director of the Center for Bioethics at the University of Pennsylvania. "Some would argue that the entire category of ethically suspect research makes no sense in the context of war, hot or cold," Caplan told the group. "When the threat to the nation's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 302

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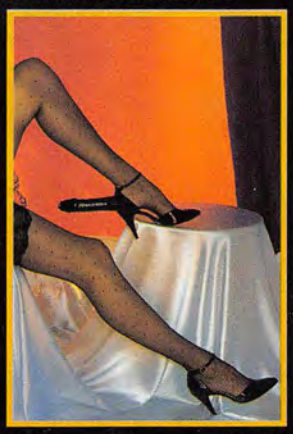

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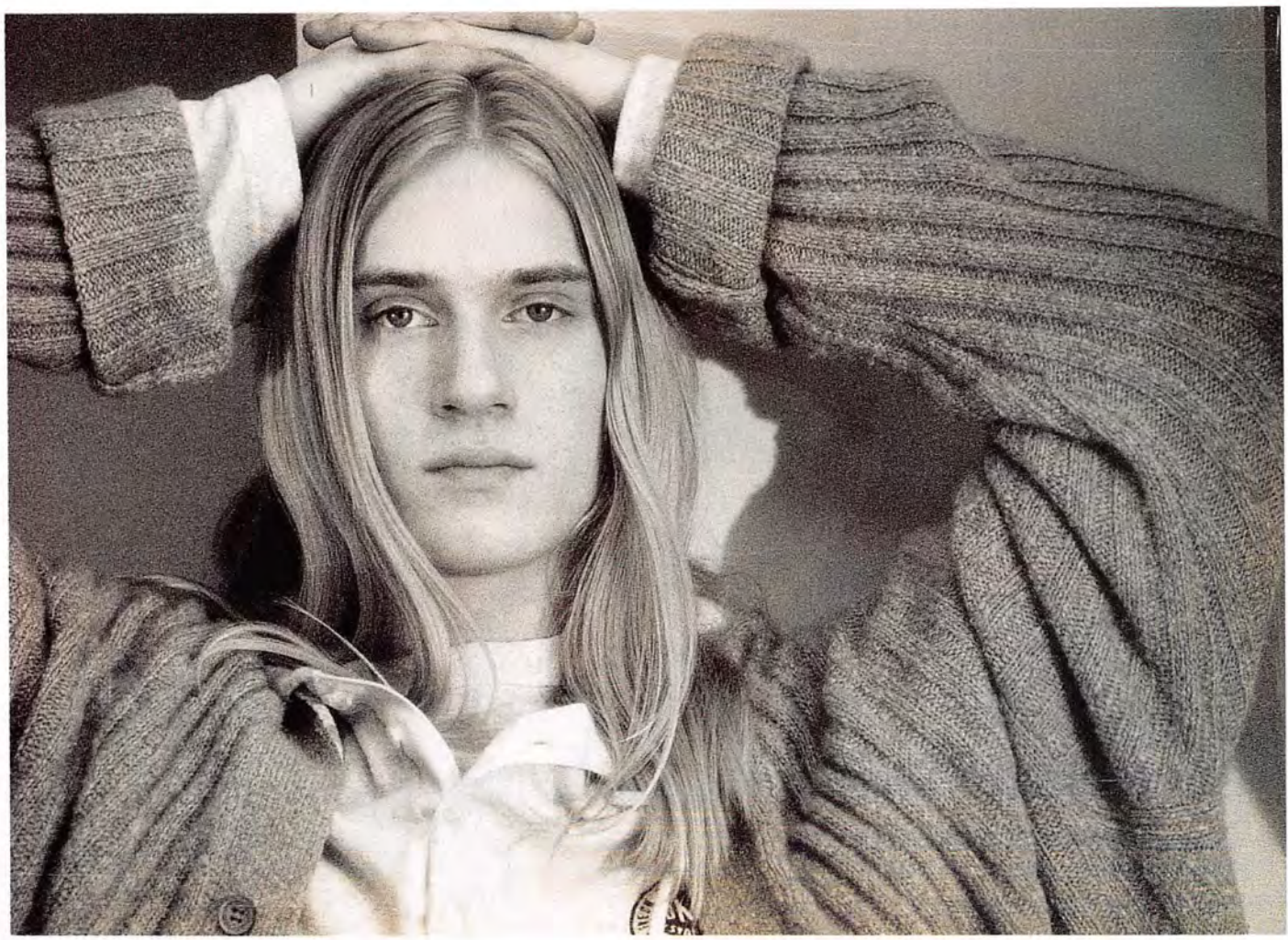
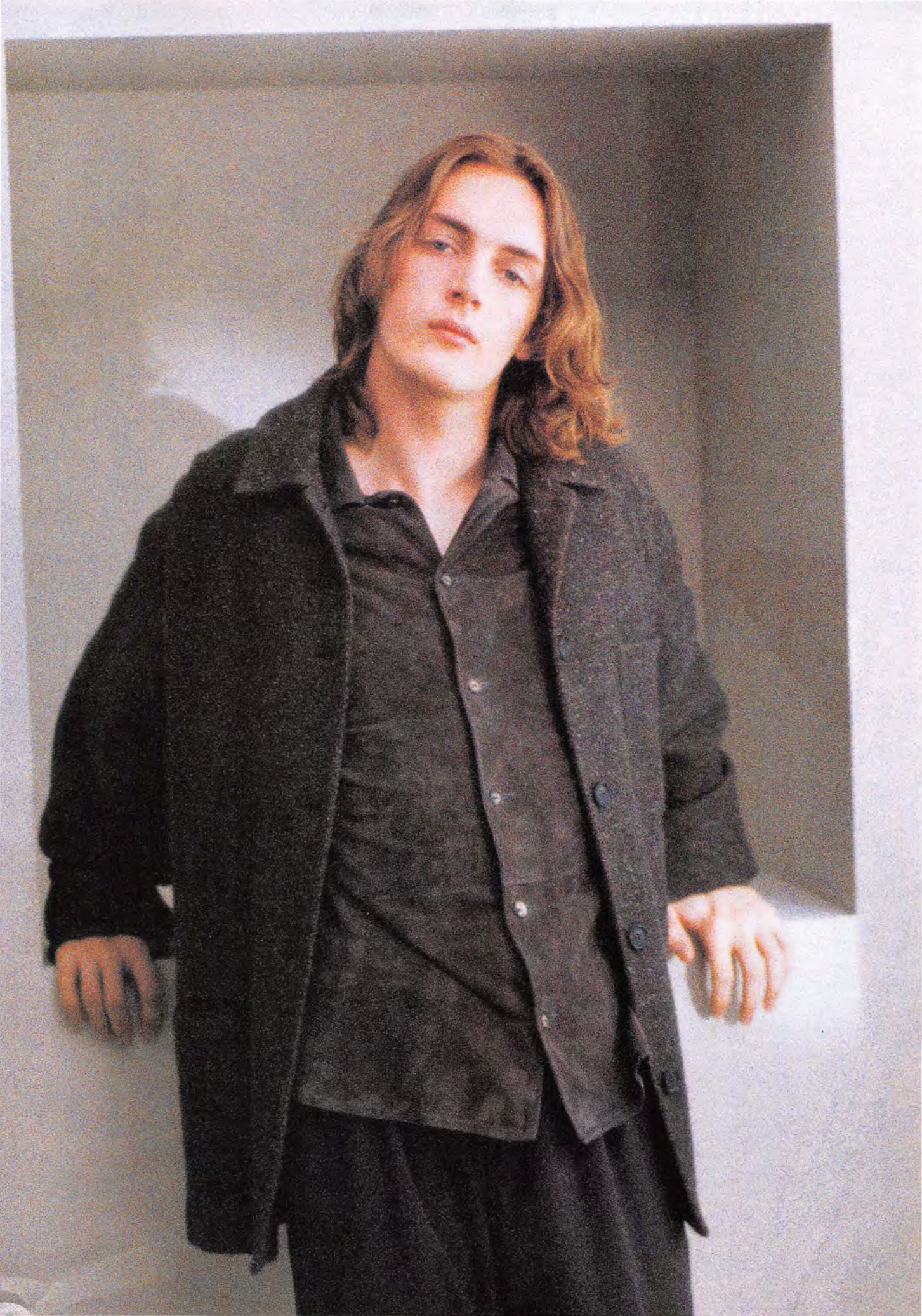
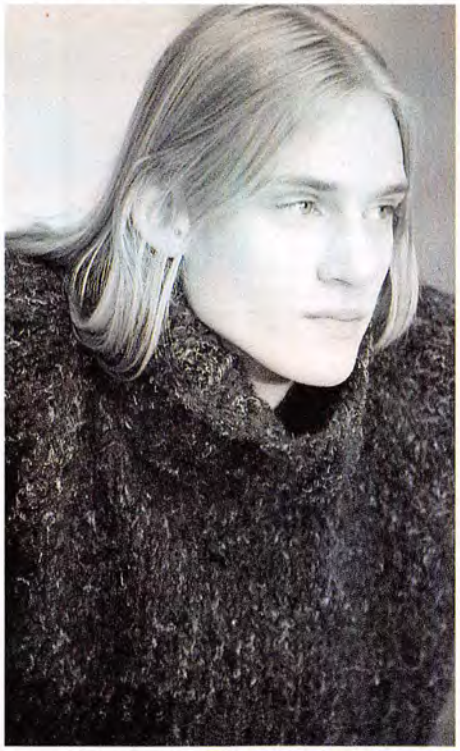
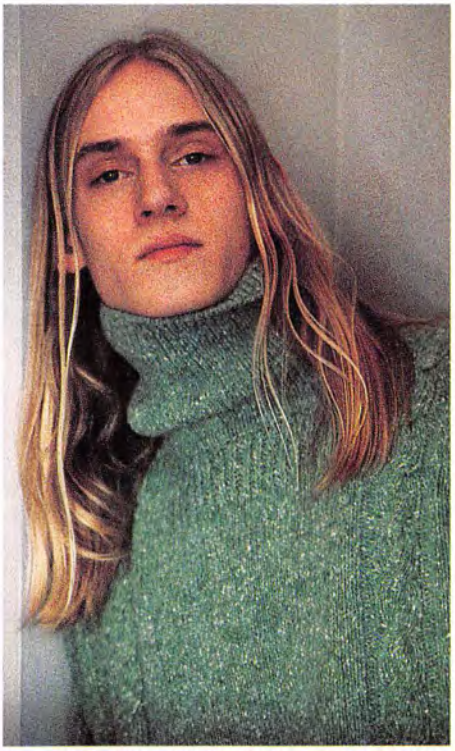


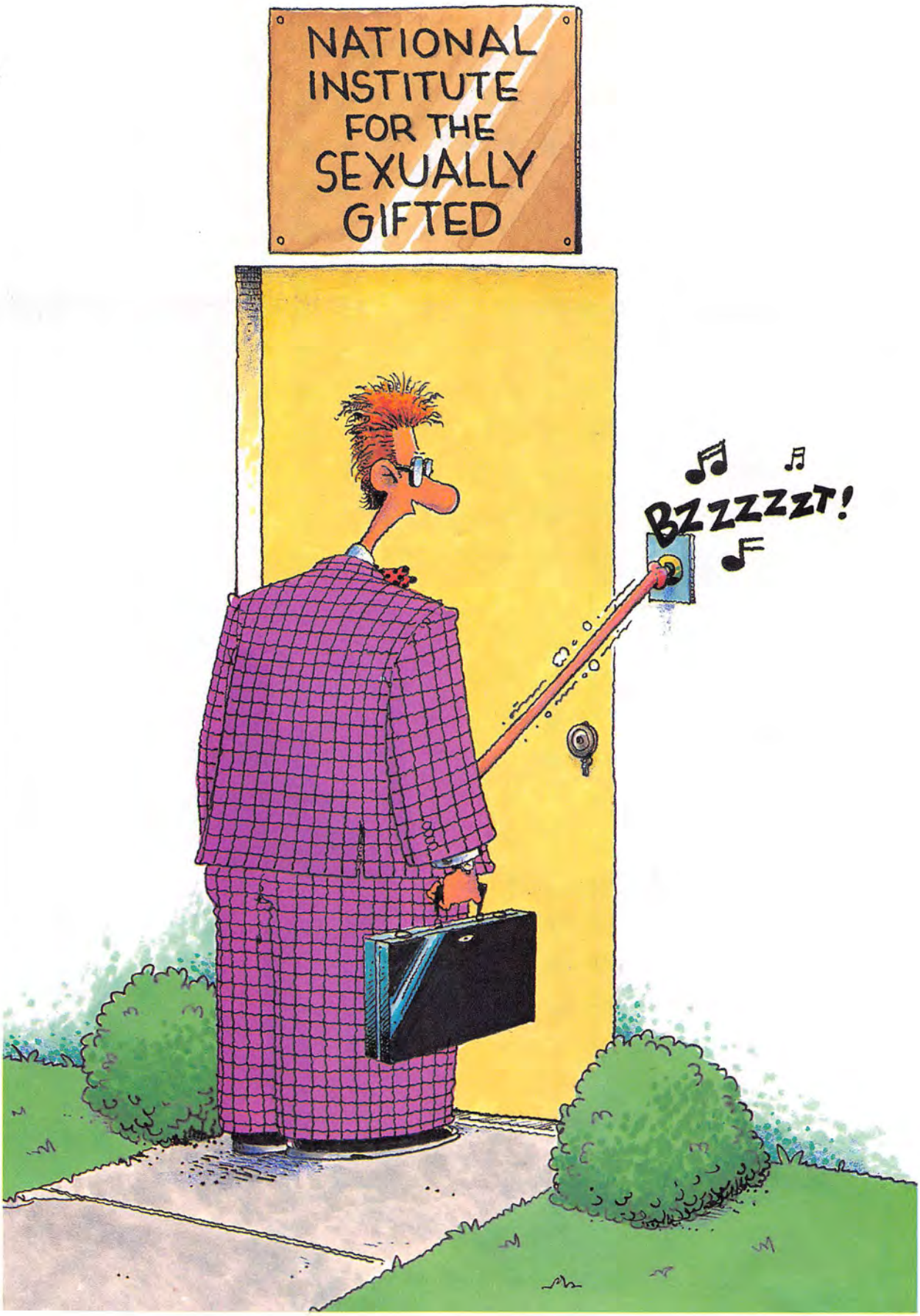
PREVIOUS PAGE AND ABOVE, TOP: COMFORT IN COTTON AND CASHMERE FROM DKNY—CREW-NECK T-SHIRT, HOODED HENLEY SHIRT, AND RIBBED CASHMERE CARDIGAN. **ABOVE, BOTTOM LEFT, CENTER, AND RIGHT:** NEW CLASSICS FOR GENERATION X BY DONNA KARAN—SHAWL-COLLAR BATHROBE COAT IN CASHMERE, LEATHER ZIP-FRONT HOODED VEST, GRAY FLANNEL PANTS, AND CASHMERE TURTLENECK. **AT RIGHT:** SUEDE SHIRT, WOOL CREPE DRAWSTRING PANTS, AND WOOL FIVE-BUTTON JACKET—ALL BY INDUSTRIA.



T LEFT: MOHAIR V-NECK SWEATER BY SO. **BELOW, TOP LEFT:** REVERSIBLE SHEARLING COAT, SILK-OTTON SWEATER VEST, WOOL TROUSERS—ALL FROM CALVIN KLEIN. **TOP CENTER:** WOOL TURTLENECK WEATER BY G GIGLI. **TOP RIGHT:** TURTLENECK SWEATER BY PAUL SMITH. **BOTTOM:** WOOL V-NECK WEATER AND NAVY PIN-STRIPED PANTS FROM CALVIN KLEIN. FOR ADDITIONAL INFORMATION N THE CLOTHING FEATURED ON THESE PAGES, SEE FASHION FINDER ON PAGE 292.






NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE SEXUALLY GIFTED
BZZZZZT!

TRAVEL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

of English gardens in Connecticut's Litchfield County, with covered porches for afternoon tea or aperitifs, spectacular hiking, massages, and cross-country skiing. Or never leave your canopied bed with its Italian linens—except for dinner by the acclaimed chef. ([203] 868-9466)

• Venice is romance any time of the year, but for me, deserted January is the most romantic of all. Too cold even to hop the *vaporetto* (the water bus), we wear our warmest boots and many layers, exploring on foot, getting lost, being fussed over in nearly empty trattorias. As the clock chimes 11 P.M., we are thrilled to discover that there is not one other soul in the giant Piazza San Marco.

• Once you've settled into a handsome, stylish bungalow on the verdant, blossomy grounds of the Hotel Bel-Air, there is nothing left to do but admire the swans and the bougainvillea, lunch at the pool, and make outrageous demands of room service. All of Los Angeles awaits your whim. ([800] 648-4097)

• Off-season at the beach is unfailingly romantic. Check into the Outermost Inn, overlooking the clay cliffs of Gay Head on Martha's Vineyard. Don't be surprised to spot an osprey or a deer as you eat your Belgian waffles on the veranda to a James Taylor tune wafting from the house. ([508] 645-3511)

• It's early fall, and lovers who love the outdoors divide their time between pleasures of the flesh in Aspen, Colorado, and camping by four-wheel drive. Not for the faint of heart, perhaps, but soul-stirring. Bring pillows, down quilts, and a picnic from town. There are campgrounds for beginners, too. ([800] 872-7547)

• Even if you live in Manhattan, there's nothing more romantic than checking into a suite at the Mark that looks like the master bedroom of a grand English town house. Make love, nap, sip a flute of champagne at the Promenade Bar atop Rockefeller Center, get the concierge to reserve you a window table for dinner at the River Café or let the Mark feed you. ([212] 744-4300)

• Tucked away in a less-traveled corner of France is Les Prés d'Eugénie, the exquisite inn of famous three-star chef Michel Guérard and his perfectionist wife, Christine. Each room is named for a flower, and many of them overlook the lush gardens. Discover amazing cuisine *minceur* or indulge royally. (011-33-16-58-05-06-07)

• Cruising Lake Powell by houseboat through canyons once sacred to the ancient Anasazi Indians is to imagine yourself in a distant time, far from civilization's jangle. Or drive to Bullfrog, Utah, with camping gear and hire a speedboat to navigate the many coves and bays, then fish, hike, and sleep under the stars. ([800] 528-6154)

• Explore the hill towns of Tuscany by car, picnicking along the way. Spend a night in the walled city of Lucca. Stop for a drink in the piazza of Siena. Save a dinner for La Chiusa in Montefollonico. Stay at Locanda dell'Amorosa (of course) in Sinalunga, and as you head toward the beach, treat yourself to some serious pampering at the Hotel Lord Byron in Forte dei Marmi.

• Immerse your romantic soul in the wind-whipped cliffs of Moher and explore the stark moonscape of the Burren in Ireland's County Clare. Let one of the three guest rooms at Carnelly House be your country retreat.

• You won't mind that your flowered terrace is larger than your room if you're lucky enough to snag a room at Hôtel Duc de Saint-Simon in the heart of the Left Bank. All the riches of the Saint-Germain area are near—Brasserie Lipp and the Deux Magots, the Café de Flore, the markets of Rue du Bac. Take time to walk and loaf, or sit for hours over outrageously expensive coffee.

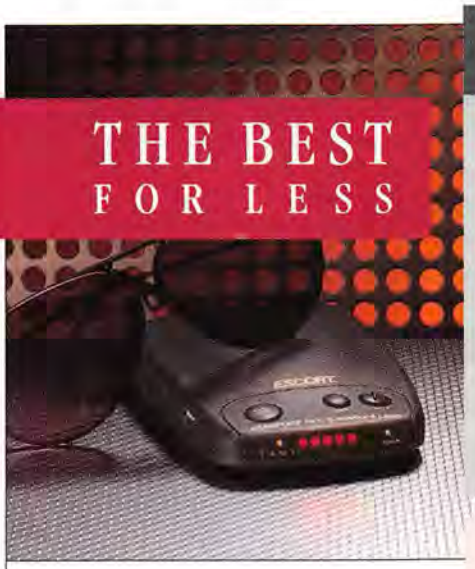
• There's a special, private cove southwest of Bangkok on Phuket Island, the setting for a Shangri-la called Amanpuri. Luxurious pavilion suites stud the hill, some of them on stilts with the waves slapping below. King-size beds, sunken tubs, terrace gazebos, alfresco dining, massages in your room ... use your imagination. (011-76-324-333)

• Laze away in a hammock for two, sunbathe topless or naked—no one cares. Life is a riot of color and tropical perfumes at Grand Lido Negril, in Jamaica. Far from reality, you swim with the fishes in crystal water, make love on a deserted beach or in an isolated Jacuzzi. Scuba, windsurf, disco, sail, daydream, picnic, sip spiked nectars, or spend the day in your lover's arms in this lush garden paradise. ([800] 858-8009)

• It looks like the South Seas, but it's Florida—Little Palm Island, just north of Key West. Sail or ferry over and claim a thatched-bungalow suite with a whirlpool tub for two. Great bird watching, snorkeling, bow fishing—especially if money is not a concern. ([800] 343-8567)

• It'll be easy to disappear into the sybaritic luxury of La Mamounia, the fabled grand hotel of Marrakech, where, hopefully, your room overlooks the extraordinary garden. Get a guide, then explore the souk, bargain for every trinket, and hit the Djemaa el Fna at sunset in its full frenzy. (011-212-444-8981)

THE BEST FOR LESS



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HALF-POUND PROOF

The Washington Mint Announces the Historic Union of the World's Most Coveted Precious Metals in a Giant Half-Pound Proof—Advance Strike Price $149

The Washington Mint announces the limited advance minting of an extraordinary piece of precious bullion—the 1994 Giant Half-Pound Golden Eagle.

Each colossal Golden Eagle is individually proof struck from pure silver bullion, then richly layered with precious 24 karat gold. Each one weighs an astounding EIGHT OUNCES and has a giant 3 1/2-inch diameter that dwarfs every United States coin ever minted.

And NOW, during a limited advance strike period, the first Half-Pound Golden Eagles are available at a special discount price—only $149!

The 1994 Half-Pound Golden Eagle is a stunning magnification of the world-renowned United States Double Eagle, the most beautiful and admired coin in our nation's history. This giant EIGHT OUNCE proof combines pure silver and 24 karat gold to capture the original design in unprecedented dimension and extraordinary fashion.

UNPRECEDENTED WEIGHT

The 1994 Half-Pound Golden Eagle is a landmark in proof minting. The specifications for this colossal medallic proof are unparalleled. Each one:

- Weighs OVER One-Half Pound
- Is Individually Struck from PURE .999 Silver Bullion
- Is Layered with Precious 24 Karat Gold
- Is a Full 3 1/2 inches in Diameter
- Contains 248.82 Grams (3,840 grains) of Pure Silver
- Is Individually Registered and Numbered

And the mintage limit for the 1994 Giant Half-Pound Golden Eagle has been set at a mere 15,000 proofs!

ADVANCE STRIKE DISCOUNT

The price for the Half-Pound Golden Eagle will be set at $175 per Proof.

HOWEVER, IF YOU PLACE YOUR ORDER WITHOUT DELAY, YOU CAN ACQUIRE THE 1994 GIANT HALF-POUND GOLDEN EAGLE AT THE THE SPECIAL ADVANCE STRIKE DISCOUNT PRICE—ONLY $149 (plus $5 for shipping, handling and insurance). SPECIAL NOTE: REGISTRATION NUMBERS WILL BE ASSIGNED ACCORDING TO THE TIME AND DATE OF YOUR ORDER.

ADDITIONAL DISCOUNTS

Substantial extra discounts are available for serious collectors who wish to acquire more than one of these exquisite giant proofs. You can order:

THREE Half-Pound Golden Eagles for $390 (postpaid)
FIVE Half-Pound Golden Eagles for $625 (postpaid)
TEN Half-Pound Golden Eagles for $1195 (postpaid)

There is a limit of ten Giant Half-Pound Golden Eagles per order, and all orders are subject to acceptance by The Washington Mint, Inc.

OVERSUBSCRIPTION IS A CERTAINTY

The Washington Mint will strike only 15,000 Giant Half-Pound Golden Eagles in 1994, so oversubscription is a virtual certainty.

Because the patterns of mail delivery vary widely and erratically across the nation, collectors in numerous locales are unfairly disadvantaged by a mail registration system. **Therefore NO mail orders will be accepted.**

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WM485

Men's Health & Fitness

By *Longevity* magazine • Contributing Editor Bill Lawren

How to stay young, vigorous, smart, and sexy for the rest of your life.

25 WAYS TO MAXIMUM HEALTH

• Reduce body fat and increase lean muscle mass through diet and exercise.

• Eat five helpings of fruits and vegetables daily.

• Exercise for at least a half hour at least three times a week.

• Reduce stress.

• Enjoy an active sex life.

• Use condoms.

• Have a strong network of friends and social activity.

• Reduce dietary fats to 30 percent of total calories.

• Before exercising, warm up, then stretch.

• Take on a challenging mental task daily.

• Drink six to eight glasses of water a day.

• Take half an aspirin every other day, after you check with your physician.

• Wear sunblock when outdoors.

• Leave some daily idle time for relaxation and recharging.

• Eat fish three times a week.

• Drink tea instead of coffee.

• If you enjoy drinking, drink no more than two glasses of beer or wine or two mixed drinks a day.

• Floss.

• For cooking, use polyunsaturated and mono-unsaturated oils.

• Take supplements of vitamins C and E, and beta carotene.

• Have a thorough physical exam at least every five years.

• Eat at least four ounces of fiber daily.

• Avoid drugs.

• Love somebody.

• Forgive yourself.

THE COMING OF CHROMIUM

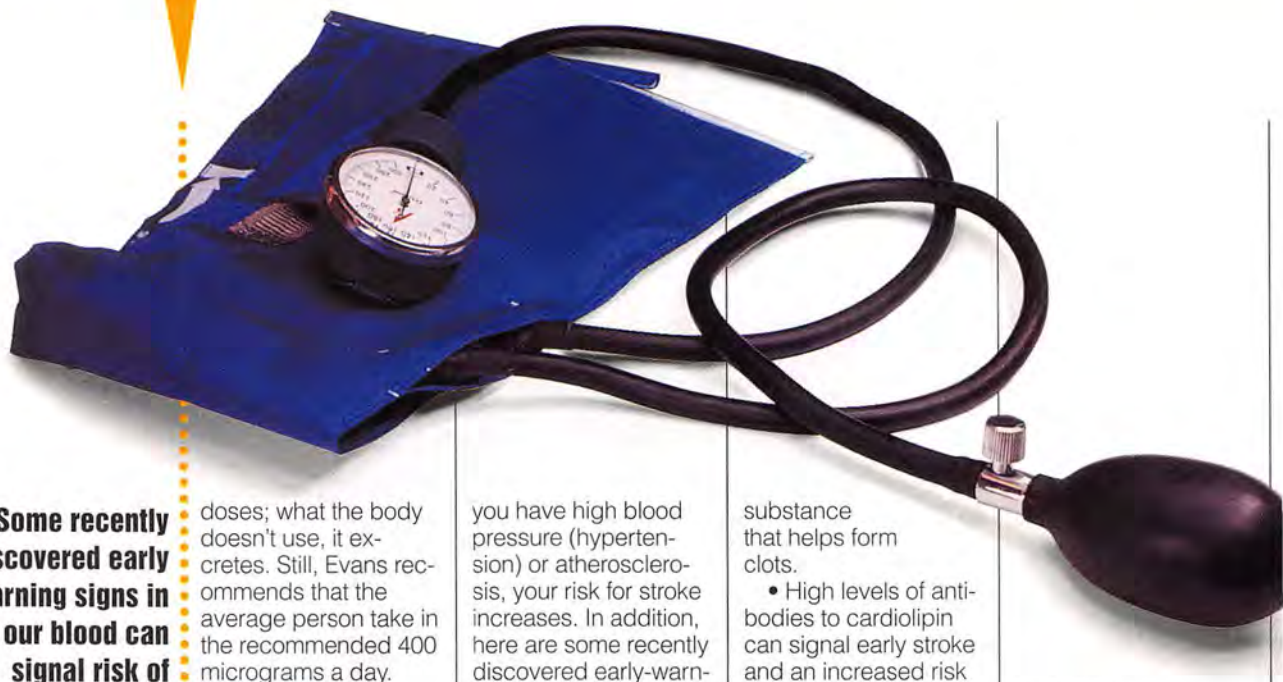
You may have seen the ads in muscle magazines, and you may have heard the claims. The food supplement chromium picolinate can, its promoters tell us, help you lose fat, gain muscle, improve your cholesterol profile, and use insulin more efficiently. Indeed, the chromium-picolinate bandwagon has grown so dramatically over the past few years, the supplement is now a fixture among the bodybuilding set, and it has also created a $100 million–a–year industry.

Is there any science behind the claims? The answer is a qualified yes. The United States Department of Agriculture, for example, declares that as much as 90 percent of the American population is, in fact, deficient in chromium. (No wonder—the principal food sources are brewer's yeast, liver, and kidneys.) Dr. Richard Anderson, the chief scientist at the U.S.D.A.'s Beltsville, Maryland, Human Nutrition Research Center, says that the evidence for chromium picolinate's cholesterol benefits—it lowers total cholesterol while raising levels of H.D.L. (good) cholesterol—is impressive.

Still, Anderson notes, many varieties of chromium can help your cholesterol counts, and fat loss can be sped up with chromium picolinate, "but only if you eat a low-fat diet."

So if you're inclined to take chromium picolinate, what's the right daily dose? The jury's still out on that one, but chemist Gary Evans, Ph.D., of Bemidji State University in Minnesota, who invented the supplement, estimates that for most people, 400 micrograms a day should do the trick.

And what about bodybuilders, some of whom are gobbling as many as 1,000 micrograms daily? Well, they're probably not doing themselves any harm. Chromium isn't toxic, even in high



Some recently discovered early warning signs in our blood can signal risk of stroke and the increased possibility of dying when stroke occurs.

doses; what the body doesn't use, it excretes. Still, Evans recommends that the average person take in the recommended 400 micrograms a day.

STROKE WARNINGS

Most people think of stroke as an unhappy feature of old age, but the truth is that almost one-third of stroke victims are under 65. Are you a candidate? If you have high blood pressure (hypertension) or atherosclerosis, your risk for stroke increases. In addition, here are some recently discovered early-warning signs:

- High blood levels of lipoprotein (a), one of the components of "bad" (or L.D.L.) cholesterol. Lp(a) may prevent the breakup of the blood clots that cause strokes.
- High levels of fibrinogen, a natural substance that helps form clots.
- High levels of antibodies to cardiolipin can signal early stroke and an increased risk of dying when stroke occurs.

CARTILAGE REPAIR

When we jump, run, or even move about, the bones in our joints are protected from impact by cartilage—spongy tissue that lines the joints and acts as nature's own shock absorber. If that cartilage wears or tears—as it often does in sports-related injuries—bone rubs against bone, and that ongoing friction sooner or later spells arthritis.

Because cartilage is one of the few tissues that can't repair itself, there's been no way to treat it other than surgically removing the damaged part. And even though that operation relieves the pain of injury, it actually hastens the onset of arthritis.

But now comes hope for a way around that catch-22. Scientists at Orthogene Company in San Francisco have developed a promising new drug called Chondrogeneron, a combination of fibrinogen, thrombin, and transforming-growth-factor beta. Tests in pigs and rabbits showed that when applied directly

FITNESS FRAGRANCE

It's no longer enough these days for men to simply feel and look fit—if you want the total health package, you have to *smell* fit, too. If that seems like a contradiction in terms, Ralph Lauren's here to help you have it all. He's promoting his new Polo Sport line as a "fitness fragrance," designed to make an active man smell his healthy best. And while the fragrance itself may be a little hard to describe, it's bound to be a considerable improvement on the après-treadmill scent.

to damaged cartilage, Chondrogeneron helped repair the injury and even stimulated the growth of new cartilage. Ernst Hunziker, M.D., the Swiss researcher who tested Chondrogeneron for Orthogene, thinks that human trials could begin in the next two to three years.

If you have a cartilage injury and you don't want to wait until Chondrogeneron is approved by the Food and Drug Administration, you might think about the newest thing in cartilage surgery—cold lasers. Here again, the idea is not to take the cartilage out—and possibly set the stage for arthritis—but to heal it.

At Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia, orthopedic surgeon Arthur Bartolozzi used a variety of cold laser known as neodymium:YAG to treat 64 patients, most of them "weekend warriors," with cartilage injuries. The laser energy stimulated growth and regeneration of the cartilage tissue, bringing improvement in all the patients and complete healing in some. Note: Although many American surgeons are adopting a wait-and-see attitude, cold-laser treatment is already said to be in widespread use in Europe.

"Weekend warriors" with cartilage injuries may soon be able to avoid the risks of surgery with cold-laser treatment.

LOVE AND ULCERS

Most men know that romance makes the heart beat faster, and many will swear that love's swirling, sometimes gut-wrenching emotions can lead to ulcers as well. But the truth may be just the opposite: Ulcers may result not from too much love, but from too little.

Dr. Jack Medalie, a professor of family medicine at Case Western Reserve Medical School in Cleveland, asked

SEX PILLS: DO THEY WORK?

The never-ending search for a male aphrodisiac probably started when some worried Neanderthal noticed that his sex drive was lagging. Today there are dozens of health-food-store products—Manhood Plus, Super Male-Plex, and Masculine Drive are just a few of them—that claim the ability to give men a sexual lift.

The two big questions, of course, are, What's in these products? Do they work? The list of ingredients is long, including everything from that old favorite, ginseng, and other Chinese "fertility" herbs, like gotu kola and fo-ti, to ground-up glandulars, like cow pancreas and pig testicle. Scientists say that the aphrodisiac power of all these substances remains unproven, and although animal glands probably won't hurt you—"the body just digests them like protein," says Dr. Jeffrey Blumberg of the U.S.D.A. Human Nutrition Research Center on Aging at Tufts University in Massachusetts—they probably won't help, either.

So why does the F.D.A. allow manufacturers to make sex-boosting claims for these products? "Because they're considered foods and therefore don't have to be tested for safety and efficacy," says Dr. Lori Love (yes, that's her real name) of the Food and Drug Administration's Office of Special Nutritionals. "But they may be more of a marketing gimmick than anything else."

Luxury lodges and resorts guarantee a peaceful night to weary hikers who can't stand sleeping on the cold, hard ground after a day's exertions.

8,400 ulcer-free middle-age men how much love and emotional support they received from their wives. Five years later, he found that the men who saw themselves as getting the least amount of love were more likely to have ulcers.

The key may lie in how men perceive and define love. For many men, says psychotherapist Robert Leahy, the director of the American Institute for Cognitive Therapy in New York City, sex is love's barometer—if sexual frequency declines, men may start to feel unloved. Leahy suggests that these men broaden their definition of love. "Look at the evidence that you are loved," he says—for example, does your partner ask you about your feelings or try to help you when you're feeling low? If so, then you've probably found the love you thought you'd lost, and your heart—to say nothing of your gut—will be healthier for it.

SOFT-CORE HIKING

If you like the fitness benefits and invigorating views afforded by hiking but just can't stand sleeping bags, don't despair. A new breed of outfitters has arisen to guarantee you a posh and peaceful night after your day's exertions. Instead of sleeping on the cold, hard ground, these guys will book you a reservation at a luxury lodge or resort in places as diverse as Maui, Taos, Bali, or Bhutan. At some spots, they'll throw in a massage or a mud bath. Prices range from $1,695 to $4,850 for a week-long excursion. For more information, contact the Challenges at (800) 448-9816; Global Fitness Adventures at (800) 488-TRIP; MountainFit at (800) 926-5700; or Taos Fitness Adventures at (800) 455-4453.

ALZHEIMER'S AND DIABETES

Do Alzheimer's disease and adult-onset (Type II) diabetes have a similar cause? A new study by a group of researchers from Harvard Medical School and the Children's Hospital in Boston suggests that the answer to this question may very well be yes.

The Harvard scientists focused their study on the role of amilyn, an important ingredient found in fibril deposits that can kill the pancreatic islet cells, which normally produce insulin. The development of new drugs that are aimed at preventing the formation of amilyn deposits or nullifying their toxic effects might, according to Harvard's Bruce Yankner, M.D., "open up a new avenue for treatment of Type II diabetes."

Equally intriguing is the similarity between the deposits formed by amilyn in diabetes and those formed by beta-amyloid protein in the brains of Alzheimer's patients. This similarity leads Yankner to believe that the mechanics of toxic-deposit formation in the two diseases may be related. If so, he says, "it's conceivable that similar drugs might treat these toxic deposits in both diseases."

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Nothing Is As Sexual As A Great Body

"I really felt sorry for this jerk. He pulls up in his $250,000 car, all decked out in gold jewelry and he thinks he's got what it takes. He's got this attitude like all that bullshit makes him a better man. I could tell that he thought the women were going to start drooling the minute he got out of his car. I felt like slapping him—he just doesn't get it.

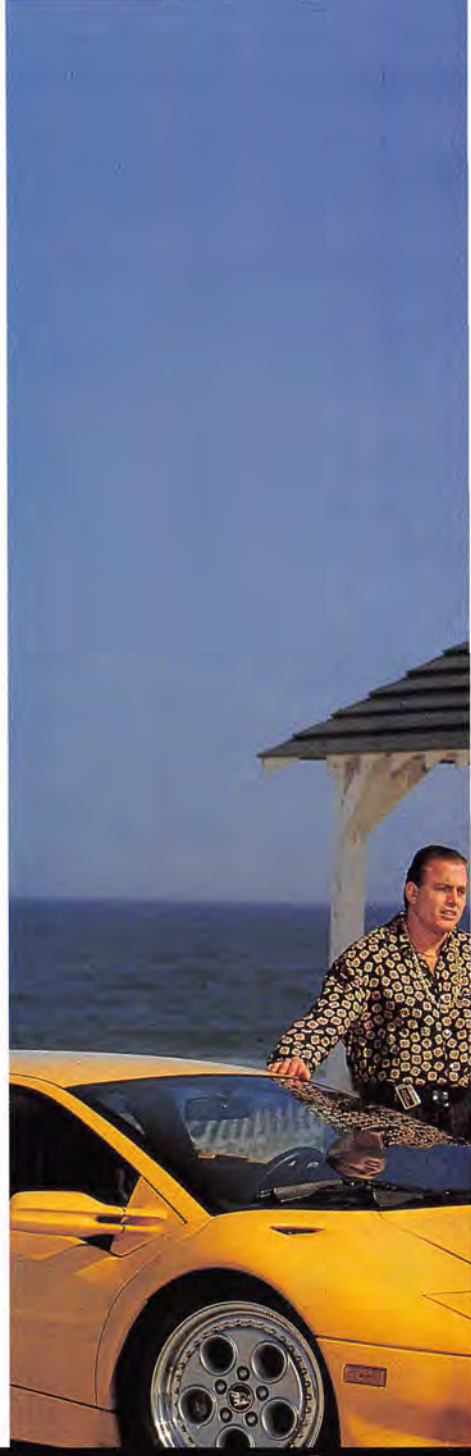
Sexuality is a primitive thing. You know, survival of the fittest and all that stuff. A woman wants a man who's strong and solid—this is what turns them on—not a car or money or pretentious crap like that. It's like you touch some sort of nerve or something *deep* inside of a woman with your body and with the confidence that comes with looking bigger, stronger, and better than those geeks whose only 'claim to fame' is their possessions. A real man finds it in *himself*, not what he can buy.

I have to admit I'm *living* my fantasies, not just thinking about them. Since I've developed my body, women approach me—it's unreal; I never dreamed it would be like this!

A few months back, things weren't quite so good. Being bogged down with work and stuff, I had found a million excuses not to get into shape. Then a buddy of mine turned me on to Cybergenics®. He had made great gains and 'was living the life'. I decided to give it a try and man am I happy I did! This program is every bit as good as you've heard and the change I made was unreal.

Hey, nowadays you have to be careful, you *can't* be jumping from bed to bed. But I gotta admit it feels good for a man to know that he's desirable to women. It feels great to take your shirt off on the beach and feel this sexual energy when you walk past a good-looking woman. This is what it's all about—this is what makes a man feel like a man.

So let that jerk with the car eat his heart out. While he goes home alone with $250,000 worth of Lamborghini wrapped around him—man, I got what I want wrapped around me."



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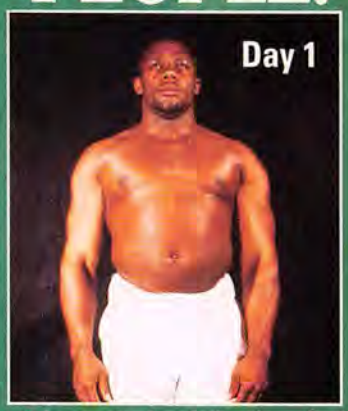
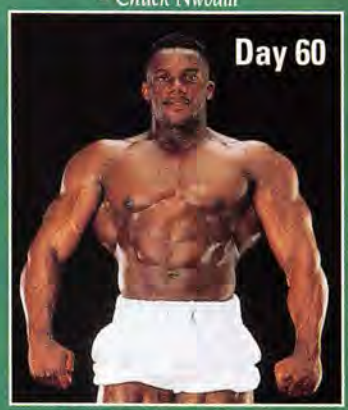


" Cybergenics has helped me find and develop a part of myself which has made me complete.
It is a great feeling when friends and strangers come up to me and compliment me on the progressive improvement of my physique! I feel complete finally, in the sense that I can see my body reaching it's goals using the Cybergenics products. "
- Chuck Nwodili



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POISONED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 201

stained panties, Bob Marshall's D.E.A. calling card fluttered to the floor. He stood there awhile, pondering his wife's oddly misplaced panties, then he stooped to retrieve the small white rectangle that had fallen to his feet.

The urge to kill her, to crush her throat, was overwhelming. It was an urge that banged with ramming violence at the door of his sanity, turning pulse and heartbeat and breath and mind to a blast of sudden shock.

His mouth was dry with anger. The words barely came. He stood over her. "What the fuck is this all about?"

She turned to him, barely saw what he held in his hand, recoiled at the demonic anger in his eyes and quivering lip. He grabbed her chin and jaw and jerked her toward him, then rubbed the panties hard in her face, hurting her nose. She began to scream, and he stoppered her mouth with the wadded panties and the force of his hand. He could feel her breath, hot and frantic and gasping, through the cloth. Her eyes widened in panic. The cloth covered her nostrils, too. She was sure that he was smothering her, killing her. With a trembling hand, he held the card close to her eyes.

It made no sense to her. Only when Johnny uncovered her mouth, allowing oxygen to temper her panic, did she remember those panties; only then did she piece it together.

"Look," she said finally, summoning the voice in her jagged breath. "I don't know what's going on here any more than you do."

He raised his hand to smack her. She flinched and yelped. But he did not strike.

"I'll tell you what's goin' on, you fuckin' bitch! You rat me out to this fuckin' cunt-eatin', cocksuckin', motherfuckin' fed fuckin' bastard, then you fuckin' let him fuck you!"

He raised his open hand again.

"Stop it! You're insane!" she screamed.

"Who do you think you're fuckin' with here?" he spat.

"Listen to me," she whimpered. "You know what I think of cops."

It was true. She had always been a stand-up broad that way. She had nothing but disrespect for them. And how could she have ratted him out if she knew nothing?

"They must've broken in here for something. They took those panties from the hamper. Maybe you know what they were doing here. I don't."

He almost believed her. He wanted to. He could not accept that his possession had been defiled. The thought that she could have done what he had accused her of doing was unbearable. If anything was as low as a nigger-lover, it was a cop-fucker. Then again, when one sought to harm another, one's own morality was often abandoned toward that end.

But none of this mattered now. Whoever left this card—this Special Scumbag Robert J. Marshall—was on to him.

Johnny raised himself from his wife. Half an hour later, he was at his uncle's apartment on Sullivan Street. He laid the D.E.A. card on the kitchen table. He told how he had found it.

"It's a bluff," the old man said. "A guy, he's got something hard to go on, he doesn't pull this shit. He wants to throw a scare into you, get you to fuck up."

"What if they followed me here?"

"So you're visiting your uncle. What's wrong with that?" The old man paused. "See, this is what he wants. You're all off-kilter. You're not thinking."

"Look. He knew enough to come for me."

"That's why he has to go. But let me ask you this. And I want you to remember that anything but an honest answer can finish us all. Does your wife know anything about our business? Anything at all?"

"No."

"Well, then we're okay."

"You think he fucked her?"

"You're asking me? She's your fucking wife. I barely know the girl. What do you think?"

Grains of composure had begun to separate fear from suspicion. "I think she fucked him."

"You're like me. You figure if they fuck you, they'll fuck anybody."

For Uncle Joe, the world of sex and jealousy was a dim and distant memory, like the mingled, imagined scents of lemon blossom and the sea. In a way, he envied Johnny the mad heat of his passion.

"Let me do this guy," Johnny said. He knew what he would do, too. Diane owed him. Yes. *To use women as bait.*

"Are you crazy? Did that taste of blood turn you into an animal? This is not a fucking personal matter. I'll take care of this." Joe placed the card in his shirt pocket. Then his tone softened and was more compassionate. "Do you want him treated as if he gave you the horns?"

Johnny thought awhile, then said, "Yeah. I'd like that."

"One other thing. If your wife is telling the truth, your line may be bugged. Shit, even if she's lying, it may be bugged."

"I haven't used that phone in fuckin' ages."

"Good. It doesn't matter then."

"You really think we're okay?"

"These things happen. Like I said, I'll take care of it."

Johnny lighted a cigarette, sat back, and drew smoke.

"Did you hurt her?"

Johnny shook his head.

"Good. Let her be for now. Don't let this thing drive you crazy. Remember, it's like the man says, cunt is cunt."

"Yeah. Like the man says."

The heavyset, middle-aged man who Joe summoned to the club the next morning listened intently as the old man spoke. As he listened, he held the little white card between two fingers of his right hand.

"And remember," Joe told him. "Make it look like cocaine and spics all the way."

The man nodded slowly. He flicked the card with the forefinger of his left hand. "This is not ordinary *quaglia* here."

"You know me, Berto. Just do your work and do it well. The envelope will not disappoint you."

Three mornings later, in a deserted weighing-station terminal in South Kearny, Marshall lay bound and gagged with duct tape on the dirty concrete floor. The left side of his face was red and swollen, and a gash at his temple oozed dark, clotting blood. His nostrils flared and his shoulders heaved with the labor of his breath. His eyes were wide with fear. Cowboys and Indians, good guys and bad guys. It was the greatest game of all. Now, for him, the game was over.

The heavyset, middle-aged man leaned against a post. A younger man stood over Marshall and spat in his face.

"Where's that phone?" the heavyset man said.

The younger man gestured to a milk crate near the wall. The heavyset man sauntered to it, fetched the cellular telephone that the younger man had placed upon it, along with the roll of duct tape and a coast-guard knife.

Taking a slip of paper from his pocket, he recited Marshall's home number as he dialed another.

"You have the wife?" He looked straight at Marshall as he spoke. "Good. Here's my number." He glanced at the phone in his hand, then gave him the area code and number. "Call me back when you got your cock in her."

He laid down the phone, lighted a cigarette. In two or three minutes—it seemed like 30 days and 30 nights to Marshall—the phone rang.

"Put the phone near her cunt." The heavyset man held the cellular phone to Marshall's ear. "Listen," he said.

At the other end of the line, a receiver lay on a kitchen counter. Near the mouthpiece, two right-hand fingers beat a soft slurring rhythm against a left palm.

Marshall's eyes closed, as if he were overcome by something beyond fear. The sound of the rape of his wife and his world wrenched him from sanity and delivered him to hell.

"Now kill the bitch," the heavyset man said, and once again he lowered the telephone to Marshall's ear.

At the other end of the line, a right hand fired a gun through an open kitchen door into a suburban backyard.

Marshall's eyes opened slightly and filled with tears. Then they closed, and not only his shoulders but his whole body heaved. Only when his trousers were torn open by the younger man did his eyes open again.

The younger man drove the big coast-guard knife hard into the inguinal region. Marshall's body screamed in horrible silence, then went into convulsions as the blade sawed around his fear-shriveled testicles and penis, pierced his left femoral artery, and dug into his pelvic cavity, severing his urethra and vas deferens. When blood squirted hard from the femoral artery into the face of the cutter, he cursed, as if at some personal affront on the part of his victim. Finally, he gouged out the pound of bloody flesh and venous roots in a single, sodden mass. By then Marshall's body was still.

"Should I finish him?" he asked the heavyset man. Blood splattered onto the floor from the organs in his left hand, dripped from the blade of the knife in his right. He looked with repulsion at the gore in his left hand. "Fuckin' disgusting," he muttered, as if he had had nothing to do with it, as if he had happened upon it and only now realized what it was.

"He's already finished." The heavyset man reached down, pulled the tape from Marshall's mouth, which fell open but made no sound. He was still breathing, but his life was gathering in the drenching pool of blood from his femoral artery.

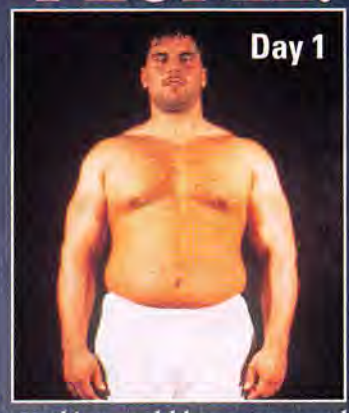
"Go 'head," the heavyset man said. "Make it pretty."

The younger man crammed the handful of gore into the open mouth.

"There's a spigot out back," the heavyset man told him. "Go wash up." From his pocket he removed a small spiral notepad. The pad was old and worn and missing many of its blue-lined leaves, all of which were blank. The first leaf, however, bore the impression, invisible to the casual eye, of a notation that had been made on a previous leaf. The impression was that of a Colombian nickname, Cabezon, and a number, 24. The pad had also been lightly dusted with cocaine. He tossed the pad onto the floor behind the milk crate.

It would be more than a week before Marshall's gruesome remains were found.

REAL PEOPLE.



" Nothing could have prepared me for my experience with Cybergenics. I cannot tell you how it feels to walk on to the beach with my shirt off and have people – especially women – talk about my physique! There are no words which can capture the immense satisfaction I have for Cybergenics. "
— Harry Thanos

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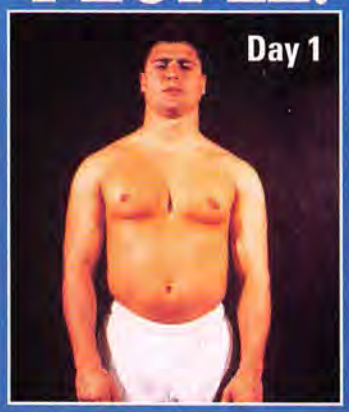
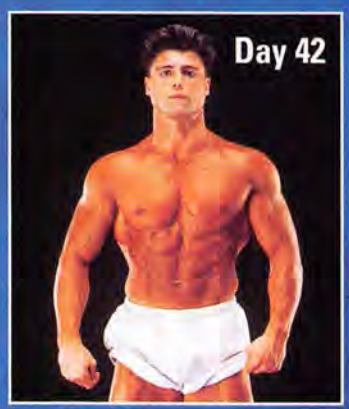


" I'm 26 years old, and single. I have to tell you that being muscular and looking great *does* make a difference. It has given me the confidence I need and my social calendar *was never* fuller! Cybergenics has *really* made a difference"
- *Chris Wagner*



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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

with about a dozen young people in wheelchairs. They seemed more organized than I, but out of politeness, I offered to help them onto the train. The spokesman of the group (an unusually good-looking chap) explained to me with courteous self-confidence that they were all going to participate in a wheelchair athletic event. Therefore, if any of them needed assistance to board a train, they might as well have stayed home.

Your options are limited. There is a woman (she is, in fact, a sexologist) whom I've known for years who arranges sex for the disabled, but she has had constant hassles with the authorities—the moral minority in particular—so that may not be the best solution. She told me that of all the physically challenged, the most cut off—the people who feel most deprived—are the deaf. They never know what is being said about them, and they live in a world of absolute silence.

A tragic aspect of a weakness in human nature is that many people actually regard you as another minority group to ignore, be jealous of, or even hate—like Cuban immigrants in Florida or Wasps in Harlem or the homeless anywhere. (Yes, many people hate anybody who makes them feel guilty.)

If you manage to get yourself a girlfriend who has no physical (or mental) disabilities, she is going to get a lot of pressure from her friends and relatives on the same level as a nice Jew who is dating a shiksa. Your wheelchair is definitely a factor in making it more difficult to get laid, so why not use it as bait? Try dating services (computerized or otherwise) or advertise in your local papers—or anywhere else you can think of—for a sympathetic girl to take you for walks. Let her push you, no matter how efficient you are at managing your own wheels.

You are probably going to get better results by emphasizing your weakness than by stressing your independence, and just as there are weirdos who may despise you for your disability, there are probably just as many people—beautiful young girls among them—who are crying out for the chance to do some socially worthwhile task, like wheeling you around. All you have to do is start a roster and try to get as many candidates as you can on your list. Whenever you find one you fancy, let her take you out once or twice (not on the first night, darling), then explain to her, in tones of deep tragedy, just how difficult it is for you to get laid. In no time at all, I guarantee you will be getting handjobs, blowjobs, and, finally, the works.

TRUTH CAN BE HARD

I've been married to Julie for four years now. She's petite, blond, and very cute. The first time we had sex, I was amazed at how large her pussy was. Later she told me that she'd been sexually active for a while. I was glad she was experienced. We have a great relationship in every respect, and all is well.

Julie has a sister, Yvonne, who is a few years younger. She's not as strikingly attractive as my wife, but definitely nice to look at. Whereas Julie is cute, Yvonne is sultry. She lives with her husband in the same apartment complex that Julie and I do, so we see them on a frequent basis.

Yvonne's been married to Andy for about three years. He's a great guy, but he always seemed to be holding something in. Sometime ago, he and I went to the local bar, and after a few beers, we got to talking about our wives. The upshot is that Yvonne and Andy haven't fucked in over a year and a half. He's been satisfied with getting jerked off or the occasional blowjob.

A couple of months later, Julie asked me to take some wallpaper over to Yvonne. It was in the middle of the week, Andy was working, and I had taken some vacation time to help around the house. I decided to take a shortcut that would bring me to their back door. I came up alongside the rear of their home and, by chance, happened to glance into the bedroom window, which is located on the first floor. My mouth went dry, my heart started to pound, and for the first time in my life, I got weak knees.

Yvonne was in bed on her back, and a big, muscular black guy was fucking her like crazy! Her legs were drawn up, her thighs pressing against his sides, while her arms were around his back and her hands caressed his dark skin. They were engaged in a real deep, wet soul kiss, and Yvonne was humping her belly up at the guy, churning her hips to beat the band. He was pounding into Yvonne's pussy like it was good as gold. I knew that this was not the first time for these two people.

I'm not the voyeur type, but I was paralyzed with lust and intense interest as to what was going on. The guy shoved deeply into Yvonne, and she was tossing her head back and forth. All of a sudden, he pushed in and strained his crotch against her while she bucked up against him and did the same. I knew he was coming inside her, and it seemed like she enjoyed it immensely. Slowly, Yvonne's legs opened and he pulled out.

After a couple of minutes, Yvonne snuggled next to him and whispered something in his ear. A smile crossed his face and he got out of bed, went to her side, and stood there. Yvonne rose to a sitting position and swung her legs out

over the bed. She gripped his dick near the base and took it in her mouth. While her head bobbed up and down, she jerked him off and cradled his balls with her free hand. With each stroke, her big tits jiggled. This couldn't have been hotter if I were at a peep show. Had I not been outside with houses around me, I would have played with myself.

Anyway, this guy got up on his toes and came in her mouth. She took his cock from between her lips and kept stroking it, allowing him to spray her face and tits with his juices.

Giggling, my sister-in-law fell back across the bed, all wet and gooey, while her lover rubbed his wet dick over her belly and chest. She was still lying there when he left. I waited there forever until I heard his car drive away and, taking a deep breath, allowed myself an extra minute before going to the front door and knocking.

Yvonne answered after a long time, wearing one of Andy's sports shirts, held closed by only a single button. I went in, gave her the wallpaper, and took the cup of coffee she offered. Naturally, I was both nervous and excited, but I retained my self-control. This wasn't a situation I wanted to get involved in, but I'll admit I was almost foaming at the mouth. When I rose to leave, I had to take a parting shot. "Next time," I said jokingly, "you'd better make sure your blinds are closed."

Yvonne looked at me in shock for a split second and then recovered. She gave me a sly smile, unbuttoned the one button on her shirt, held it open, and said, "There's some left over," adding a suggestive wink. I summoned all the courage and fortitude I could muster, promised not to say anything, and left.

I almost burst trying to keep her secret. The next night, while Julie slowly stroked my cock, cuddled up next to me, I had to tell her. Her hand stopped, she sighed, and then she told me she knew all about it. Yvonne had been fucking this guy since before she was married.

While Julie started jerking me off again, she also told me that before we'd gotten married, he'd also fucked her on a regular basis and that she'd had his baby. Since she wasn't married, she'd put the child up for adoption. But since we'd gotten married, she'd been totally devoted to me. That was nice and all, but the idea of that big black stud humping my wife's blond pussy has gotten to me. Julie keeps telling me to forget it, but the guy and Yvonne are humping big time, very close to home. Do you think there still might be an attraction, and how do I handle Yvonne now? And what about Andy? I'm trying to keep things in perspective, but I could sure use your advice.—W. C., New Jersey

Boy, are you confused! First you have a few beers with Andy and get mighty interested in his sex life. So if they had not been fucking for a year and a half, what were you—or your wife, for that matter—going to do? Even before you saw Yvonne and her lover—who turned out to have been your wife's lover, too—pumping away, you were behaving as a true voyeur, getting an account of other people's sex life without becoming involved, like those guys who read about the juicy scandals in the more sensational newspapers.

My advice to you is not to meddle in the affairs of Yvonne and Andy. You have neither the tact nor the objectivity to help, especially as you are clearly incapable of keeping your mouth shut. Why don't you simply enjoy the love you get from Julie, who must be a much more together person than you, and believe her when she says that what she had with the other guy is over? Your morbid persistence will eventually aggravate her so much that you will create a problem where none existed, except in your head. The surest way of driving Julie to start the affair all over again is for you to keep on sniffing after the past, reopening what was a dead file.

CONDOM KING

My wife and I have been married for seven years, and our sex life is very good. Even after being married this long, I find her as exciting now as when we first met. For many years I have enjoyed wearing a condom when fucking. During my first marriage, I used a condom for birth control. In this marriage, birth control is not a problem, but I still like to wear a condom when making love, for a variety of reasons. Generally, I find it to be a real turn-on, and it makes me even hornier—so much so that I can hardly wait to get my sheathed prick into my wife and fuck away. It's almost as if once the condom is on, an orgasm is not too far away.

At first, my present wife didn't like me to wear a condom—associating its use with some sordid, teenage sexual encounter. But gradually, over the past year or so, she has accepted my preference. She claims that my lovemaking is much better because my staying power has increased.

Our question concerns our technique in sheathing my hard stick. I know that you can unwrap the top and roll the condom all the way down the shaft, but my wife wants to know if there is a sexier way. Also, is my preference for wearing a condom that uncommon? —K. A.

Although the condom has been in use since time immemorial (early examples being made, like sausage skins, out of sheep's intestines), it is only lately that

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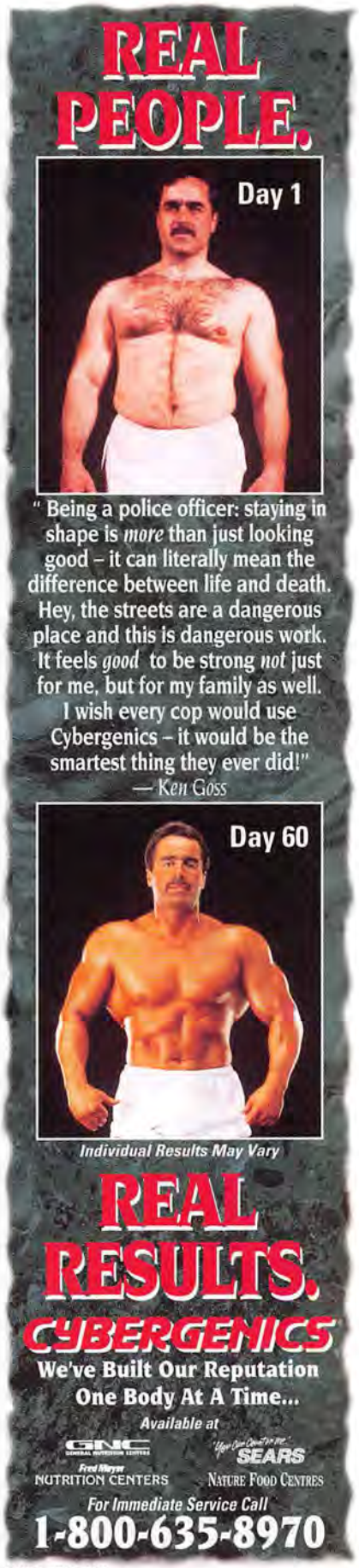

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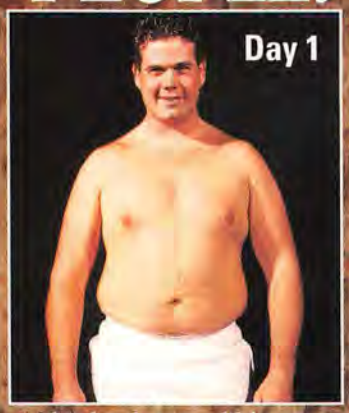
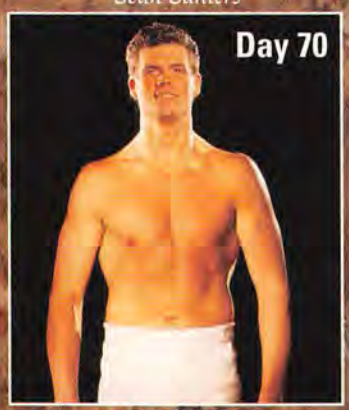


"Absolutely incredible, are the only words I can find which capture how I feel about myself and the way that I look now. Changing the way I look in such a compelling way has also changed my whole outlook. Cybergenics should be used by *everyone* who needs to believe in themselves!"
– Sean Santers



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DENNIS FRANZ

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 206

not allowing them to see it. I don't think that was responsible on their part.

Let's go back to the role that put you on the map—Norman Buntz on "Hill Street Blues." How did you come to play that?

They asked me to come back to "Hill Street" a couple of years after playing Benedetto, but I didn't know what I was coming back as. The first thing they told me was he was going to be German, so I started thinking of German names. Like, my mother's maiden name was Mueller, and I was thinking, *That's a good, strong name.*

Then one of the NBC guys called one day and said, "I have your name." I said, "What is it?" He said, "Norman Buntz." I thought he was kidding. I said, "They're not telling you the truth. They're joking." So I called up David Milch and said, "David, what's with this Norman Buntz stuff?" He said, "Yeah, pretty great name, huh?" I said, "Great? It's goofy. What kind of name is that?" He said, "If a guy's got a name like Norman Buntz, he'd have to defend it from the time he was a kid. It would give him an attitude." And I said, "You know, that's interesting. I can use that."

Then came wardrobe. I show up for a fitting and see all these horrible-looking polyesters, all these mismatching clothes. I said, "No! No!" I went to Milch again. "What's with the clothes?" He said, "What, you don't like the clothes?" I didn't. I thought, *Buntz is turning into a mutt.*

Later on, I did learn to appreciate the wardrobe—the polka dots, the plaids. I got into it. It was something else for me to play. I still thought a couple of the sports jackets were on the borderline of being Arthur Godfrey. But when I was given a choice of ties each week, I would go for the one that matched the worst.

In fact, I started receiving ties from viewers. I tried to use them on the show. The best one I got was a green paisley tie. If you looked at it real close, you could see that all the little paisleys were psychedelic lettering that read, FUCK YOU. FUCK YOU. FUCK YOU. That I never wore on the show. I thought, *Mmm, if I do and they catch it, there'll be a price to pay.*

What was your favorite episode as Buntz?

The one where Buntz was taken hostage and tied to a chair. That was pretty strong. It was this mental jousting match that I had with this crazy man—trying to hide my own fears and my concerns, but also trying to protect my partner and talk him into doing the same thing I'm doing. The thing is, don't beg. The guy got so frightened that he found himself cracking and begging. As soon as he begged, it was over.

What about the line from that episode, "It wasn't tea with the freakin' queen"?

That was kind of a ground-breaker, the use of the word *freakin'*. I think I was the first character that used the word *freaking*. And then I started seeing it popping up all over, and I wanted to lay a claim on it, like, *Hey, hey, that's* my *word.*

Did you ever campaign to get Buntz a girlfriend?

Yeah, I did. I wanted him to have a black girlfriend. The guys I play are usually interpreted as being prejudiced or racist, and I thought, *How interesting for somebody like that to have to come to grips with a relationship with someone he's supposed to be prejudiced towards.* It's a wonderful conflict. And I'm not talking about a drop-dead beautiful black girl. I wanted to see him with an average-looking person.

That kind of thing, a black-white relationship on television, it's been done since then. But at the time, I think it would have had a profound impact on the audience. "Hill Street" broke rules, but for whatever reason, they chose not to break that one. I believe they thought it was still a taboo.

When I had the spin-off, "Beverly Hills Buntz," I brought it up again. I said, "Give him a black girl." They said, "Naaah, you're going to limit your appeal." I brought it up again for "NYPD Blue." It was dismissed again. Then I suggested getting involved with the Costas character. It serves a similar purpose. It's not a likely relationship.

[Laughing] The other day I was having a conversation with David Milch about something entirely different, but I was talking about relationships, and I said, "You know what would be interesting?" And he cut me off. He says, "Don't tell me you want to jump in the sack with a black girl. You're on record. I understand you want it. It's not gonna happen, okay? Forget about it."

Are Andy Sipowicz and Norman Buntz two completely different guys in your head?

They are now, yes. When I first looked at the Sipowicz character, I had a concern about similarities, but I've realized that Sipowicz can go over the edge. He has gone completely out of control. Buntz had such inner strength, he always knew where the line was. He might dab a toe over it, but he wouldn't cross it. Andy will jump. And Sipowicz is a man who feels awkward in society in general.

I'm sorry Bobby Costanzo's character got killed on "NYPD Blue," and I think others are also. Giardella was an interesting character to have around. A great foil. I wish he had survived for that, if nothing else. Find out the roots of Sipowicz's obsession with getting him.

I'm using him as one of the reasons that Sipowicz went off the deep end.

The comic opportunities aren't as broad with Sipowicz, either. They're there. I do get to use some choice language on "NYPD Blue." I get to say things like "wig-wearing hump." That's one of my favorites. And on the show about the guy whose Oscar was stolen, I used "whip your skippy." I said, "Some guy's whipping his skippy gazing at your Oscar."

You've worked closely with Steven Bochco and David Milch off and on for ten years now. They must know you pretty well. Are elements of you being written into Andy Sipowicz?

There's been an evolution process that began prior to my involvement in "NYPD Blue." The Sipowicz character was written for me. I was asked to be involved in the show a year prior to actually filming and six months prior to having any script. There was no title; there were no storylines other than the concept of a gritty cop show.

They approached me, and I welcomed the opportunity to work with them again. They already had a track record with me as far as what they like to see me do, the kind of characters that would suit me. So that evolution really had taken place before the beginning of Sipowicz. They already had the bullets to load the gun with, and they loaded it and gave it to me.

There is a personal side of me that is sneaking into the Sipowicz character—this not-so-sure-of-oneself side that they have learned of me personally. I can sometimes be reserved and quiet. I think I tend to be a little ... not reclusive, but less outgoing. I think they've witnessed that, and they've found a way of incorporating that into Sipowicz. Since I usually play guys who are so sure of themselves, it's very interesting for me.

Aside from finally getting yourself a girlfriend, do you and the other actors often contribute to the storylines?

Yeah, it happens quite frequently. There was a storyline about a Vietnam vet recently, and they asked me to give them some ideas of my experiences over there.

What did you tell them?

That I have a hard time remembering what it was like.

What do you remember?

I remember the plane on the way over. There was a lot of noise, a lot of fun on board, until we realized we'd crossed the border and we were over Vietnam. Then a hush fell over the plane. All these GIs, everybody was looking out the window and kind of reflecting. There was a quietness. You could see little puffs of smoke over this beautiful landscape. You're thinking, *Now what happens? Do I jump off the plane and start shooting?*

The plane lands, you get off. The first thing you're confronted with is this heat—and the cheers from the soldiers who are there waiting for that plane to take them out of the country. You're their replacement. So you get this strange kind of greeting, and then you're swept off into different areas.

You worked reconnaissance? What did that involve?

Setting up ambush. Fighting the physical discomforts of lying in water beside a rice paddy throughout the night with these bugs flying around. Thank God for the insect repellent. You put this stuff on, and you hear throughout the night this horrible buzzing noise. But you can't see anything because it's pitch black except for when there's a burst of fire in the distance or some moonlight, anything that lights up the sky. Then you could see these massive insects trying to get into you. And if you ran out of this repellent, you were sunk.

Those were just the physical discomforts. The emotional thing is leaving your family and your loved ones, everybody you care about, knowing that you're not going to see them for a year and that this is going to be your existence instead.

You're wet at night. You dry out during the day. Your boots become so uncomfortable that when you take them off and start scratching, your feet literally bleed.

And that's not to mention when you have enemy contact. Gunfire would open up. You'd have to shoot at people, and people would shoot at you. You wouldn't even see people all the time—you'd just hear the gunfire and know it was at you, and you'd shoot at the area that you could see muzzle flashes or tracers coming from. We shot into areas, and we would go look for bodies when the shooting stopped. Many times we would not find bodies. Many times we would. I personally never saw a bullet from my rifle hit a person, but you don't know who is responsible for what.

You lose friends. The buddies you're with, they're your whole world. And when you lose one or one gets wounded, it has a strong impact. I don't know what to equate it to. Maybe going to jail. That might be as bad or worse, I'm not sure. But it was a year that I didn't experience anything good except for my total respect and admiration for the men that I was with.

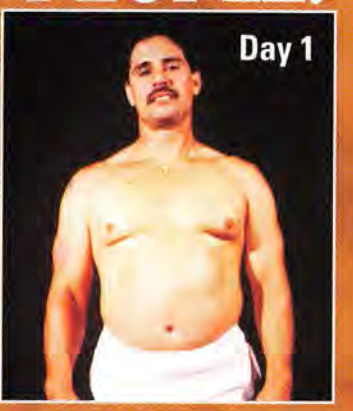
In the years since, has your time in Vietnam affected your work as an actor?

I'm certain it's had an effect. I can recall some of the fears that I had at times there when I thought it was all over for me. I consciously reflect on that fear sometimes. And there have to be many unconscious choices I make as an actor that are related to that experience.

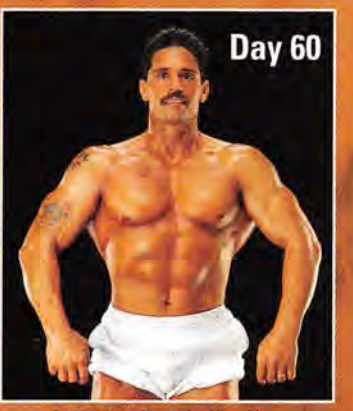
You became an actor in Chicago when you got out of the Army?

Yeah, I joined the Organic Theatre

REAL PEOPLE.



" You know, I turned 41 years old in March, and I am in the *best* shape of my life! My kids look up to me like I am the strongest guy in the world; and I am damn proud of that. I recommend Cybergenics to anyone who really wants to be their best."
~ *Ernie Santiago*



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Company. I was very, very content there.

When did you play your first cop?

The first cop I ever played was in a stage play called *Cops*, by Terry Curtis Fox. Joe Mantegna and I played policemen. In the middle of the play, mayhem jumps out of nowhere. Shooting erupts. We had stuff rigged that would explode so it looked like we were shooting real bullets. Some people in the audience would run out of the theater.

When we were preparing to do that play, Joe and I would hang around with some of the Chicago police officers. They would take us out in patrol cars. We'd go to restaurants and bars they would frequent and just try to emulate their behavior.

Then Joe and I would go out and test ourselves on the street. I was driving my father's old Chevrolet, which could be interpreted as an undercover police car, and we would drive around and get into situations—not pull a badge or anything phony like that, but we would confront people and say, "What are you guys doing here? You supposed to be here? What are you up to?" We'd do this just to see if we could enforce authority. And we could.

What other actors do you most admire?

My favorites are Gene Hackman, Robert Duvall, Morgan Freeman. They're not necessarily typical leading men, but I believe every word that comes out of their mouths. I got a chance to work with Gene Hackman in a movie called *The Package*. I played a cop for a change. Working with Gene Hackman was the greatest experience I've had acting. I learned a lot about honesty. I couldn't tell when his talking stopped and his acting began. It was very interesting. It had a good effect on me.

Do you try to bring this same kind of honesty to playing Sipowicz?

I try. We have a very limited period of rehearsal. We're doing 22 episodes a year, and we pay very close attention to detail for a television show, but we don't have the luxury of being able to get things perfect. We'll finish one script in the middle of an afternoon and ten minutes later begin the next script. A new director with a new team comes in, the old team goes. You change your clothes and jump into the next storyline. It's a different type of discipline. It can be difficult.

What's it like working with David Caruso?

David's an extremely intense actor. He believes, as we all do, in striving for honesty and truth in his performance. And he's very hard on himself in trying to get to that. If he feels one false moment, he's not satisfied, and he wants to start again. That's film acting. That's the kind of investment you're able to make in film. He's realizing that's very difficult to do in a series, but his performance shows the type of quality that he invests in his work.

I'm not quite as hard on myself as he is. I'm able to let things go. David really gets down on himself if he doesn't get his performance exactly right.

After all the crime dramas you've been involved with, what's your feeling about violence on TV and in movies? Do you think it can prompt some people in the audience to commit violence themselves?

Yes, I think it affects certain elements of our society in a way that's not necessarily healthy. This may sound odd coming from a guy like me, but I do not condone violence or body counts for the sake of entertainment. We're living in dangerous times. I wish our entertainment was not in the form of violence, not in the form of sensationalistic, voyeuristic kinds of things on television or in entertainment in general. Gone are the days when entertainment would make you smile and not affect society. I think there is a certain impact. I think we both reflect one another. I think the society reflects entertainment and the other way around.

> *THE COUNTRY WAS NOT BLESSED WITH SEEING MY ASS THE FIRST SEASON, BUT BOCHCO [SAID] RECENTLY THAT MY TIME IS COMING. SO PROBABLY NEXT YEAR.*

I don't think "NYPD Blue" is a violent show. There are times when violence will erupt on it, but it's not gratuitous. It's done so that the impact of that violent outbreak, its effect on the characters, can be explored. The emotional consequences of violence are always great. It's a very moralistic show.

The bulk of my mail is from police officers. I get a lot from law-enforcement officials around the country. It's all favorable. A lot of it is appreciative of the show in general, saying it's good to see an adult drama on television, an intelligent show that treats adults like adults.

As opposed to, say, Die Hard 2*?*

Exactly. Which I was a part of. I put food on the table. I would rather not be involved in that kind of thing, to tell you the truth. I'd rather not have to contribute to that form of entertainment. But I'm an actor and a realistic human being. That's what's being offered, so what are my choices? Either I do it or quit the business.

Is your choice of roles expanding now with the success of "NYPD Blue"?

Yes. A lot of people still insist on offering me police roles and heavies, but I have got to get away from this cop thing. I would like to show people I'm capable of doing other things. After "NYPD Blue" is finished, I don't want to wind up playing an old Southern cop. So I'm looking at scripts. Anything that's not a police officer I'm looking at.

Of the parts you've played throughout your career, what's your favorite that wasn't a cop?

On "Civil Wars," another Steven Bochco show, I played Murray Seidelman, an appliance salesman who went to Graceland with his wife and became inhabited by the spirit of Elvis Presley. He thinks he *is* Elvis. I had a big wig and big glasses—probably just the tip of my nose was showing. It was the most delightful experience I think I've ever had as an actor.

What do you do to get away from acting? Do you have something that you use as an escape?

Yeah. I love to play golf. I started playing when I moved to L.A. It was frustrating at first. I was a club thrower. I broke many a club.

I remember taking out a sprinkler head once—I got so upset I had made a bad shot, I threw my club further than I hit the ball, and then I went over to this sprinkler and started kicking the shit out of it, and it finally busted and the water sprayed straight up in the air. I got into a fight on the golf course once with some guy. Got my finger broken.

But I've mellowed as the years have gone by. My handicap is about 13 right now. It's been as low as eight. I'm capable of a good game, but it's going to take me a week or two of constant play to get back into single digits.

What I like about it is that when I'm playing golf, I forget "NYPD Blue," I forget my agent, I forget Joanie, I forget my personal problems. I love being outside. I love hitting that ball.

Anything you can tell us about what's in store for Sipowicz in the second season? Will your nudity clause kick in?

I think so. The country was not blessed with seeing my ass the first season, but Bochco made an announcement at a gathering recently that my time is coming. So probably next year. I've told them to promise me they'll give me at least a month's notice so I can get in some kind of shape.

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THE PENIS PAGE

FACTS & PHALLUSES OF AMERICA'S FAVORITE ORGAN

Penis-enlargement surgery may be all the rage but beware—the lengths men are going to may not be safe. Read on.

By Leslie Knowlton

The first penis I saw this year was on a table in Culver City, California. It looked like a perfectly good specimen to me, all nice and pink with no apparent diseases. But this penis wasn't exposed in all its splendor because it was coming out to play; this poor, unsuspecting unit was about to go under the knife because the brain it was attached to had decided it wasn't big enough.

"Why are you doing this?" I wanted to ask the head at the other end of the table. (I'm a reporter and, therefore, can ask whatever inane questions I want and get away with it.) But the head couldn't answer me. It was under anesthesia. I wondered how the head would feel if it knew that I, a female member of the Fourth Estate, had been invited to view its most prized real estate before it underwent a $5,900 expansion—one of 150 such renovations being conducted each month in this, the operating room of Dr. Melvyn Rosenstein.

I'd come here to tour this Frankensteinian scene after seeing a large display ad in the sports section of the newspaper. The headline read MEN ONLY, and since I don't take direction well (and I'm always interested in what men are up to), I promptly read it. It promised that men could actually double the size of their penis. *What's this about?* I wondered. Some kinky cabal? Some new nineties male-bonding ritual? First they were enlarging our breasts, now they're going after their own penises?

I dialed the 800 number and reached marketing man Ed Tilden. He told me that Dr. Rosenstein—a board-certified urologist—had already enlarged more than 900 penises since 1991 via two techniques, one for length and one for width. Tilden said that about one-third of a man's penis lies inside the body; the lengthening procedure, which involves altering suspensory ligaments, simply shifts part of that root outside. And penises can be thickened, he explained, by harvesting fat from other places, like the belly, and injecting it into the penis shaft (the head, or glans, cannot be enlarged). Since it's all cosmetic (read: medically unnecessary), insurance doesn't usually pay for it, but easy financing can be arranged.

I was invited in to see some before-and-after snapshots. Of course I went. Thus began this odyssey into the controversial underworld of cosmetic penis enlargement, a psychosurgical never-never land where men go to feel better about themselves. And it's not just here in Culver City—it's everywhere.

According to industry watcher Gary Griffin—a Palm Springs, California, author who publishes the newsletter *Penis Power Quarterly* and graphic books about penises—there are about 30 urologists, plastic surgeons, and other doctors across the United States profiting off the male version of penis envy. He estimates that about 3,000 men—most of average size to begin with—have already had one or both operations, getting a bargain package price of about $5,000 to $6,000 if they opt for both longer *and* thicker members. The procedures, which are done on an outpatient basis, take an hour or two, and sexual activity can be resumed in about a month.

I spoke to dozens of doctors and patients and found that, like anything else, this is caveat emptor, as not all physicians—particularly those who are new at it—achieve optimal or lasting results, and not all patients are completely satisfied. And there are risks, particularly with the lengthening procedure. At least one man has already sustained serious nerve injury that'll take nine months to regenerate. A few others report inhibited erections months after the surgery, a phenomenon that baffles doctors, since the operation supposedly doesn't impact sexual function. Less serious effects can include a significant drop in the angle of erection, a penis that "pivots" at the base, pubic hair growing on the newly exposed front part of the penis, and development of scar tissue at the suture line.

Rosenstein—who has positioned himself as sort of the king of penis enlargement—claims to have better results and happier patients than anyone. He also claims to perform more operations than any other doctor, and he will happily show pictures to prove it. To capitalize on his "secret techniques," last year the penis pasha enlisted marketing expert Tilden to deploy an aggressive business plan.

They named their penis-enlargement business the Mens Institute of Cosmetic Surgery, and they based it in tony New-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 290

Virtual Sex Experiment

Plug Your Brain Into This Powerful Mind Machine To Zap Stress, Boost Mental Powers, And Launch Your Mind Into Virtual Reality-Like Sensual Fantasies. Plus Get 4 "Virtual Sex" Experiences Free!

By Dane Spotts

I put on my space age shades, plugged in a *"Virtual Sex"* experimental soundtrack, and programmed the *SuperMind*™ computer for a "heavy-duty" Theta program. As I punched the start button I was reminded of NASA's virtual reality machines. Those billion dollar video games that transport your consciousness into an artificial computer world you manipulate with voice commands and gestures.

Of course, the *SuperMind*™ isn't virtual reality. No. It's more like electronic LSD.

PUSH-BUTTON SEX

After only a few moments of being plugged into this machine, I was sucked into a deep trance. Weird colors and patterns were created on the insides of my closed eyelids. I could hear the gentle sounds of surf, as I lay on an isolated beach. The sexiest woman I'd ever imagined began nibbling on my ear, and massaging my brain with erotica. As the fantasy unfolded inside my mind, it seemed ultra-real. More than watching any X-rated movie. Because I was the experience.

ZAPPING YOUR BRAIN

Using pulses of sequenced light emitted from the glasses and computer generated sound frequencies, the *SuperMind*™ computer synchronizes your brainwave patterns, driving you into an altered state of consciousness.

Based on hard scientific evidence which associates specific states of consciousness with dominant brainwave activity, this machine coaxes your brain into an Alpha/Theta pattern (brainwaves in the 4-10Hz range), which is the optimum state for deep relaxation and mental imagery. Zen monks and yogis train for decades to achieve this same level of mental control you achieve in seconds.

Developed by the Mind Research Laboratory as a tool to alter consciousness and reprogram self-sabotaging behavior, now anyone can experience profound mental states at the push of a button. And because it's computer controlled you can experiment with thousands of different frequency combinations. Or you can choose from 10 "preset programs" designed to produce specific states of consciousness — ranging from dream-like sleep and meditation to extreme alertness.

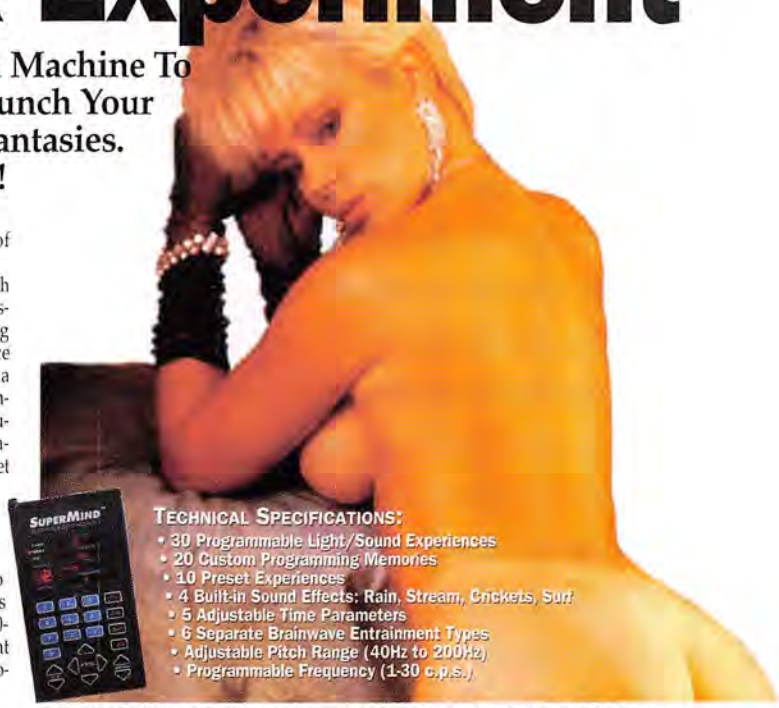
The size of a pocket calculator, it's so portable I take it with me on business trips to zap stress and beat jet lag. A 20-minute session gives me the equivalent of 8-hours sleep and helps reset my biological clock.

"VIRTUAL SEX" EXPERIMENT

A few months ago a researcher was fooling around with Theta brainwaves and mood-altering soundtracks. Just for fun he mixed in an erotic audio recording while plugged into the *SuperMind*™. The results were absolutely "mind blowing."

You see, the computer matrix induces an ultra-receptive mind-state while the erotic soundtrack transports your consciousness right inside the action. It's amazingly realistic. Because your brain is so "tuned in" by the light/sound frequencies, your mind focuses inward, creating an intense array of erotic mental images.

Using this newly discovered formula, the lab created four *"Virtual Sex"* experimental soundtracks *(see description below)*. I'm going to send you all four — FREE — just for trying out the *SuperMind*™ for 30 days. But I caution you not to overdo it. This is powerful stuff that can become addicting. And remember this is more than a high-tech sex toy. Much more.



The *SuperMind*™ brainwave computer uses a light/sound matrix to synchronize your natural brainwave frequencies into a desired mind-state, then implants erotic "virtual sex" fantasies onto your brain cells.

First off, training your brain to generate Theta activity for even a few minutes each day has enormous benefits, including boosting the immune system, enhancing self-image and creativity, and triggering peak experiences.

And that's still only the beginning. Because this machine can also be used to accelerate learning and modify negative self-defeating behavior.

AUTOMATIC HYPNOSIS

Let's say you wanted to quit smoking, boost your self-confidence, lose weight, or just play a better game of golf. You could pay a hypnotist $100 an hour or more to reprogram these new behavior patterns into your subconscious. Or, by plugging into the *SuperMind*™ you could induce a hypnotic trance in a matter of seconds.

Then, while your subconscious is primed for psychological reprogramming, you play prerecorded behavioral mindscripts, and these new success patterns become transferred onto your brain cells automatically.

I'll include a special audio report that teaches you how to create your own behavioral mindscripts on everything from success conditioning and weight control to enhancing sexual performance.

INSTANT SPEED LEARNING

Plus, you can use this machine for speed learning. Tests at the University of California have revealed the effects of Theta frequencies on learning. During their study a group of 20 students learned 1,800 words of Bulgarian in 120 hours while using Theta stimulation programs. In about 1/3 of normal time they spoke and wrote the new language.

As an additional bonus I'll be including a special report on how to set up your own speed learning system to learn foreign languages and new material at lightning speed.

And of course the four *"Virtual Sex"* experimental soundtracks ($100 value) I'm also including free.

30-DAY TRIAL

This powerful brain boosting computer with all its incredible bonuses ("Auto-Hypnosis," "Speed Learning," and *"Virtual Sex"* Experimental Library™) is slated to retail in national catalogs for $299.95. But as a limited introductory offer, I'm knocking off a hundred bucks and will let you have the entire package for just $199.95.

And you can try it entirely at my risk over the next 30 days. Take your brain on a *"Virtual Sex"* weekend. Experiment with the brain boosting and stress zapping programs. If for any reason you're not totally blown away by this powerful device, send it back to me for a full refund. But keep the *"Virtual Sex"* library as my free gift.

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"Virtual Sex" soundtracks are "software" experiences (or MindWare as we call it) that transport your consciousness into reality-like sexual fantasies. One user likened the experience to the devices in the movie *Brainstorm* because it evokes such powerful mental imagery. Your *"Virtual Sex"* library includes 4 separate sexual fantasy experiences. Each soundtrack uses a special combination of erotic narration, sound effects, and musical textures designed to stimulate vivid sensory responses in the brain. Each is a unique 3-D experience with nuances that seem to change every time you listen to it.

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Arriving home on a warm summer evening, your lover has a surprise for you – her beautiful friend. Experience every man's fantasy as the three of you heat up the neighborhood.

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A beautiful masseuse rubs you with hot oil and stimulates every muscle in your body. But she's got more on her mind than just a massage.

Hot Tub Ecstasy ($25 Value)
The most incredible woman you've ever imagined is sitting in your hot tub. As she pours the champagne, you slip into the steamy liquid and enjoy her sensual pleasures.

TV Repair Fantasy ($25 Value)
Making a routine house call to fix a broken TV, you are greeted by the woman of your dreams. As she admires your tools and you check out her electronics, the sparks begin to fly.

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GUCCIONE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 153

dent group that he and Kathy had been supporting and the Advertising Club's scholarship fund. He said that under those circumstances, he would. We then set about finding a gallery, with it being very important to me that it should be both a beautiful gallery and a large one. Jackie Markham, our publicity person, found the Ambassador."

I asked Marlieb whether he agreed that the paintings and drawings seem almost violently different in almost every way—tone, subject, the hand that did them. He said, "Sometimes yes, sometimes no. There's a greater variety in the drawings because there are so many of them"—maybe 140 all told, less than a third of which were in the Ambassador show or in subsequent Guccione one-man exhibits in Palm Desert and La Jolla, California; Chicago; and the Butler Institute of American Art.

Marlieb was asked whether he could see any great artists of the past somewhere behind the Guccione paintings. "I think every painter is a derivative painter," he said. "I certainly see Modigliani. I certainly see Picasso. I certainly see Renoir. And I see Degas. I see them all."

It was Tom Winer, a musician and gallery owner, who, at his Art Insights on West 72nd Street, framed all the work for the Ambassador show.

"I think he's very capable," says Winer of Guccione, with the eye of one who sees painters come and painters go. "He's a very *good* artist, very able, painting in the style, in many cases, of the various schools of art, and I'm sure he'd be the first to say that."

Ambassador Galleries is run by Ellie Miner, who has been in the business for more than 20 years. She was first asked around February 1992 if she'd be interested in giving Guccione a show.

Had she had any idea that Bob Guccione was an artist?

"Zero idea," she says. "I said I would first have to see the art. They showed me the drawings first. I was more than impressed. Next his paintings—up at his house. I was totally dazzled. Past the talent of the artist, I see someone with deep emotion, someone with a true love of art, someone very creative. Even his drawings, even the ones he does in the middle of a deposition, show a lot of emotion." She's never seen Guccione draw when she's sat down with him—"but then you don't see Bob sitting down much anyway."

Well, this writer has seen Guccione sit and talk, quietly, back and forth, about all the matters in this story for several hours at a time.

"Being a very litigated company, as we are," he said to a radio interviewer, "I spend a lot of time in court."

Now he says, "I draw especially during depositions because they're all-day affairs. So I'm constantly drawing on legal pads. I do faces of the guy who's asking the questions. It's very unnerving to them, because the guy knows I'm drawing him. He comes over at lunch to take a look, and I turn it like this"—face-down. "He gets pissed off. At the end of the day, I sign it and give it to the court reporter. So there are court reporters all over New York with drawings other people have paid up to $15,000 for."

Ellie Miner says that the drawings sell for $1,500 to $15,000, the paintings from $35,000 to $250,000. Some 65 drawings had been sold as of this writing, and she wouldn't say how many paintings. "Let's just leave it at several. Our serigraphs of his paintings are selling around the world, with offers from as far as Iraq. His work has been in two Christie's, auctions, one of them," she adds with delight, "where one of Bob's drawings went for more than £3,000, while one of Prince Charles's lithographs, signed by him, was not sold at all."

"The great impasse," says Guccione,

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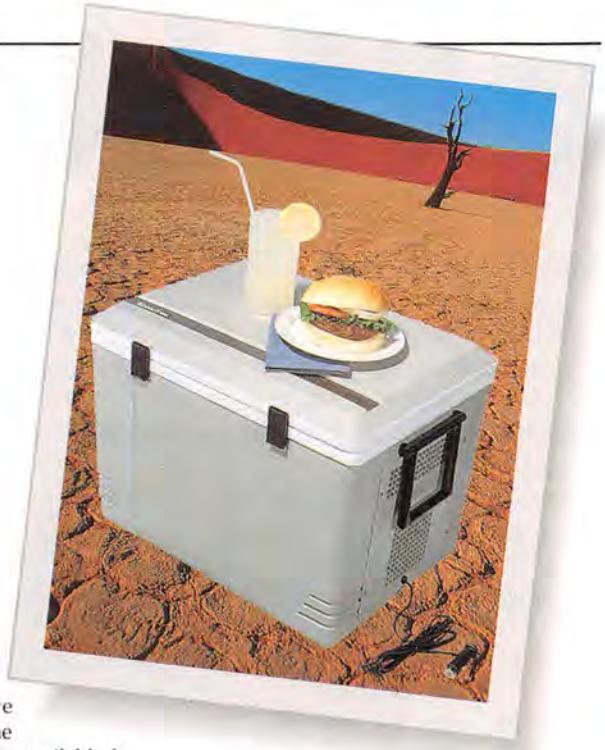
500 miles from nowhere, it'll give you a cold drink or a warm burger...

NASA space flights inspired this portable fridge that outperforms conventional fridges, replaces the ice chest and alternates as a food warmer.



By Charles Anton

Recognize the ice cooler in this picture? Surprisingly enough, there isn't one. What you see instead is a Koolatron, an invention that replaces the traditional ice cooler, and its many limitations, with a technology even more sophisticated than your home fridge. And far better suited to travel.

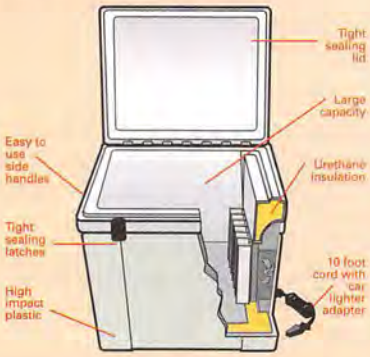
What's more, the innocent looking box before you is not only a refrigerator, it's also a food warmer.

NASA inspired portable refrigerator. Because of space travel's tough demands, scientists had to find something more dependable and less bulky than traditional refrigeration coils and compressors. Their research led them to discover a miraculous solid state component called the thermo-electric module.

Aside from a small fan, this electronic fridge has no moving parts to wear out or break down. It's not affected by tilting, jarring or vibration (situations that cause home fridges to fail). The governing module, no bigger than a matchbook, actually delivers the cooling power of a 10 pound block of ice.

The refrigerator from outer space.

The secret of the Koolatron Cooler/Warmer is a miniature thermo-electric module that effectively replaces bulky piping coils, loud motors and compressors used in conventional refrigeration units. In the cool mode, the Koolatron reduces the outside temperature by 40 degrees F. At the switch of a plug, it becomes a food warmer, going up to 125 degrees.



From satellites to station wagons. Thermo-electric temperature control has now been proven with more than 25 years of use in some of the most rigorous space and laboratory applications. And Koolatron is the first manufacturer to make this technology available to families, fishermen, boaters, campers and hunters– in fact anyone on the move.

Home refrigeration has come a long way since the days of the ice box and the block of ice. But when we travel, we go back to the sloppy ice cooler with its soggy and sometimes spoiled food. No more! Now for the price of a good cooler and one or two seasons of buying ice, (or about five family restaurant meals), all the advantages of home cooling are available for you electronically and conveniently.

Think about your last trip. You just got away nicely on your long-awaited vacation. You're cruising comfortably in your car along a busy interstate with only a few rest stops or restaurants. You guessed it... the kids want to stop for a snack. But your Koolatron is stocked with fruit, sandwiches, cold drinks, fried chicken... fresh and cold. Everybody helps themselves and you have saved valuable vacation time and another expensive restaurant bill.

Hot or cold. With the switch of a plug, the Koolatron becomes a food warmer for a casserole, burger or baby's bottle. It can go up to 125 degrees.

And because there are no temperamental compressors or gasses, the Koolatron works perfectly under all circumstances, even upside down. Empty, the large model weighs only 12 pounds and the smaller one weighs just seven. Full, the large model holds up to 40 12-oz. cans and the smaller one holds six.

Just load it up and plug it in. On motor trips, plug your Koolatron into your cigarette lighter; it will use less power than a tail light. If you decide to carry it to a picnic place or a fishing hole, the Koolatron will hold its cooling capacity for 24 hours. If you leave it plugged into your battery with the engine off, it consumes only three amps of power.

Limited time offer. Because Comtrad is bringing this offer to you directly, you save the cost of middlemen and retail mark-ups. For a limited time only, you can get this advanced, portable Koolatron refrigerator at the introductory price of $99. Call today to take advantage of this special promotional pricing. Most orders are processed within 72 hours.

The versatile Koolatron is available in two sizes. The P24A holds 30 quarts and the smaller P9 holds seven quarts. An optional AC adaptor lets you use them in your rec room, patio or motel room. They plug into any regular outlet.

Try it risk free. We guarantee your satisfaction with any product from Comtrad Industries. With the Koolatron you get our complete "No Questions Asked" 30 day money-back guarantee. Plus you get a full one year manufacturer's limited warranty. If you are not satisfied for any reason, just return the product for a complete refund.

Koolatron (P24A) holds 30 quarts	**$99**	$12 S&H
Koolatron (P9) holds 7 quarts	**$79**	$8 S&H
Optional AC Adapter (AC 10)	**$39**	$6 S&H

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"is that if I painted something I really liked, I couldn't bear to part with it. And if I didn't like it, I destroyed it. So as an artist-businessman, I was going nowhere. After I became successful with *Penthouse,* I started collecting."

He laughs and says, "A kid I used to knock around with in Rome came to London and looked me up. Among other things, he had a need for $3,000. He said, 'I have collateral'—a painting by Miró he showed me. Knowing the guy as well as I did, I thought it was probably false. I took it, rolled it up, stuck it in my closet. In 1972, when we moved back to the States, I brought it with me, took it to a dealer, asked, 'Is it worth anything?' He said, 'I'll give you $25,000 for it.'"

On a somewhat larger scale, in the mid-eighties Guccione carried away Picasso's "Boy With a White Collar" with a bid of $1,050,000 at Sotheby Park Bernet—"my biggest thrill"—only to turn around and sell it recently for, he says, $9 million. "And a Chagall I bought for $125,000 I sold six or seven years later to a Japanese buyer for $4.4 million. It's very hard," he says dryly, "to resist that kind of appreciation—especially if you're not that crazy about the painting."

He feels that art has always helped him mightily as a businessman. "Artists have a kind of three-dimensional vision. We can see around corners, be braver, more courageous, more far-sighted, more intuitive than the average businessman. Artists can move mountains, or *think* they can move mountains, whether they can or not."

As an example of "how this background has served me," he told of an incident that started long ago. Remember that white butcher's paper on which Guccione the boy would draw his strips, making life come out the way he wanted? Well, a few years ago, Guccione the media magnate was in Russia, trying to arrange a deal with the biggest animation studio in Moscow. "I went to see them, and sat down with the woman who was the head of the studio and a man who was their chief animator. Everybody'd been there—Disney, Turner, Warner Bros., Paramount—everybody, and they'd turned them all down.

"That night I had dinner with the chief animator. He said, 'The reason we turned these people down is that all they wanted from us was animation, with no creative input. Also, the currency all goes to the government, so we had no incentive.'

"There was this paper tablecloth, just like that white paper back when I was a kid, and while I was sitting there, I made a couple of drawings—one of him and a cartoon. He was amazed at that little revelation. Until that moment he'd thought I was just another vulgar, capitalist exploiter. But now I was a fellow artist, and we became instant friends.

"The next day, I said at a meeting with his director that we'd be counting on them for creative ideas. It was like the Resurrection, a new dawn. Shortly after came the collapse of the Soviet Union, so we could give them a shared income, and the result is a major joint venture with one of the biggest and best animation studios in the world. So this was a case of my ability to draw immediately destroying a stereotypical image"—the image, to those Russians, of the Ugly American.

"He paints well," says a painter named LeRoy Neiman, who is, admittedly, a friend of Guccione's. "I'd say he's a true, committed, Italian painter who shows his love of art by his capacity to collect a wide range of painters. The real truth is, he should paint more."

Guccione still keeps a close eye on the art direction of all his magazines, still designs "all the time," still handles "all the girl photographs, from choosing the girl and assigning the photographer and choosing and cropping the picture to doing the first layout and the final layout and sending it to the magazine.

"But still," he says, "there's nothing so satisfying to me as painting. I want to paint all the time, and that's what I will do."

I said, "If you really want to, you can't do anything else any of the time—except, perhaps, live a little."

"That's precisely right," said Bob Guccione, looking his interviewer straight in the eye.

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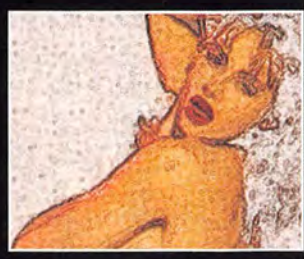

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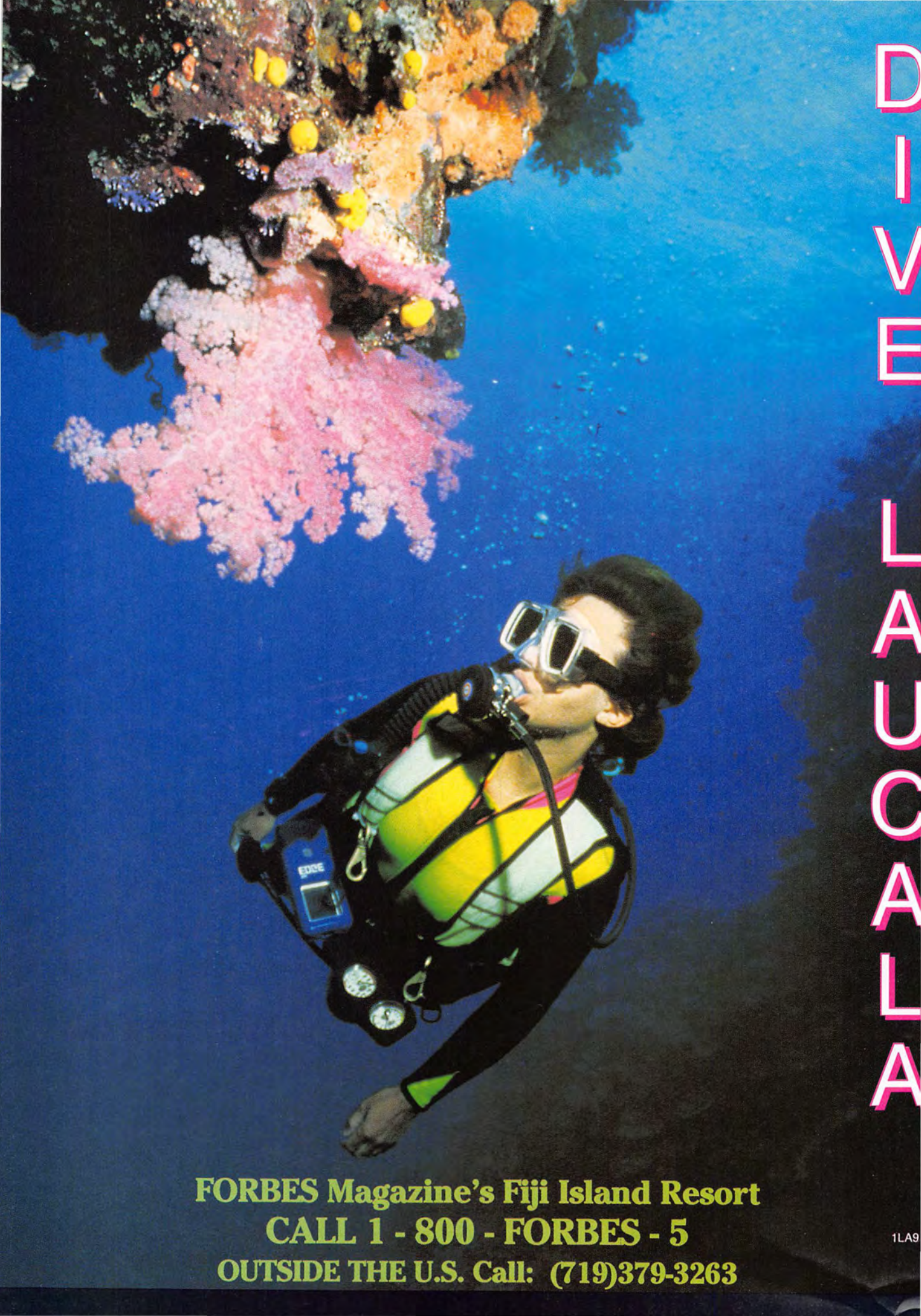
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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 273

we have been encouraged to talk about it. The very word *condom* (being, I suppose, the official word) was hardly ever used in the past. We talked about Ramses in the United States and Durex in Britain—both brand names—but rubbers and French letters were also pretty universal. The Spanish call them *preservativos*, though what they are preserving is open to doubt. In the past, condoms have had many nicknames: eel skins, frog skins, diving suits, joy bags, lubies, phallic thimbles, Port Said garters, and scum bags, to name only a few. I noticed one brand advertised as "gossamer," a word immortalized by Macy's to describe lingerie, and defined as "the nearest thing to nothing—and better in black."

Yet the fact remains that the condom is essentially a utilitarian article, and if its efficiency is affected by unnecessary frills, it is worse than useless. Although with your seven-year marriage you are virtually fireproof, for others, sex with a nonfunctional condom could be hazardous.

People who are turned on by wearing funny clothes—from togas to crotchless panties, rubber helmets to edible underwear—usually arrive on the scene already dressed. Sometimes the garments are discarded as part of the sex play, but it often becomes a comic strip as they try to sexily get themselves out of some of the weird stuff they got themselves into. Although I can never resist the lighter side of all aspects of life, when lovemaking becomes slapstick, it does tend to lose its erotic value. I think it would be better to stick to the old-fashioned unwrapping methods and get John Thomas into his raincoat as neatly and efficiently as possible.

GRAY-PANTHER SEX

I wonder if you get many questions from older people like myself. Maybe you can shed some light on this subject, and if you can give me some advice about my sex life—or, rather, my lack of one—I would be more than delighted.

I am a 67-year-old divorcée (for ten years) and a retired accountant. I have been told that I am still an attractive and elegant woman. Since my divorce I have had several men-friends, each for quite a long period of time, and I can proudly say that I have always enjoyed a fairly active sex life. I always seemed to be the more eager one in the couple, and I wonder if men become less interested in sexual matters than women as they get older. My lovers were usually my own age or even a bit older.

I did notice that after menopause, I enjoyed sex more than before. This is something that I was quite surprised about, as I'd heard that women became less interested in sex after menopause. I have been alone and without a lover for the last few years. I get quite frustrated, and I feel that I need somebody to love. Of course, my body craves sexual stimulation as well. I'm curious about how other older single women solve this problem. What would you suggest I do?—M. W.

I wish more senior citizens would write me. In particular, I am interested in older women's views on sex. I realize that sex is no longer considered a taboo subject, not to be discussed in public or even in magazines. More and more older people are starting to openly admit that they still have strong sexual desires and feelings that need to be satisfied, even though anyone over 50 is old and worthless in the eyes of many a young person—not only in sexual contexts, but also in certain social and professional situations.

Now, as far as you are concerned, have you ever considered finding a somewhat younger lover? I hate to say it, but older men often seem to get much more perked up sexually when they find themselves in bed with a girl half their age. The same holds true for women. I myself seem to attract two types of lovers: the very young ones—anywhere from 18 to 28—or the older, more mature, intellectual lovers over 50. People my own age never or seldom interest me.

In order to be less frustrated sexually, however, there is an immediate solution to the problem: You must experiment with various methods of self-stimulation and masturbation to achieve the ultimate orgasm. Nowadays, there are

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many mail-order services and shops that deal in sexual gadgets (just check out the many offers that appear in the back of this magazine), such as vibrators and life-size or larger-than-life-size dildos (artificial penises). Some are battery controlled, others require electricity; some have movable parts, others have three different speeds. Let me warn you, however, that once you get hooked on a vibrator, it may be very difficult to find total satisfaction with a man—his tongue, hand, and cock may seem to offer less stimulation than your never-failing vibrator.

A more social solution is to contact people of the opposite sex either by getting in touch with a computer-dating service or by putting an original ad in a personals column. It could be great fun to phrase your ad in such a bright way that it requires another bright and funny person to reply. You can always request a letter with a photo. There are also all sorts of singles clubs—at least there are where I live. You have to get in the swing of a social life again, where you come across people your own age or younger who are also looking for some happiness. Remember that if you do nothing and simply stay home, you'll be frustrated and you won't get anywhere, either.

Just the other day, I did an interview with a fantastic 84-year-old Dutch woman named Margot who was the madam of a bordello during World War II, when she was in her forties. She not only became a leading madam but also a very active hooker, and she is now an advocate for sex among the so-called Gray Panthers.

She believes that if older people can afford it, they should have the right to use the services of escort agencies; an older woman who likes to go to the theater or ballet and wants a handsome man to accompany her should be able to choose among various escorts to pick her up and squire her around, with or without an outright sexual finale.

What is amazing about Margot is that even at the ripe old age of 84, she had that naughty twinkle in her eye and a sexual hint in her tone when she squeezed the young interviewer's cheek at the end of the segment.

SPELL IT OUT

Xaviera, can you explain to a puzzled but horny young guy how to read body language? I hear a lot of talk about it, but nobody has told me where I can get a dictionary. When a girl gives me that certain look, does that mean she is hot and ready or simply that she is having trouble with her contact lenses? I don't know which is more embarrassing—to be bawled out for hustling or to be treated with contempt for being too dumb to pick up on a challenge.—F. D.

The short answer is that it all depends where you are. A way of looking at a guy that would be downright provocative in some backwater hick town might pass unnoticed in a big city where people are more free and relaxed, so I guess you will simply have to keep your eyes open and watch the behavior of others in the places where you like to hang out. Of course, what a girl says and her tone of voice should give you a clearer signal. A husky, sexy voice won't be caused by a misplaced contact lens, although it is possible that she has caught a cold—but what the hell, take a chance! What a girl is wearing might give you some food for thought, but jeans and a T-shirt are pretty uninformative.

I have a suggestion that could help the bashful and also protect women who are not in the mood to be pestered.

> *I KNEW HE WAS COMING INSIDE HER, AND IT SEEMED LIKE SHE ENJOYED IT IMMENSELY. I'M NOT THE VOYEUR TYPE, BUT I WAS PARALYZED WITH LUST AND INTENSE INTEREST.*

A good-looking girl comes into a bar or a café, and the guy who is eyeing her so hungrily would like to get acquainted. If you ask him, he will say that he would like to know if she is into books or boogie, travel or tennis, Chinese or Italian food. What he really means is, Is she into screwing? But how is he to get around to it? Why should we stop wasting the perfect spot for self-advertisement? Every girl ought to have two T-shirts—a come-on shirt and a piss-off shirt. The former would bear such useful information as her musical and gastronomic preferences, favorite sports, et cetera. A boy would approach her saying, "Gee, so you are into Monteverdi, too?" or whatever. The piss-off shirt would announce that she is married to a trigger-happy, madly possessive mafioso, that she has five delinquent kids, and have a line that reads, "I do it for money, and you couldn't afford what it takes." It is easy to have shirts decorated with your own rubric, so let's get working now on our own personalized, useful-information T-shirts.

A REAL JERK-OFF

I hope you can advise me on my situation. I think I have some kind of sexual addiction to masturbation. That is, I always seem to find time to run one off, so to speak. The reason I am asking for your help is this: Lately, I've started masturbating in my car, usually on the highway, wanting women to see me. I don't think this compulsive behavior is healthy, but I can't seem to stop.

Just last week I went out a couple of times, and on both occasions, women saw me masturbating when I drove by them. I have a small sports car, and they could easily get a good view of my pumping cock. In both cases they drove next to me for a short time, watching and smiling. From reading your column, I know you have said that most women are appalled by watching a man masturbate, but I think that these women enjoyed seeing me work my erect staff.

Because of this experience with an audience, I have been driving a lot, looking for women to watch me. That's where the addiction is forming—it's becoming a daily thing. I think it's time for some sort of sex counseling. Would you recommend that, or do you think this will pass?—M. L.

I agree that you ought to find some way of curing this addiction, since, if we are truly experiencing global warming, daily exposure—especially if you have to drive with your window open or top down to ensure good visibility—could be a health hazard. Sunburn hurts!

Are woman truly shocked by the sight of a man masturbating? Some find the spectacle fascinating, but they may be ashamed to admit it. That is why you may find appreciation from a woman on her own, while the same woman would express outrage if she were in company. The fact remains that your indiscriminate exhibitionism is a risky business. Sooner or later some upright citizen will denounce your upright cock.

You could, as you suggest, consult a sex counselor. If that person happens to be a sympathetic female, you might have found your ideal audience, but I suspect that what turns you on is the sense of shock you provoke, so a willing watcher would be no fun.

Xaviera would love to hear from you. Send your letters, comments, or fantasies to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse*, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. All letters should carry name and address, though these will be changed—in addition to other identifying characteristics—for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Ms. Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 278

port Beach, California. Tilden ran display ads in major metropolitan newspapers across the United States, hired sales personnel, and opened 26 consulting offices from Los Angeles to New York City. With the help of other doctors trained by Rosenstein, they plan to be operating on 1,000 men a month in six coast-to-coast surgery centers by the end of this year.

I caught up with the busy Dr. Rosenstein in between surgeries in Culver City, part of Los Angeles's suburban sprawl. Dressed in surgical greens, he told me that a whopping 90 percent of his patients' penises double in diameter and gain two visible inches in both the erect and flaccid state, and 80 percent gain between two and three inches in length. He also said he's solved a problem that torments other doctors. Most of the newly transferred fat can be reabsorbed by the body after the widening surgery; this phenomenon can leave a penis looking lumpy and in need of refills. Rosenstein says his patients keep 90 percent of the added fat right off the bat, adding, "No one else can get the results I do."

Dr. Rosenstein's competitors—while they don't doubt his medical expertise—don't believe his success claims. One is Dr. Brian H. Novack, a Beverly Hills board-certified plastic surgeon who told me that about three years ago, he performed his first fat injection on a penis and began studying lengthening techniques; a year ago, he went to China to work with a penis-lengthening innovator by the name of—I kid you not—Dr. Long Daochou, who has performed 600 operations in that country since 1984. Novack claims to have performed 50 penile-package surgeries and 100 fat-transfer operations—plus, he has trained 30 other doctors to do the procedures. According to Novack, most doctors, including Long Daochou, exaggerate their results. He told me that a couple of inches of newly exposed penile length is "very rare"; the normal increase is in the one-inch range, and most of that is in the flaccid state. He added that about 70 percent of the new fat is reabsorbed within four months, but after two or three operations, men can eventually get one to two inches of width that'll last.

Then there's Dr. Harold M. Reed, a Bay Harbor, Florida, urologist who has been lengthening penises since 1986 and widening them since 1991. He, too, studied overseas with Long Daochou, and he even brought the Chinese doctor to Miami in January. I met with Reed out in Palm Springs, where he gave a lecture to the American Academy of Cosmetic Surgery about the genesis of all this.

It seems that the lengthening procedure, which involves altering suspensory ligaments, dates back in medical literature more than 30 years, when pediatric surgeons wrote about boys born with deformed or retracted penises. The widening procedure started in 1990 when Dr. Ricardo "Dick" Samitier, Jr., a Miami cosmetic surgeon who's also known as Dr. Lips, began experimenting with fat transplants on patients' penises. (Samitier can't perform surgery anymore; he has been indicted and at press time was awaiting trial on charges of manslaughter after a man on whom he operated died. The patient, a Colombian lounge singer who wanted to surprise his wife with a bigger penis, had heart problems and was taking an anticoagulent drug.)

Reed, who said he has enlarged 500 penises, generally agrees with Novack. "The best results are seen in girth—I guarantee an inch—with the next best results in the flaccid length and the least consistent in the erected length," he told me. "And this makes men happy, because they're really doing the operation out of embarrassment at being exposed to others in the locker room."

Warning: Even though both operations have been conducted as a package for about three years on both coasts, there are not yet any published studies or medical reviews of their safety or efficacy for cosmetic purposes. Most urologists and plastic surgeons oppose both the widening and lengthening procedures, saying that the risks can outweigh the benefits. They label the surgeries "experimental and unproven," recommend psychiatric clearance, and warn against unrealistic expectations. And Dr. Reed himself said, "While generally of low risk, the potential for serious complications should deter the occasional operator, or one who is not well versed in urological anatomy."

The bottom line: Don't unwittingly let your penis be a guinea pig for inexperienced doctors. Talk to your woman for a reality check on both your penis and your psyche. If you still want to have the surgery, talk to your urologist for yet another reality check. Better yet, see a psychiatrist, too. Then, before choosing a doctor to perform the operations, check out several thoroughly. Make sure they're board certified. Demand proof of how many operations they've done, and insist on seeing plenty of before-and-after snapshots. Call your state's medical board and ask about complaints. Get the names and telephone numbers of other patients.

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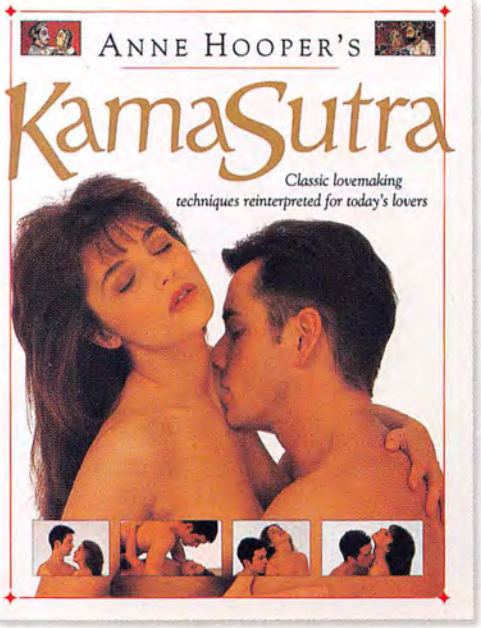

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*An exotic lovemaking position in *Anne Hooper's Kama Sutra*

SOUNDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

Clash established a political voice for Britain's disenfranchised youth while playing incendiary rock 'n' roll.

1981: Joan Jett, *Bad Reputation* and *I Love Rock 'n' Roll*. The leather-clad guitarist and singer made it seem like the right to rock was guaranteed by the Constitution. She also set the standard that all female rockers would have to match.

1982: Prince, *1999*. Mixing the funk and dance moves of James Brown with the guitar drive of Jimi Hendrix with the androgyny of Mick Jagger, Prince was the avatar of black rock, and this two-record set often lived up to one of its titles, "Delirious."

1983: Michael Jackson, *Thriller*. No album dominated its time more than Jackson's spectacular breakthrough, a tour de force of singing, songwriting, and production. *Thriller* revolutionized the industry with videos that made Michael Jackson's the most famous face on the planet.

1984: Bruce Springsteen, *Born in the U.S.A.* The people's bard gets stadium large while maintaining his stature as the implicit voice of the loyal opposition during the Reagan years.

1985: R.E.M., *Fables of the Reconstruction*. Down in Athens, Georgia, another mini-revolution was brewing, stoked by jangling guitars and elliptical, humanistic lyrics, sung in little more than a murmur. The most original new American rock band in years just begins to hit its stride.

1986: Paul Simon, *Graceland*. The "township jive" of black South Africa becomes an inspiration to rock's most diligent poet-craftsman. Wherever and whenever this album was played, *Graceland* made the world a more joyous place.

1987: U2, *The Joshua Tree*. The former punk band from Ireland expands its palette with anthematic songs of spiritual longing. This is the thinking person's arena rock.

1988: Public Enemy, *It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back*. Rap's most inspired rapper, Chuck D, and Public Enemy's production wing, aptly named the Bomb Squad, disturb the peace and place the phrase *Don't believe the hype* in the lexicon.

1989: De La Soul, *3 Feet High and Rising*. Some gentle youngbloods from Long Island, New York, flash the peace sign and, admitting that their soul has been psychedelicized, find the humorous side of rap.

1990: Jane's Addiction, *Ritual de lo Habitual*. A band from what was thought to be the alternative margin brings together a coalition of new wavers, jocks, punks, college smarties, artists, and junkies: the Lollapalooza generation. The band broke up at the border of the promised land, setting the stage for next year's revolution.

1991: Nirvana, *Nevermind*. Howls of exhilaration and torment and melodies a McCartney could hum guaranteed punk's ultimate victory as the sound of young America. Just how tormented Kurt Cobain was, we never could have guessed.

1992: Leonard Cohen, *The Future*. Before Bosnia, before Rwanda, before Hebron, before Haiti ... Cohen saw the future, and baby, it is murder.

1993: Jimmy Webb, *Suspending Disbelief*. A master craftsman reminisces about Elvis and finds his musical voice.

1994: Beck? Hole? The *Brainscan* soundtrack? The Billy Ward and the Dominoes compilation? Stay tuned—this one's not over yet.

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1. Not open to residents of Ariz., Md., Que., or Vt., or wherever restricted or prohibited by law.

2. Use Penthouse Interactive's Virtual Photo Shoot to select the Pets you wish to photograph and save your photos on disk. Then, using a digital paint box or photo-manipulation program, create your own images.

3. Your enhancement must be the original work of the person identified as the owner below, and have never been published, recorded, embodied, or broadcast in any medium.

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6. Penthouse will pay each selected winner a prize of $500 and publish their work in *Penthouse*. By entering, all contestants agree to accept the decision of the judges as final. However, Penthouse reserves the right not to select any winners and not to include any or all portions in the published version.

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Signed: _____

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For information on the clothing featured on pages 254–259, contact these manufacturers or stores:

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Donna Karan
Cashmere coat available at Donna Karan, New York City. **Leather vest** available at Charivari, New York City; K. Barchetti, Pittsburgh; and Jimmy's, Brooklyn, New York. **Pants** available at Bergdorf Goodman Men, New York City; Holt Renfrew, Canada; K. Barchetti, Pittsburgh; and Neiman-Marcus, select stores. **Turtleneck sweater** available at Jimmy's, Brooklyn, New York, and Holt Renfrew, Canada.

G gigli
Available at Bloomingdale's, New York City; Max Alto, Pittsburgh; and Riccardi, Boston.

Industria
Available at Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco; Louis, Boston; and Ultimo, Chicago.

Calvin Klein
Shearling coat available at Bergdorf Goodman Men, New York City. **Sweater vest** available at Stanley Korshak, Dallas. **Trousers** available at Fred Segal, Los Angeles. **V-neck sweater** available at Neiman-Marcus, Atlanta. **Navy pin-striped pants** available at I. Magnin, Phoenix.

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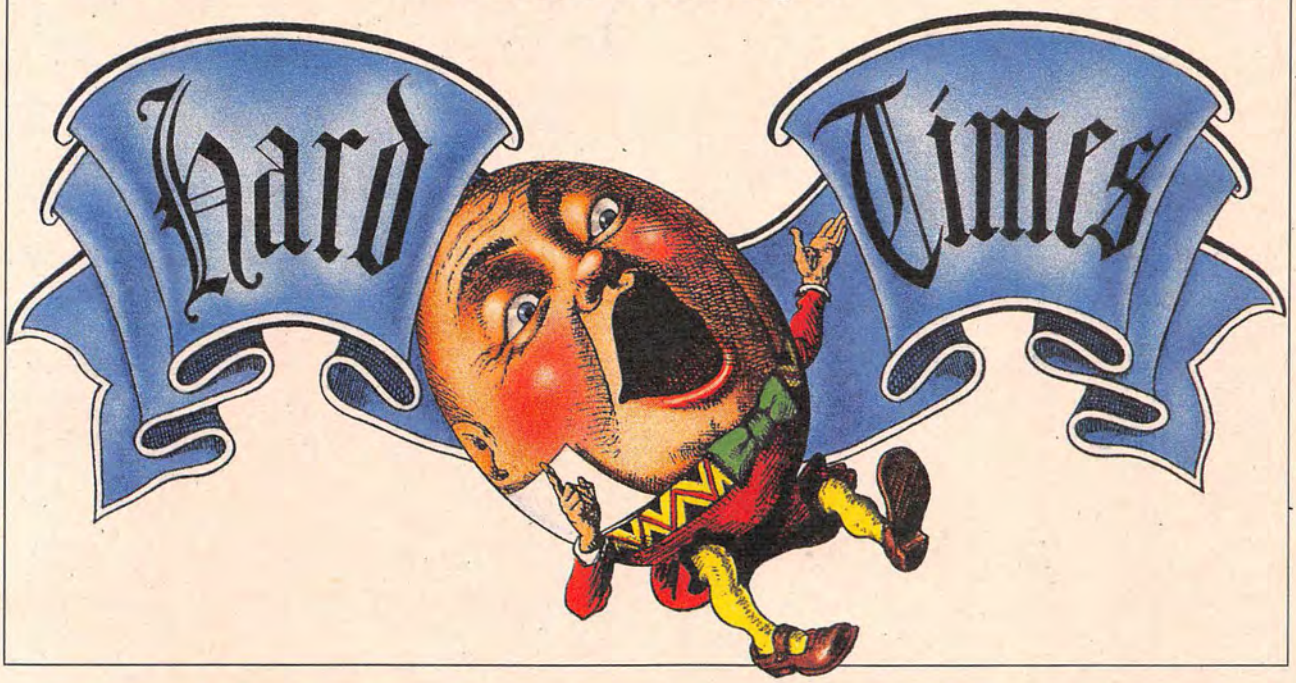

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SPACE ALIENS ASK FOR POLITICAL ASYLUM

A group of 21 space aliens that secretly landed in the United States is now seeking political asylum. Appealing directly to President Clinton, the aliens—which are now living in the Petrified Forest National Park and are being represented by an Arizona lawyer—say they fled their planet to avoid "religious persecution." Adds their attorney, "These beings are intelligent, well-behaved, and law-aiding, and, unlike some others who are seeking U.S. citizenship, they speak perfect English." Washington sources that have been following the story say the president should be making a decision about their situation shortly. (*Weekly World News*)

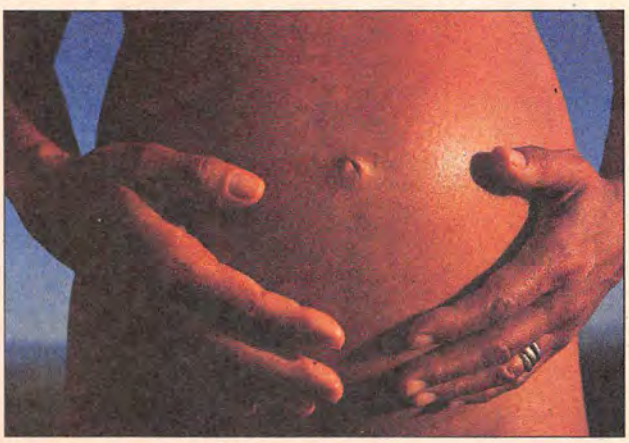
When you think about it, there's so many illegal aliens here already, who'd notice a few more?—Editor

NORMAN BATES LIVES!

In an eerie reprise of the classic Hitchcock movie *Psycho*, an Idaho man kept his mother propped on the living room sofa for seven years after her death, while he carried on his daily life in the same house as if nothing had happened. Police, who were called by neighbors, found the woman in a mummified condition. Her lifeless body was reclining on the couch and her head was resting on a pillow, as though she were watching television. (*The New York Times*)
Whatever you do, don't take a shower in that place.—Editor

EIGHT YEAR OLD GIVES BIRTH

In what is believed to be the youngest instance of maternity on record in Mexico, an eight-year-old girl gave birth to a seven-pound boy. The girl underwent a normal nine-month pregnancy, and the birth, by cesarean section, was also described as normal. The girl was said to be in "perfect condition," although the identity of the baby's father is unknown. (Newark, New Jersey, *Star-Ledger*, submitted by Marc Tedeschi)
Baby can wear Mommy's hand-me-downs.—Editor



THE FERTILITY CHAIR

Some women in Israel are going to the local supermarket to get pregnant—all because of a chair that is believed to have some sort of mystical power. It began when a rabbi sat in the plain metal chair while performing a ceremony to bless the opening of the store. Subsequently, all four cashiers working in the supermarket got pregnant. Word soon spread that the women became pregnant after sitting in the chair, and that set off a steady parade of women coming to the store to try it out. Witnesses swear that it works, citing the case of one particular woman who became pregnant after sitting in the chair—she had been trying to conceive for 23 years. (*New York Post*)
Yes, but will it respect you in the morning?—Editor

AIRPORT ODYSSEY

There are plenty of airline passengers who can tell horror stories about long waits in airports, but a 35-year-old Englishman can top them all. He spent seven *months* in an airport. His strange odyssey began when he wound up in Warsaw following a trip to Eastern Europe. He had just enough money for a return flight home, but when the flight was canceled, he spent most of his money at the airport lounge. He didn't have enough left to buy a new ticket, so he simply hung around the airport, spending his days sleeping on benches, washing his clothes in a men's room sink, and panhandling for food. That lasted seven months, until he finally got enough money and booked a flight home. (*Sun*)
We've heard of standby, but this is ridiculous.—Editor

THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING

One Minnesota housewife has the cleanest house in town—and she doesn't lift a finger to keep it that way. No, she doesn't have a maid. She says she's able to tidy up her home by using psychic powers. She discovered her amazing ability when she was sick in bed. The mother of three said that while she was laid up with the flu, the house was in shambles. She claims she just visualized herself cleaning the rooms, and when she got up, they were spotless. (*Weekly World News*)

If she could market that talent, she could really clean up.—Editor

SHAKE HER BOOTY

Embarrassed Bank of England officials admitted that one of their female employees managed to embezzle more than $300,000 in cash—and the bank was totally unaware that any of the money was missing. It turns out that the employee was in charge of a cage in which old bills scheduled to be destroyed were kept. She simply hid the money in her underwear, aware that bank security checks—which included pat-downs of employees—never extended to private areas of a woman's body. The scheme unraveled when her husband tried to invest a large amount of cash in a bond. The bank manager assumed he was a dope dealer and called the cops. (*Globe*)

Who conducted a panty raid?—Editor

MULTIPLE MEN

A small Siberian town has been plagued for years by a demographic quirk in which there are always four times as many men than women. The community solves the problem in a unique way: Each woman is allowed to have four husbands. Under the system, the wives live with their four husbands on alternating weeks, and the men claim they like the arrangement. Says one happy husband, "Seems like the three weeks fly by before it's my turn to please the wife. By that time, I'm ready, willing, and able to do my duty." (*Sun*)

And it keeps marriages lasting four times longer.—Editor

SHE FELL AND COULDN'T GET UP

A reclusive Worcester, Massachusetts, woman died in her home, but her body lay undiscovered for years while her neighbors collected her mail, mowed her lawn, and called the local utility company to fix her broken pipes. The good neighbors somehow overlooked the fact that the lady of the house had not been seen for several years—they assumed she had gone to a nursing home. Police finally broke into the house and found the woman's body on the kitchen floor, where she had fallen and died four years earlier. (Associated Press)

If only the living had neighbors like that.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

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Bedtime Stories

I DIDN'T REALIZE WHEN I CALLED TED THAT I WANTED TO SEE H

LIVES SINCE WE HAD LAST SEEN EACH OTHER. WE HAD DATED STEADILY FOR ABOUT FIVE MONTHS DURING THE PE

BEEN GLAD TO BE FREE OF HIM WHEN I LEFT, AND IT HAD NEVER OCCURRED TO ME THAT SOMEDAY I MIGHT WA

A DRAG, THE MEN I MET WEREN'T RIGHT FOR ME AT ALL, AND I WAS LONELY AND HORNY AND FRUSTRATED. AN

HIS TOUCH, TO HAVE HIS TONGUE DIPPING INTO ME, TO FEEL HIS HARD COCK INSIDE ME, OPENING MY CUNT T

ON THE PHONE, IT SEEMED LIKE TED DIDN'T EVEN WANT TO SEE ME AT FIRST. I GUESS AFTER A YEAR HE WAS ST

FOR FAR TOO LONG, AND ONE NIGHT HE CAME HOME TO FIND ME IN BED FUCKING SOMEONE HE THOUGHT W

DON'T THINK TED MINDED SO MUCH THAT I WAS GOING DOWN ON SOMEONE ELSE IN OUR BED, BUT IT SEEMED T

A Hot C

AIN. I THOUGHT I JUST WANTED TO FIND OUT HOW HE WAS, TO CATCH UP ON WHAT HAD HAPPENED IN OUR

OUS YEAR (THE GREATEST FIVE MONTHS OF MY LIFE!), BUT HAD BROKEN UP BECAUSE HE WAS TOO MOODY. I HAD

BE WITH HIM AGAIN. • BUT THE TRUTH WAS, MY LIFE NOW SEEMED LIKE IT WAS GOING NOWHERE. MY JOB WAS

EP DOWN INSIDE, I LONGED TO HOLD TED IN MY ARMS, TO HAVE HIM KISS ME HOTLY AND MAKE ME CRAZY WITH

HE FAMILIAR SENSATIONS OF SPINNING DREAM IMAGES THAT EXPLODED OUT OF MY ORGASM. • WHILE WE WERE

AD ABOUT OUR BREAKUP. HE HAD PUSHED ME TOO FAR WITH HIS DARK MOODS AND HAD LEFT ME UNTOUCHED

ST MY FRIEND. WELL, WE WEREN'T EXACTLY FUCKING—I HAD BEEN GIVING MY "FRIEND" SOME GREAT HEAD. • I

ALLY BOTHER HIM THAT THE SOMEONE ELSE I WAS GOING DOWN ON WAS HIS SISTER. IT WASN'T

Movie Date

Erotic Fiction by Samantha Fleskin

as if Ted didn't know that I liked to suck pussy—I guess he just thought that my sucking his sister's pussy added injury to insult. Our breakup was, as they say, immediate.

When we talked on the phone, I was cautious with his tender feelings. Little by little I softened him up, talking about this and that, until I had him laughing with me. Once we were having a good laugh, I knew I could drop a hint. It wasn't long before he'd picked me up and we were riding in his car on our way to dinner.

All through dinner I was squirming in my seat, getting so hot for Ted. We sat in a beautifully decorated Chinese restaurant, but it all looked like sex to me: The spring rolls looked just like cocks; the dim sum resembled my round, firm tits; the wontons in the soup reminded me of Ted's balls in my mouth; even the fortune cookies looked like little pussies, their lips demurely hiding the fortunes. By dessert my bush was soaked, dampening my panties with my own sweet-and-sour sauce.

Ted was still a bit standoffish with me, so we agreed to go to a movie after dinner. Pretty neutral, right? He named a few films, but I wasn't really listening. I just said yes to the third one because I didn't want to be too easy to please. (I knew that I'd be *very* easy to please later!)

We got our tickets, I let him buy me a lot of ice cream and popcorn, and then we took our seats.

The movie Ted picked wasn't very popular, and there were only about a dozen people in the theater. We pretty much had the place to ourselves, but I still chose to sit way up in the back row. As soon as we sat down, I put the food on the next seat and snuggled up close to him.

Ted wasn't very attentive to the movie, so I tried to think of what to do. I considered taking off my wet and fragrant panties right there in front of him, but I didn't want to seem too sluttish, so I got up and went to the ladies' room.

I stepped into a stall, hung up my long coat, and took off my skirt. Standing there in just my high heels, matching black silk panties and bra, and my sweater, I imagined what I would look like right then to some usher who might have poked a hole in the wall to peep on the girls. This got me excited, so I pulled off my panties and, putting one foot up on the commode, started to touch myself gently between my firm thighs.

I unhooked my lacy bra and pulled my sweater up over my breasts, rubbing the curves, lingering over my hardening nipples. With the other hand, I stroked my thighs and the fur of my pussy, gently parting the lips and tickling them. Then I plunged two fingers into my dripping cunt, feeling the sensations in my vagina radiate up and through my belly. I moaned, the thrill making my nipples tingle and my ass hole tighten. I wanted Ted to fuck me so much I could taste it!

I almost brought myself to orgasm in the ladies' room, but I wanted to have Ted's fingers do it, his cock sending those quivers of pleasure through me. I pulled off my sweater and put it and my skirt into my bag. I stepped back into my panties, hooked my bra back into place, put my long coat on, and went back to my seat.

Ted was engrossed in the movie, so I casually opened my coat, exposing the whole front of my body to the flickering light from the screen. As I crossed one leg over the other, I could smell the honey from my cunt and I was sure he could, too. After pulling my arms out of the coat sleeves, I gently took one of his hands and put it on the damp, fragrant spot on my panties. Ted was so shocked, I thought his eyes would pop right out of his head! He looked at me leaning back in my seat, legs crossed seductively, back arched, coat flung off, wearing just a bra and panties. I rubbed his hand up and down the silk covering my hot cleft, pulling his face to mine with my other hand.

We kissed deep and hard, tongues darting around each other like flashing sabers, hot breath mingling with our moans. Ted's hands were on me, moving up and down my body, sending goose bumps over my skin. Then he knelt in front of me and bent his head to my belly.

He tongued my navel, sending chills through me. His hands found the catch on my bra and in a second my firm tits bounced free. He slid his tongue all the way up my belly to one nipple, pushing my legs farther apart with his body. I slid my ass forward in the seat, trying to get closer to Ted, fumbling with the buttons of his shirt, rubbing my pussy against his chest. I hooked one foot behind his back, clinging to him.

Ted sucked my tits one at a time and gently bit my nipples as I ran my fingers through his hair. Meanwhile, I was grinding my soaked mound against him, stimulating my clit.

I pulled Ted up to kiss me again, but he had other plans. While we kissed, he used both hands to lift the thin lace of my panties high up on my hip and, with a single jerk, separated the elastic of the waistband. Then he tore the other side the same way. Ted's impatience thrilled me, exciting me even more than I had been before. He took the front of my ruined panties in one hand and the back in the other and started pulling them back and forth across my pussy. My clit grew stiff from the friction of the panties dragging across it. I was desperate to have him inside me, and this tease was making me frantic.

Then he bent to my wet, expectant mound. Ted's tongue was almost as hard as his cock, probing the lips of my cunt, stroking its pink folds and the soft, curly hair. I breathed faster now, close to orgasm, try-

Ted never expected to come home to find me

ing not to make too much noise. I put one foot on the seat back in front of us, draping the other leg over his shoulder. Ted's tongue was like a hot little cock pushing into my cunt as I gasped in short breaths.

Somehow Ted's tongue went deeper into my pussy. This is something I have always liked, and I moaned with passion as he put his thumb on my clit while he tongued my hole. The orgasm was profound, building within me, lifting me as if on a tall wave. Then the wave was gone, nothing was below me, and I fell into pleasure, passion, lust, into the depth of the exploding orgasm.

Ted unwrapped one of the ice-cream bars and gently stroked my pussy with it. After a few strokes, he pushed the ice cream into my vagina, the cold making my cunt muscles contract around it. This sensation—having cold applied to my pussy while it was so hot—thrilled me even more. Ted fucked me with the ice-cream bar, pumping the creamy shaft into my grasping cunt again and again.

Then he bent his mouth to my pussy again, licking the melted ice cream from my bush, the folds of my cunt's soft lips, the insides of my thighs, the curve of my ass. Now the tingle of the cold was gone and my cunt was heating up again.

The next thing I knew, Ted's mouth was on mine, and I could taste my own juices mixed with the ice cream on his lips. I thought I had lost consciousness, but I had just gone somewhere else for a few moments. We were kissing, and the pounding in my ears was growing fainter.

My hands found his belt, and they trembled as I unhooked it. Then I opened his pants and pulled the zipper down. I reached into his shorts and felt Ted's hard cock—old trusty. I stroked the length of it, pulling it from his pants, feeling the wetness at its head. With both hands I peeled Ted's pants down to his thighs, feeling the hard muscles of his butt.

I guided Ted's stiff cock to my waiting pussy, wrapping my legs around him. I teased him a little to get back at him for tearing my panties, rubbing the head of his thick cock into the melted ice cream in the folds of my cunt. I wanted to make him beg before letting his cock into my pussy. His mouth was next to my ear, and he breathed heavily, "Please, let me fuck you! Please don't tease me, let me feel my cock all the way ... in your cunt ... with you all around me ... please. Please!"

I put his cock right into the mouth of my pussy and pulled him forward, using my cunt muscles to suck him into me. His cock filled me completely and I wept, thinking of lonely nights I'd spent longing for this feeling, this fullness, this thick, long cock filling the empty spot down there.

No amount of masturbation, even with a fat, hard dildo, can match the feeling of a man's cock—the right man's cock—inside me, stroking away, pumping into my cunt, making me realize why the human species has survived for millions of generations. This is the most natural thing in the world, this culmination of all our social interaction, this thing called making love, this messy act, this *fucking*.

Ted was saying stuff in my ear—stuff like "I love you" and "Oh, baby" and "Oh, God, you're wonderful." But I wasn't hearing him—at least I wasn't listening. I was just riding up that wave again, feeling his cock slamming into my cunt, feeling my vaginal muscles contract around that thick, hard shaft of flesh, feeling the little and large orgasms sweep over me as we fucked in the flickering light reflected from the movie screen. I dug my nails into him under his shirt, raking his back, trying to pull him farther into me, to pull his whole body into my cunt, trying to fill myself with his flesh.

Then Ted came. It was like a shower of hot sparks going off inside my pussy. I could feel his cock muscles contracting, spurting, shooting me full of come, the thick, hot jism seeping around him inside my cunt, his whole body tightening with the release of that stream of slick semen.

I came again, spurred by Ted's pumping cock, his squirting jet of come. My nipples felt so hot I thought they'd melt right into his chest. My throat was dry from the rush of wind in and out of my lungs. Even my toenails and fingernails tingled with the soft electricity of orgasm.

I was drifting with the receding waves when I became aware of the applause. I opened my eyes, thinking the movie was over, but the light and shadows from the screen still flickered. I lifted my head to look past Ted's sweating face and over his shoulder to see several people in the theater standing up and applauding while they looked at us.

Ted stood up hastily, trying to cover my nakedness, but I wasn't bothered by their searching eyes. He remained sheepish, nervously pulling up his pants, straightening his clothes and gathering himself up.

But I stood up slowly, ran one finger up the deep cleft of my pussy, and put it to my mouth, looking directly into the eyes of each of the people who had been our private audience. Not much can faze a woman who's just had two great orgasms, feeling her man's hot jism seeping out her cunt lips and down her leg.

Then I threw my coat over my shoulders, picked up my bag, and lazily left the theater, the grinding motion of my hips and my thighs rubbing together giving me chills of pleasure.

Ted caught up with me at the car and fumbled with his keys, trying to apologize or something. I just kissed him gently, then took him home and made him fuck me all over once more. (I never brought up his sister again.)

lucking someone else, especially his sister.

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GULF WAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 252

security is immediate, real, and serious, then the prevailing rules of human experimentation requiring the informed consent of subjects and prior review by research review committees must, of necessity, go out the window. The niceties of ethics regarding how to conduct human experimentation are for times of peace, not for the exigencies imposed by the threat or reality of war. But this argument is wrong.

"The prevailing standards for human experimentation were set down as a direct response to experiments conducted under conditions of war," Caplan went on. "The Nuremberg trials at the end of the Second World War promulgated a code of research ethics that has been absorbed into both professional ethics and law by many bodies and governments in the years since that war. The Nuremberg Code makes no exception for research conducted in the context of war. The enormously important goal of protecting the nation's security is not held to be a value that is so overriding as to obliterate the individual subjects' rights. The code states clearly and unambiguously that everyone involved in research is to be so informed and that they are to have the right to give or withhold their consent to that research."

Senators Don Riegle, Jr., of Michigan and Alfonse D'Amato of New York echoed these concerns in a report they issued at the end of May. "Our afflicted veterans are sick and suffering, and some have died," wrote the senators. "Others are now destitute, having spent tens of thousands of dollars, depleting their life savings, in an unsuccessful search for an explanation for their ailments.... The veterans of the Gulf War have asked us for nothing more than the assistance they have earned. Our refusal to come to their immediate assistance can only lead others to question the integrity of the nation they serve."

Riegle and D'Amato discussed Iraq's biological- and chemical-warfare stockpiles—built up with materials that, in some cases, the United States provided Iraq!—and they say that the symptomatology of the Gulf War vets is consistent with a "chemical/biological exposure explanation, illustrated by a large body of common symptoms; and distribution of illness that appears related to source of exposures, whether by proximity to an explosion, fallout, reaction to pills...." One of Riegle's and D'Amato's recommendations was that the impact of pyridostigmine be looked at, particularly with regard to its potential for creating synergistic or even potentiation effects when soldiers are exposed to other hazardous substances, i.e., chemical weapons and other toxins.

The senators also recommended that the Department of Veterans' Affairs claims and appeals process be streamlined, and they called for presumption of a military-service connection when assessing veterans' illnesses for the purposes of determining eligibility for benefits and treatment until a diagnostic protocol can be established. They called, too, for government-financed health care—when no other medical insurance is available—for spouses and children determined to have contracted a service-connected illness from a Gulf War veteran.

R. J. Vogel, under secretary for benefits of the Department of Veterans' Affairs, pointed out that "the long-term effects of exposure to chemicals or environmental agents are as much a consequence of their military duty as a gunshot wound." This is certainly true, but the problem is, while a gunshot wound is immediately obvious as a service-connected injury and thus receives immediate medical care, long-term systemic damage caused by chemical or drug agents is by nature not immediately obvious, and even when symptoms show up early, they can worsen over time or when another agent is introduced into the body. Thus, proving a service connection becomes frustratingly difficult for many veterans.

Paul Sullivan, the afflicted ex-cavalry scout who is now a veterans' organizer, understands this frustration firsthand: "I get bent out of shape when I see another obituary come across my fax machine from another gulf veteran that the government let die."

And as he concluded his testimony, Dr. Thomas Callender summed up this terrible episode with eloquence: "In the Desert Storm troops of which I have personal knowledge, I cannot emphasize enough their sincerity and honesty, nor can I adequately describe the seriousness of their condition, the amount of suffering caused by their medical problems, and the humiliation of being abandoned by the government that they fought for. Once again we are witnessing a historical tragedy where many dedicated Americans put their lives on the line in the service of their country, and their country is letting them down. We should put the same energy and resources into protecting and helping our American soldiers as we put into protecting our strategic interests and in helping other countries and their citizens. We should not let politics, saving face, or hidden agendas deter us from our sacred duty to our soldiers."

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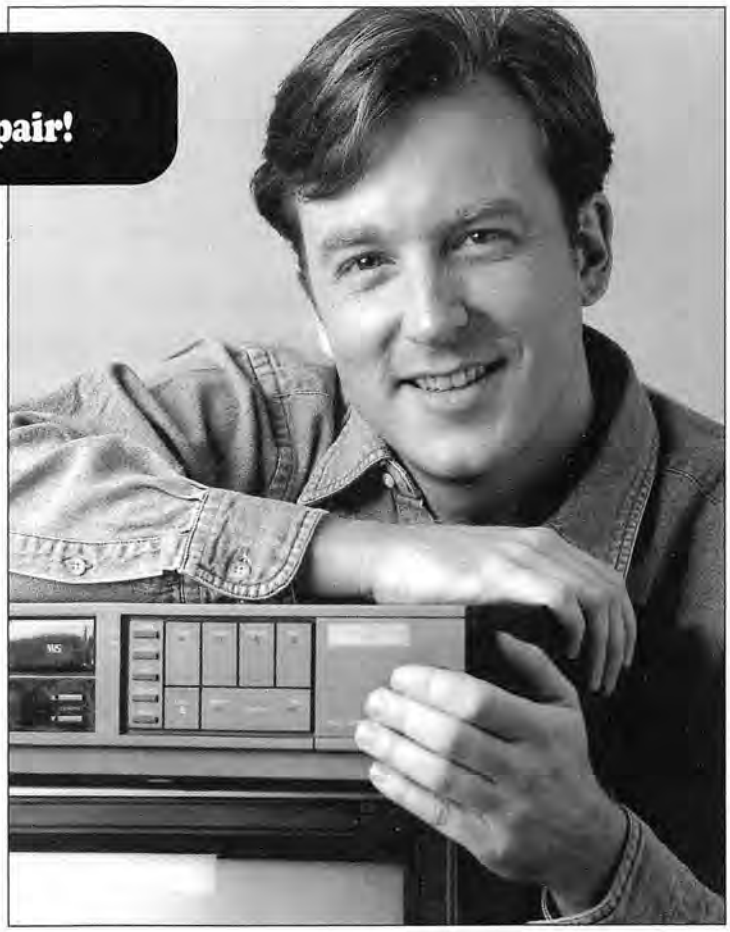

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TECHNOLOGY UPDATE

900 MHz breakthrough!

New technology launches wireless speaker revolution...

Recoton develops breakthrough technology which transmits stereo sound through walls, ceilings and floors up to 150 feet.

Breakthrough wireless speaker design blankets your home with music.

By Charles Anton

If you had to name just one new product "the most innovative of the year," what would you choose? Well, at the recent *International Consumer Electronics Show*, critics gave Recoton's new wireless stereo speaker system the *Design and Engineering Award* for being the "most innovative and outstanding new product."

Recoton was able to introduce this whole new generation of powerful wireless speakers due to the advent of 900 MHz technology. This newly approved breakthrough enables Recoton's wireless speakers to rival the sound of expensive wired speakers.

Recently approved technology. In June of 1989, the *Federal Communications Commission* allocated a band of radio frequencies stretching from 902 to 928 MHz for wireless, in-home product applications. Recoton, one of the world's leading wireless speaker manufacturers, took advantage of the FCC ruling by creating and introducing a new speaker system that utilizes the recently approved frequency band to transmit clearer, stronger stereo signals throughout your home.

150 foot range through walls!

Recoton gives you the freedom to listen to music wherever you want. Your music is no longer limited to the room your stereo is in. With the wireless headphones you can listen to your TV, stereo or CD player while you move freely between rooms, exercise or do other activities. And unlike infrared headphones, you don't have to be in a line-of-sight with the transmitter, giving you a full 150 foot range.

The headphones and speakers have their own built-in receiver, so no wires are needed between you and your stereo. One transmitter operates an unlimited number of speakers and headphones.

Recoton's transmitter sends music through walls to wireless speakers over a 75,000 square foot area.

Crisp sound throughout your home. Just imagine being able to listen to your stereo, TV, VCR or CD player in any room of your home without having to run miles of speaker wire. Plus, you'll never have to worry about range because the new 900 MHz technology allows stereo signals to travel over distances of 150 feet or more through walls, ceilings and floors without losing sound quality.

One transmitter, unlimited receivers. The powerful transmitter plugs into a headphone, audio-out or tape-out jack on your stereo or TV component, transmitting music wirelessly to your speakers or headphones. The speakers plug into an outlet. The one transmitter can broadcast to an unlimited number of stereo speakers and headphones. And since each speaker contains its own built in receiver/amplifier, there are no wires running from the stereo to the speakers.

Full dynamic range. The speaker, mounted in a bookshelf-sized acoustically constructed cabinet, provides a two-way bass reflex design for individual bass boost control. Full dynamic range is achieved by the use of a 2" tweeter and 4" woofer. Plus, automatic digital lock-in tuning guarantees optimum reception and eliminates drift. The new technology provides static-free, interference-free sound in virtually any environment. These speakers are also self-amplified; they can't be blown out no matter what your stereo's wattage.

Stereo or hi-fi, you decide. These speakers have the option of either stereo or hi-fi sound. You can use two speakers, one set on right channel and the other on left, for full stereo separation. Or, if you just want an extra speaker in another room, set it on mono and listen to both channels on one speaker. Mono combines both left and right channels for hi-fi sound. This option lets you put a pair of speakers in the den and get full stereo separation or put one speaker in the kitchen and get complete hi-fi sound.

These wireless stereo headphones have a built-in receiver.

Factory direct savings. Our commitment to quality and factory direct pricing allows us to sell more wireless speakers than anyone! For this reason, you can get these speakers far below retail with our 30 day *"Dare to Compare"* money-back guarantee and full one year manufacturer's warranty. For a limited time, the Recoton transmitter is only $69. It will operate an unlimited number of wireless speakers priced at $89 and wireless headphones at $59 each. Your order will be processed in 72 hours and shipped UPS.

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Recoton's Design and Engineering Award

TECHNOLOGY UPDATE

How to get surround sound without buying the theater...

Chase Technologies brings you an amazing new surround sound decoder that turns your stereo into a multi-channel home theater.

By Charles Anton

As much as I love renting videos, it's just not the same as seeing a movie in a theater. I remember the first time I saw *Jurrasic Park*. I nearly jumped out of my seat when the dinosaurs roared. One of the reasons movies seem so real is because surround sound makes it seem like you're actually there when events are happening. Now there's an incredible new device that lets you use a stereo receiver to get that same surround sound in your home.

It takes more than four speakers to get surround sound; there needs to be a way of separating the signals. The new Chase Technologies HTS-1 decoder does just that, and in a revolutionary way that rivals the best Dolby Pro-Logic and THX systems.

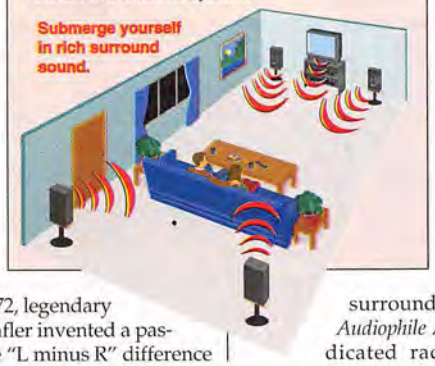
Wins over critics. Gary Reber, editor and publisher of the most authoritative magazine on home theater systems, *Widescreen Review*, stated, "...passive matrix decoders such as the new Chase HTS-1 work great as Dolby Surround™ extractors, and sound exceptionally natural when used for soundtracks and music."

Passive circuit. In 1972, legendary audio pioneer David Hafler invented a passive circuit to extract the "L minus R" difference signals in stereo soundtracks. Because the circuit was patented, it was only available on expensive Hafler products. Now that the patent has expired, Chase can make this amazing decoding system available at a fraction of the cost of other systems!

The secret of surround sound

Surround sound has become the rage of the 90's because it adds depth and realism to stereo sound, giving you the home theater experience. It makes you feel like you're actually at a concert or theater. To "fill a room" with surround sound, you need more than two channels. The HTS-1 provides four channels of sound from any two-channel stereo source.

Free center channel. By connecting your VCR or laserdisc player to your TV, you get sound from your TV speaker; this acts as the fifth or "center channel." Adjusting your TV's volume gives you as much or as little "center channel" localization as you desire, without extra speakers or amps. There are also no extra costs with the "fifth" channel. When used with the HTS-1, you'll have a true state-of-the-art five-channel system.



Submerge yourself in rich surround sound.

Breakthrough. The HTS-1 is able to decode the Dolby Surround™ signal in a videotape or laserdisc because the spatial and depth cues have been matrixed into the "L minus R" portion of the two-channel stereo soundtrack. By decoding passively, the HTS-1 avoids costly and noisy signal processing. Plus you don't need any additional amps! Just connect the HTS-1 to your existing stereo system, add two speakers for the rear, and you'll experience the magic of home theater at a fraction of the cost.

Concert sound. The HTS-1 also decodes the ambience found in all music recordings. This sense of space, or "concert hall acoustics," is present in all CDs and cassettes, especially live recordings. John Sunier, the leading authority on surround sound and producer of *Audiophile Audition*, a nationally syndicated radio program for audio enthusiasts, says, "...the new Chase HTS-1, when used to decode the hidden ambience in all musical recordings, definitely outperforms all the Dolby and THX processors (which could cost you up to $3,000)... I am impressed!"

Easy installation. Hooking up the HTS-1 is easy. Simply connect the speaker outputs of your receiver or amp to the HTS-1, then connect speaker wire to the front and rear speakers. The rear channel speakers don't have to be big. In fact, we recommend the Chase ELF-1 in either black or white finish to match your decor. They can be mounted with enclosed color-matched mounting brackets or can be flush mounted on the wall. They are also water and weatherproof; they can be used indoors or out.

The ELF-1 rear channel speakers integrate perfectly with the HTS-1.

Risk-free home trial. Let's face it— the best way to evaluate surround sound is in your home, not in a showroom. That's why we're offering this risk-free home trial. We're so sure you'll be delighted with the quality of these products and the surround sound experience that we are giving you 30 days to try them for yourself. If they're not everything we say, return them for a complete "No Questions Asked" refund.

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The HTS-1 decoder makes your movies come to life.

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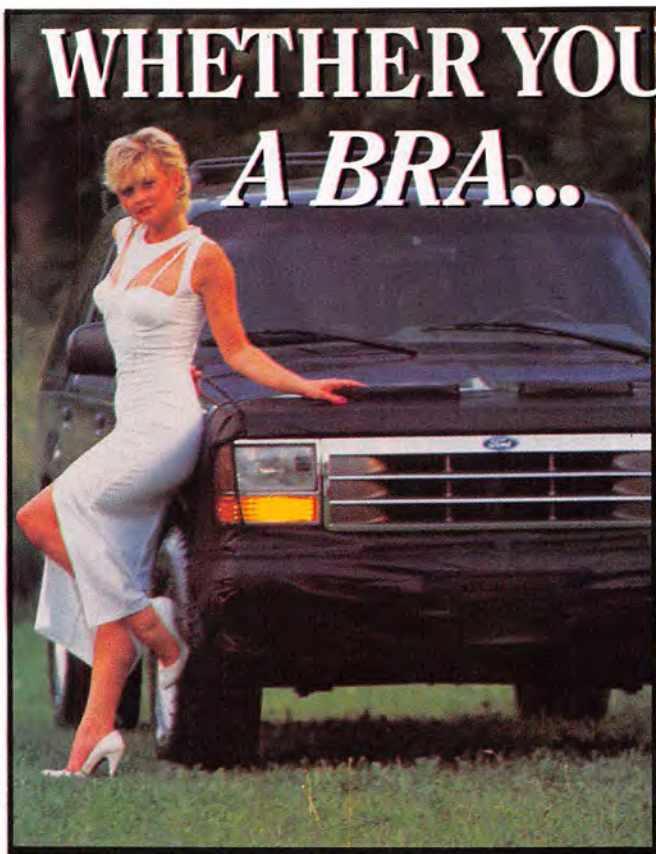

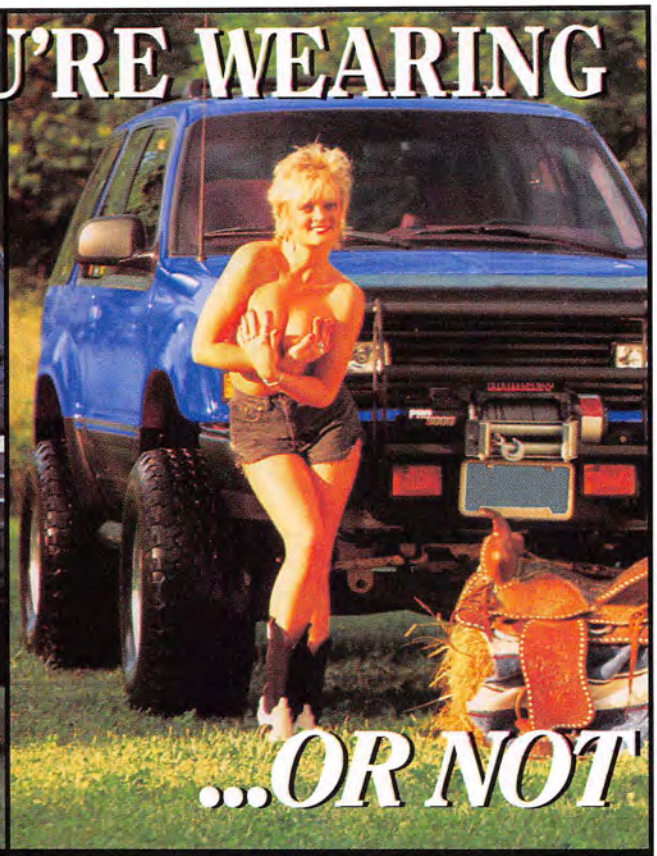

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 184

with her fingernails, which she loves to do and is extremely good at. My dick is absolutely throbbing within seconds after she starts. She continues the small talk, but she has more and more trouble talking normally. As her breathing gets heavier, I get more and more turned on, since she really does try to act as if nothing unusual is happening. She does this for quite a long time. I'm a tit man, possibly because of my own sensitivity, and I've never found anyone who loves to have her tits sucked harder or longer—sometimes a half hour or so. We try to keep the room temperature very cool or use a fan so our nipples remain erect and sensitive for as long as possible.

After what seems like forever, she lets me take her pants off (to be more comfortable, of course), and I suck her off two or three times as she sits with her ass on the edge of the chair, occasionally leaning over to rub my nipples.

She finally lets me lay her down and put my aching dick in her wet cunt. I mount her from the top so she can continue to run her fingernails over my nipples, occasionally leaning up so she can suck them as well.

Finally, I come so hard that I almost pass out. She does also, and it ends up being the most satisfying fuck of my life.—*Name and address withheld*

LEARNING TO LOVE YOUR COACH'S WIFE

My soccer coach's wife and I have been having a flirting, no-touching kind of teasing game going on for a few months. Since we haven't talked about it, that makes it even more fantasylike and exciting. She gives me little peeks at her enormous tits when it's convenient, and she does things like bending down in front of me to give me an orange slice or serve me a cold drink while I'm waiting for the coach. The best part of the game is that there are always other people around, so we have to be careful not to be too obvious with our glances.

Sometimes she positions herself in such a way that I have a clear view up her skirt as she is sitting opposite me, but no one else suspects what's going on. Once she gave me a flash of bush, causing an immediate and lasting erection. The looks she was giving my crotch didn't ease my cock from its hard state, either. She made it even worse by asking me to get up and bring her an ashtray. She looked slyly into my eyes as I awkwardly sidled my way out of the living room filled with teammates, trying to keep my bulging crotch from being too noticeable.

Recently, we went past the game-playing stage of our relationship when she surprised me at my home one day. She stripped off her blouse and bra and gave me a fabulous blowjob. At the last moment, I shot my load all over her tits. Then she licked her tits and played with her nipples and her cunt as she watched me jerk off. It took a while, since I'd just shot a load, but her presence and sexual energy soon had me beating a stiff rod again. She continued to masturbate, moaning so much that I couldn't be sure of how many times she made herself come. When I announced that I was going to come again, she shouted for me to stop and quickly made me put on her panties. Then she started sucking the head of my cock through the panties while she jerked me rapidly with quick, short strokes. I came in a few moments, and she moaned as if she were a starving woman being fed for the first time in weeks.

Since the ice was broken, our games have taken a new turn. When I pick up the coach for practice or just stop by to discuss new plays, she'll give me a signal that tells me to go into the bathroom. In a prearranged hiding place in

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the bathroom is a pair of panties that she has just worn while masturbating. The crotch is always very moist and aromatic, and I sniff the panties as I'm getting my rocks off. As the final moment comes, I spread the panties on the counter and aim my come at the crotch. Then I put the panties back and leave the bathroom. A few minutes later, this horny older woman will enter the bathroom and jerk off while wearing my come-soaked gift. When she comes out again, she is wearing the panties, and it gives me an added thrill to know that she is sitting across from me, eating dinner or playing cards, feeling my wet, sticky fluid on her cunt.

We've never fucked, but I think that soon we'll break down all barriers and start to see each other alone more often. I'm in no hurry, however, as this game we play is plenty to keep me interested for the present.—*Name and address withheld*

COMING CLEAN

I'd like to throw a little cold water on the pervasive myth that taking a cold shower puts the brakes on a runaway sexual drive. As the experience I had shows, giving your body the cold-water treatment could very well bring on the hottest fuck you ever had in your life.

Last spring my wife, myself, and a female friend camped for two weeks on a deserted stretch of beach on a resort island. Meg was a longtime friend and a recent sexual interest of mine. Her long legs and beautiful mouth had been the subjects of my dreams lately, and I began wondering about the possibility of having her.

The weather had been typical for coastal Maryland in May—the air was a bit cool and the water was frigid. We spent most of our time sunbathing, and we didn't even think about going in for a swim. Then a heat wave hit, with temperatures in the eighties and nineties (even in the shade), and the evening breeze was not very cool. After four days of this, I suggested that we all wade in the surf and get some relief. We knew that the water would be freezing cold, so we made an agreement to strip, wade out to waist depth, and stay there until we'd counted to 100. My wife and I stripped naked, and Meg ripped off the bottom of her bikini. When she did, I caught my first glimpse of the silky golden hair that covers her pussy and the taut, rounded ass that had been giving me morning erections for weeks. I grabbed the girls' hands, and we ran into the sea.

After the first ten seconds, we were totally numb and gasping for breath. I reached down into the frigid water and discovered that my cock was totally numb and shrunken beyond belief. By the time we reached 100, the girls were shouting out the numbers in ecstasy, and their nipples stood out hard and full on their heaving, glistening breasts.

We screamed out the last number and made a mad dash for the hottest spot we could think of—the unshaded tent. I collapsed with my wife on our mattress, and Meg fell back against a pile of sleeping bags next to it.

While I lay there gasping, I suddenly noticed a growing warmth in my prick. As I looked down, I felt a surge of sexual excitement grab me, and the blood rushing into my member raised it right before my eyes to a size and hardness I'd never before experienced. All of a sudden, I was ready to fuck anything, to feel anything hot and wet around my prick. I reached over and felt my wife's ass. The chilled skin began to heat up under my hand. She moaned, turned over, and began stroking my cock.

As she replaced her hand with her mouth, I saw Meg lying back on the sleeping bags, watching us intently. Her mouth was open and wet; while one hand caressed a nipple, the other jerked rapidly between her spread thighs. When Meg brushed her moistened fingers over my lips, I reached over and grabbed the hottest, fullest cunt I'd ever felt. My wife was still sucking my cock feverishly and fingering her own cunt, but I could see that she'd

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noticed what was going on. Without slipping from her lips, I repositioned myself so that my head was between Meg's thighs and began tonguing her moist cunt. Her hips began to rotate against my mouth.

Suddenly, my cock was standing in free air, then I felt a new warmth envelop it as my wife plunged her pussy onto it. The next moment I was amazed and delighted to find her tongue and lips join mine in sucking Meg's cunt. Not only had a fantasy of mine come to life, but here was my wife eating her friend's pussy like she'd been doing it for years (she hadn't) and giving me a terrific fucking at the same time. At that point we tacitly agreed to let out all the stops, and we fucked one another freely. During the next three days, we made love in every imaginable way, stopping to renew our state of excitement by repeating the frigid plunge and going to the tent to rub the heat back into one another's organs.

After such a delightful experience, we realized just how great a turn-on cold water could be. My wife and I often stand under a freezing shower for as long as half an hour, then we towel off our shivering bodies, climb under a huge pile of blankets (in the summer, too), and fuck and suck each other to tremendous orgasms. If your readers try this, I'm certain they'll end up begging their mates for the cold shoulder.—*Name and address withheld*

PIZZA ASS

I have just begun receiving your magazine, and I am extremely glad that I do! I was getting worried that I was some sort of sick pervert, until your magazine brought me to the realization that what is fun is right. The letter that I was glad to see was from a man who described the enjoyment he and his wife received from the use of Big Macs as sexual tools. I also have a food fetish that gives me great pleasure. I live in a dormitory on a large college campus where one of the most common foods is pizza. One night, when my roommate was out on a date, I ordered a large pizza (cheese only), and I had eaten half of it when I got a wild idea. I laid the still slightly warm pizza on my bed and got undressed, then I slowly lay down on the warm, gooey cheese surface of the pie. I proceeded to move back and forth until I was just about to come, then I raised myself up and saw and felt the gooey cheese "fingers" still clinging to my erect penis. I had the best climax I have ever had. Now, at least once a week, I order a cheese pizza and truly enjoy myself!—*Name and address withheld*

PEDAL-PHILE

I am a great fan of *Penthouse*, but I am astounded by the fact that "Forum" has never printed a single word about the erotic art of sniffing bicycle seats. Because I am on a naval ship, I must go without sex for long and painful periods of time, and I must resort to various means of masturbation. Nothing excites me more than my private collection of slightly used bicycle seats. I am a world traveler, and I have seats from Spain, Sweden, France, New Zealand, and Australia.

When the lights are out and everything is quiet, I crawl into my bed all alone (except for my tactile saddles) and begin drifting into the past. My favorite memory is of the time I was in France, where there are ten female-type bicycle seats for every lonely sailor.

While I was waiting for a friend at a small restaurant, three young ladies, about 18 years old, rode up for a late-night snack. Seeing them get off their bicycles, I waited with great impatience until they entered the snack shop. The second the creaky door slammed, I raced for the leather pieces. Stumbling in the dark, I caressed a ten-speed's leather seat with one hand and spanked my carrot wildly with the other—all the while filling my nostrils with that pungent, musky odor of cunt, sweat, and leather. I was incredibly excited, and my dick had never been harder. Just as I was reaching a tremendous orgasm, I felt a tap on my shoulder—the girls had only stopped at the restaurant so they could use the bathroom.

I stood aghast, my pants at my knees. Before I could recover, the blond trio began laughing and chatting. They gave me a proposition: If I would buy them a couple of bottles of wine, they would let me sniff anything I wanted. It didn't take long for me to decide, and soon we were off to a summer cottage, my helmeted Spartan at attention for the entire ride.

Can you imagine the rest of the story? If the mention of bicycle seats doesn't bring a rise in your Levis, you are obviously leading a sheltered life. But be careful—once you smell leather, you'll never find better.—*Name and address withheld*

DUE CREDIT

Mary Pat and I have been married for five years, and while we don't consider ourselves prudish or sexually inhibited, we're both just introverted enough to have assumed that sharing our sexual relations with anyone else was impossible. That was before I started bringing *Penthouse* home.

During my first few months of reading *Penthouse*, Mary Pat didn't pay much attention to the new magazine that sometimes kept me sitting up on my side of the bed into the wee hours of the morning. But after a while, when she noticed that my new fascination

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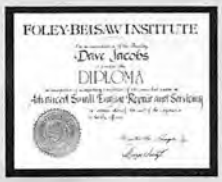

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was persisting issue after issue, she finally had to look for herself. It happened to be an issue that contained a pictorial of two mutually affectionate women.

I had no idea how arousing Mary Pat found those pictures until a few nights later. We were fondling each other when she whispered, "Eat me tonight." I enjoy performing cunnilingus as much as she enjoys having it performed on her, so I was ready to move on command. But before I had readjusted my position, Mary Pat added, "Bring me the new *Penthouse*." She experienced an unusually powerful orgasm that night by staring at your pictorial while I gave her a more fervently wild tongue-lashing than usual.

In the weeks following that episode, Mary Pat wanted oral sex more frequently—and always while fantasizing over the same pictorial. After I'd given her some terrific head, she'd either jack me off while kissing my entire body or we would have sensational intercourse. Even at that early stage, I was grateful for the change. I didn't know sex could be so great.

More issues came home with me, and similar pictorials continued to arouse my wife. Eventually, she came around to a lesser degree of erotic arousal over the "solo" pictorials as well, but during our oral-sex sessions, she restricted herself to the titillation of "duet" pictorials.

After this had been going on for eight or nine months, I began to wonder if her bisexual affectations were mere fantasy or if there was a possibility of her bisexuality emerging to the point of a ménage à trois including some as yet unknown third party. I don't need to tell your readers that the latter possibility intrigued me.

The next stage in our sexual metamorphosis occurred about 18 months after that first issue of *Penthouse* arrived in our home. Mary Pat and I live in a large, three-bedroom home that has two full bathrooms—one off the master bedroom—and we have unconsciously fallen into the habit of using separate bathrooms for convenience. One evening, when I had brought work home, Mary Pat nonchalantly stuck her head in the den and said that she was taking a bath and going to bed. Immediately after this announcement, I went to the kitchen for a snack. She didn't see me in the hallway as she quietly got ready for her bath.

I postponed my snack, stayed put long enough for her to run her bath and get settled in, then I tiptoed through the master bedroom to the bathroom's side entrance. I found the door open just enough for me to indulge my voyeurism. Sure enough, Mary Pat had the magazine open to the two-women pictorial. It rested on the edge of the tub

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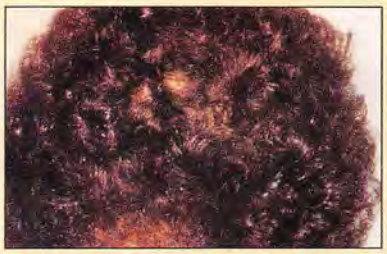

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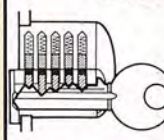

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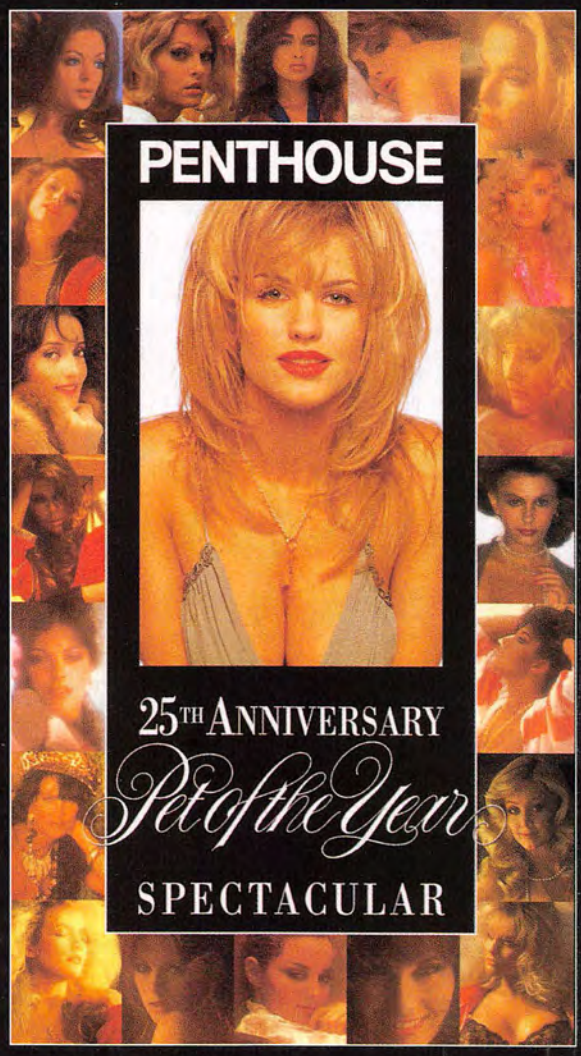

***Penthouse*'s 25th Anniversary Pet of the Year Spectacular**
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while she caressed her breasts and masturbated. It was quite a show. She explored every orifice of her body with her fingers, finally ending up with one hand under her ass while the other moved rhythmically from her clitoris to her vagina and back again.

Watching her was driving me crazy, so I silently slipped out of my clothes. I originally intended to masturbate while watching her and then steal off to my bathroom to clean up, but I was so excited to see her get herself off, I wanted her to know she'd never again have to be clandestine about it. So, just as she was reaching her climax, I stepped into the bathroom—nude, cock in hand—and blurted out that I wanted to watch.

My timing was perfect. She was too far gone to stop, and her strokes never skipped a beat (though there was certainly an instant of surprise in her eyes). A few seconds later, she climaxed with a squeal and a shudder, and I came a stroke or two later, spurting jism into the tub, onto the magazine, and onto the bathroom rug.

Nothing much was said about the incident that night, but the next day Mary Pat (almost in tears from needless guilt) explained that she had tried to masturbate secretly because she was afraid I wouldn't understand her heightened desires since the advent of the pictorials in our relationship.

She confessed that she'd had one or two very satisfying relationships with women in college, but that after graduation, she and her lovers had parted ways. She resolved to limit herself to "normal" heterosexuality, and that's when I had entered the picture.

She went on to insist that since we've been married, she has learned to enjoy our heterosexual relationship as much as her previous lesbian affairs, and she had even dismissed her past before I brought *Penthouse* home. She admitted that the photographs revived old memories and desires, but she also concluded that our five years of marriage had "converted" her to bisexuality. She was relieved—no, delighted—to learn that her confession did not anger me but, quite the contrary, excited me.

That conversation took place about three months ago, and since that time we have, on one occasion, for the sake of experimentation, solicited the services of a call girl. It was not entirely successful, because our naïveté about threesomes made the situation awkward, and the incident lacked a necessary degree of mutual affection. It did manage to prove, however, that Mary Pat remains capable of responding to and returning another woman's physical attentions and that I am capable of enjoying—even relishing—my amended role as a third party.

Now we're searching for a more affectionate third party. In the meantime, there is *Penthouse* (a few badly worn back issues), fantastic recollections, and, for the first time in five years, a state of marital harmony. Thanks!—*Name and address withheld*

Forum letters should carry name and address, though these will be changed—in addition to other identifying characteristics—for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.

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RATED X VIDEO

Totally new, excellently done, or a bad rehash, this month's vid reviews peek in on what's a good buy and what to pass up.

By Al Goldstein

COUPLES' TAPE OF THE MONTH
Lovers: An Intimate Portrait
(Femme Productions)
.i. .i. .i.
It's an ingenious idea, the one that former porn star Candida Royalle of Femme Productions came up with, which she kicks off with this tape (top right)—get real-life lovers to chronicle their sex lives on video. Dish up the intimate details, the down-and-dirty boudoir secrets, the facets of relationships that never see the light of day. This is part

documentary and part amateur video, starring "Sydney" and "Ray," a couple that really is together off-camera. Royalle and director Roy Horsch get deep inside this love affair, shooting the couple's fantasies, interactions, and quickie fucks. Look for more in this series, available from Femme Distribution, Inc., P.O. Box 268, New York, N.Y. 10012; (800) 456-LOVE.

PENTHOUSE PICK
Virtual Sex
(VCA) **.i. .i. .i.**
We are once again in the world of the future—dangerous turf for X-rated video to venture into, but evidently one that's too hard to resist. This futurist vision (top left) is less ludicrous than most, and because it finds time for some of the hottest sex this side of the year 2001, *Virtual Sex* gets my vote for recommended tape. Victoria (the gorgeous Kelly O'Dell) enters a sex-fantasy world via a virtual-reality machine called the Lovemaker. This opens up the tape's vignette-style structure, as Victoria is zapped from one passionate embrace to another. I have seen the future between the thighs of Kelly O'Dell, and it jerks.

RAUNCHY RERUNS
The Beverly Thrillbillies
(Zane Bros.) **.i. .i.**
One of porndom's more amusing trends —or more annoying, depending on your mood—has been its insistence on parodying every release of mainstream Hollywood. *On Golden Blonde* is a title that sticks in my mind as a parody of *On Golden Pond,* but there have been a million of 'em. The latest in this long line of imitative shtick is *The Beverly Thrillbillies* (bottom left), and since it is copying a movie that is itself an imitation of a television

show, the results are about what you'd expect. There are a few good turns here—the cash windfall comes not in the form of an oil strike but as a Publishers Clearing House win, and T. T. Boy's auto-fellatio routine is a wonder—but generally, this one is older than Jed's hat.

TATTOO YOU
Designer Bodies
(Vivid) **.i. .i.**
With the major exception of the droolingly delicious Nikki Dial, the star and centerpiece of this tape, there is not much reason to recommend it. The plot revolves around body art, but I consider the mainstream Bruce Dern film *Tattoo* to be more evocative and kinky. This tape (left) has some stretches that are as boring as watching ink dry, but Nikki Dial, with her gorgeous, all-natural body, perfect face, and sex-happy attitude, is the silver lining—too bad one comes away from this tape wishing for a better vehicle for her.

ROMAN HANDS
Starbangers
(Fantastic) **.i. .i.**
All right, gang, are you ready for some hot Roman action? Huh? What's Roman, you ask? We all know what Greek sex is and what French is, but all too many have forgotten about the good ol' Roman orgy. The "Starbangers" series serves as a reminder. What we have here is the unforgettable image of a lot of people getting it on at the same time—women taking on three, four, sometimes six or seven men at one time. It's hot, it's crazed, it doesn't have a plot or a story, but if you're in the mood for group fun, it's great.

PRESENTS

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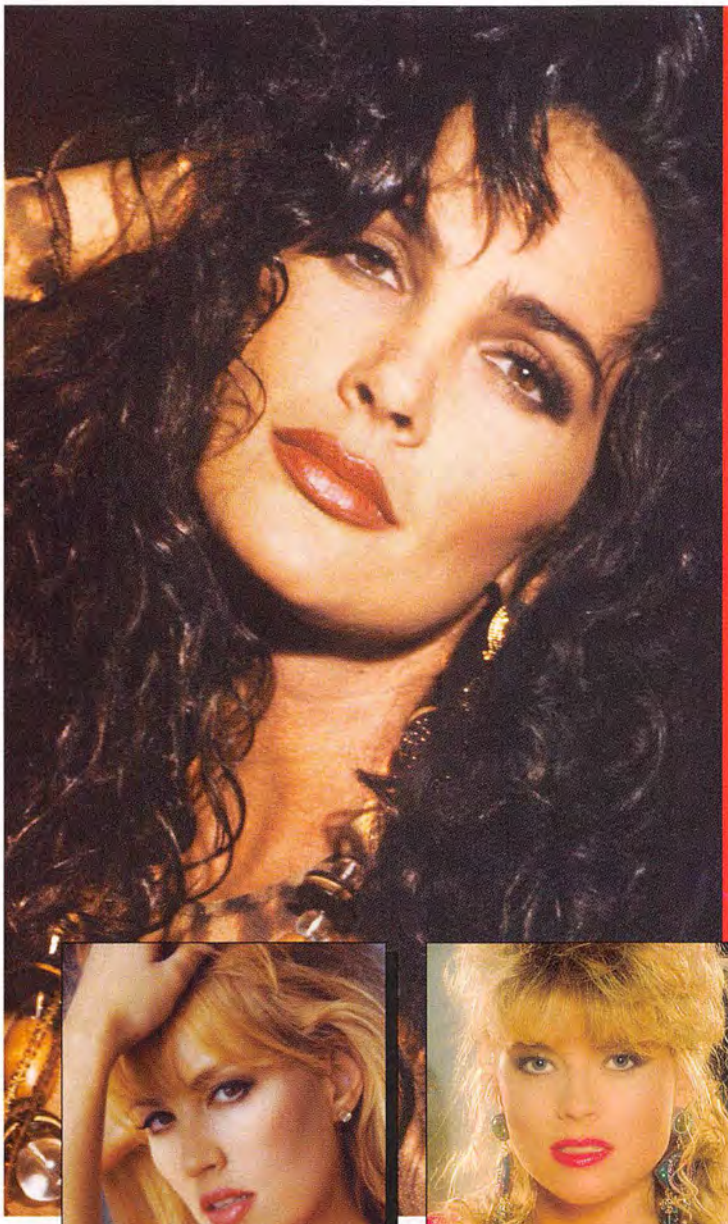

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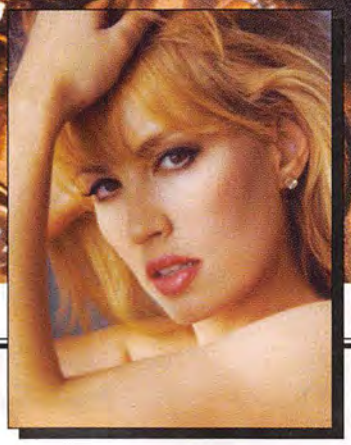

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Left, **Jacqueline:** A tempting teddy in 100% polyester jacquard, enhanced with floral lace. Choose Bold Black or Hot Red. S-M-L **6303B** $36.00. Right, **Katrina:** She'll drive you wild in this stretch-lace teddy in an "Endangered Species" animal pattern. Choose Bold Black or Wild White. S-M-L **6318** $48.00.

Bridgette: A four-piece set including bustier, bikini, garter, and stockings. Bustier is 100% poly chiffon sparked with Lurex and lace. Choose Winsome White, Bold Black, or Red & Black. S-M-L **3030W** $39.00 for the set.

Left, **Megan:** Adorable cotton, lace–trimmed camisole and matching flutter-side bikini. Choose Winsome White or Naughty Natural. S-M-L. **8347P** $29.00 for the set. Right, **Amanda:** Lace trimmed bralette and matching flutter-side bikini. Choose Winsome White or Naughty Natural. **8147P** S-M-L $28.00 for the set.

Gina: Demi-cup, underwire Bra, in nylon/Lycra®. Choose Toasted Almond, Flaming Fuchsia or Passionate Purple. 32-34A, 32-36B, 34-36C **5231** $24.00. Comfy 100% combed cotton bikini. Toasted Almond, Flaming Fuchsia, or Passionate Purple. S-M-L **501** $9.00.

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Left, **Elena:** 100% poly-charmeuse chemise and tap pants. Choose Brilliant Blue,Violet, or Flaming Fuchsia. S-M-L **8428B** $36.00 the set. Right, **Samantha:** 100% poly-charmeuse culottes with black lace. Choose Brilliant Blue, Violet, or Flaming Fuchsia. S-M-L **7028B** $36.00.

Left, **Eileen:** A metallic gold and black bustier that can be worn as inner or outerwear. 34-36B, C; 38-42D **7755** $44.00. Matching thong. S-M-L **715** $12.00. garter belt . S-M-L **715G** $16.00. Right, **Zandra:** A see-through stretch-lace teddy with metallic gold and silver threads. S-M-L **6018G** $33.00.

Left, **Jasmine:** teddy in 100% poly chiffon. Choose Tender Teal or Passionate Purple. S-M-L **6230** $39.00. Right, **Roxanne:** Includes a barely-there bralette and tap pants, both 100% polyester chiffon. Choose Tender Teal or Passionate Purple. S-M-L **8130V** $36.00 the set.

Silk Elegance: Silky, sexy, and sensational are these 100% silk thongs (638) and bikinis (640, not pictured). Three colorful floral prints against Black, Midnight Blue, or White backgrounds—let us choose for you. S-M-L $9.00. **BUY 2 GET ONE FREE!**

Left, **Michael:** 100% silk boxers. Choose a Paisley or Star print. S-M-L-XL **6969** $25.00 or **2 for $44.00.** Center **Ingrid:** 100% poly charmeuse, Two-button Chemise, lavished with black lace. S-M-L **9028B** $36.00. Right, **Monique:** 100% poly charmeuse culottes accented with black lace and ribbons. S-M-L **7035B** $36.00.

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PENTHOUSE PERSONALS

SF—I'm what you would call three times a lady. I am a professional. I'm looking for someone who is spiritual, outgoing, and professional. You must be ambitious, because with the fun we're going to have, you can't be a boring person, or you'll most definitely miss out. If you fit this description, please leave a message. VM# 21892

SF—Hi, I'm Karen. I'm a strawberry blonde, and I'm 39 years old. I'm a Christian, a nurse, and a single mother of two. I'm looking for someone who is honest, gainfully employed, dependable, trustworthy. I like swimming, dancing, movies, cuddling, moonlight walks along the beach, candlelight dinners, music. I'm looking for a downhome country boy who isn't afraid to laugh in public. VM# 21893

SF—My name is Liz. I am 5'7", 130 lbs. I have brown eyes, black hair, and I'm in good shape. I like dancing, going out, and partying. I love to talk on the phone about anything. Leave me a message, and I will call you. VM# 21137

SF—Hi. My name is Nicole. I have blond hair and blue eyes, and I live in Alaska. I'm interested in someone who wants to hold a conversation with me. VM# 21176

SF—Hi. My name is Sandy. I just moved to a small town in New York. I don't know too many people, and I'm looking for someone hot to talk to. Get back to me, and I'll be sure to get back to you. VM# 21822

SF—Hello. I'm Amy from Alaska. I'm curious if anyone will call or write me. I'm cold and lonely. VM# 21407

SF—Hi, I'm Carrie. I'm a brunette with green eyes. Call, and we can talk. VM# 21497

SF—Hi. My name is Chris. I have blond hair and green eyes. I'm 19 years old, and I'm looking for a creative and compatible type of guy. VM# 21596

SF—I'm a 24-year-old full-time student looking to meet someone nice who knows how to treat a lady. VM# 21837

SBF—My name is Andrea. I'm a professional and a single mother of one. I enjoy gospel music. I'm a regular churchgoer and choir singer. I write lyrics, and I team up with musicians and have jam sessions at my home. I am looking for a tall, attractive musician who is interested in a long-term relationship, but friendship first. If you're interested, please call. VM# 21596

SWF—I'm Sabrina. I have brown hair, brown eyes, and I'm 5'2". I'm looking for a SBM, 18 to 25 years old. Please call. VM# 21905

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SF—5'7", brown hair, brown eyes, a little chunky but not fat, age 28. Looking for a nice guy between the ages of 24 and 30 who knows how to treat a lady and have a good time. VM# 21839

SF—Hi. I'm Rochelle, and I'm looking for someone 21 to 40. My friends say I'm pretty. I have brown hair and hazel eyes. I'm new at this. I love doing anything that makes me and the person I'm with laugh. VM# 21840

DF—My name is Janet. I'm from Georgia, and I'm interested in meeting people. I'm 37 years old, no children, and I have dark-brown hair. I'm lonely and anxious to get back into the swing of things. VM# 21903

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SF—My name is Linda. I'm 29. I have a son, but I've never been married. I have a full-time job, and I am a deejay. I also do a lot of volunteer work. I like camping and physical sports. I am 5'4", 160 lbs., with brown hair and brown eyes. I am Hispanic. I am looking for someone educated, culturally aware, articulate, fun, and honest, with a great sense of humor. VM# 21941

SWF—I'm Jennifer, age 19, 5'4", 114 lbs., with hazel eyes and long dark-brown hair. Looking for single men for a good time, and pen pals. VM# 21942

SF—Redhead, 5'6", 195 lbs., blue eyes. I'm looking for my kind of handyman. I prefer a SBM, 50 years or older, 6'2" or taller, 220 lbs. or more. Someone employed who likes working at minor home repairs and, of course, redheads. I am looking forward to hearing from you. VM# 21943

SF—28 years old, blond, 5'6", and fearless. VM# 21944

SF—I am looking to meet a guy with a lot of muscles who is dark complected and between the ages of 18 and 22. I prefer Italians, but Hispanic and black would be fine, too. VM# 21945

SF—Hi, I'm Elizabeth. I am 36, looking for a man 32 to 39 for dating. If interested, give me a call. VM# 21946

DWF—My name is Melody. I am 34 years old and 5'5". I am athletic and energetic. I play on city softball and basketball teams. I listen to a variety of music. I am a Christian, drug- and disease-free. I would like to meet a white male, 28 to 38, who likes kids, sports, and has the same interests as me. I have a very active and busy life, but I would enjoy time with someone nice. VM# 21947

SAF—18 years old, long black hair, 5'9", very good-looking, and very seductive. I am looking for a SWM cowboy between 20 and 25 who is at least 6' tall. If you're the one, give me a call. VM# 21948

SF—I am a widowed, 53-year-old redhead with blue eyes looking for that special gentleman. I weigh 230 lbs., and I am a nonsmoker and nondrinker. I am honest and trustworthy. I love to laugh and smile a lot. I believe in the power of positive thinking. I like to garden, camp out, and travel, and I love animals. VM# 21949

SWF—Hello, my name is Cynthia. I live in Texas. I'm 34 and a nonsmoker. I play guitar and sing. I am a paralegal. Call me. VM# 21950

DWF—My name is Jennifer. I'm 23 and a mother of two. I have blond hair and brown eyes. I live in the Houston area. I like country music, country dancing, riding horses, and going to the beach. I am looking for a white male, 25 to 40, preferably with children, who

doesn't want any more of his own and will accept mine. Someone who is hardworking with a stable career and who knows how to have a good time. If that sounds like you, I am looking forward to hearing from you. VM# 21952

SF—Hi. My name is Jena. I'm 23, very spontaneous, and I like to have fun. If your characteristics are the same as mine, leave a message, and I will call. VM# 21067

SBF—I am 21. I am looking for a SBM, 21 to 29, who is interested in having a fun, exciting time building a friendship and just spending time together. I am a college student, and I would like a college-educated man with a good job. VM# 21072

SF—Hi. My name is Celissa. I'm 19, 117 lbs., 5'9". I'm heavily into modeling and the outdoors. I am a college student. I like boating and fishing. I love to party and have a good time, but I also like quiet times at home and talking on the phone. VM# 21096

SF—Hi. My name is Lana. I live in Illinois. I'm 19, with eyes as blue as the ocean. I'm 5'2" and 120 lbs. with a big bust, searching for a good-looking man to have a good time with. Give me a call. VM# 21109

SF—My name is Cindy. I'm 5'11", 145 lbs., dark hair, and dark eyes. I love to have fun. I can't wait to hear from you. VM# 21118

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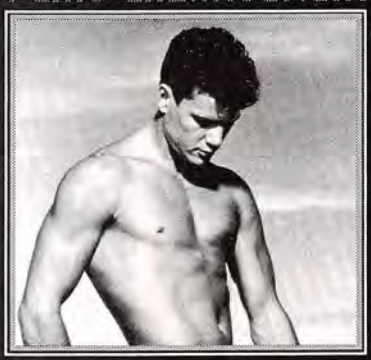

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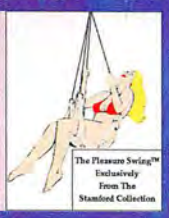

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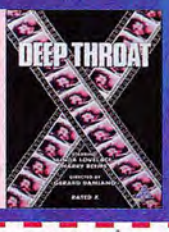

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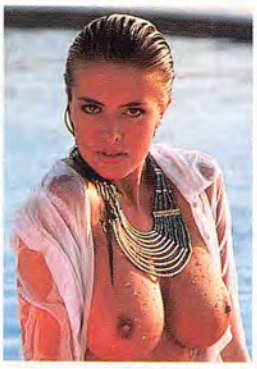

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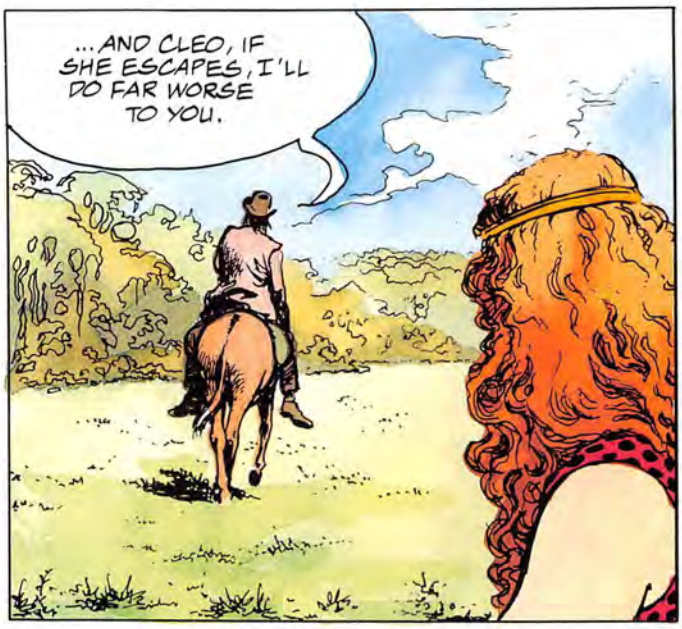

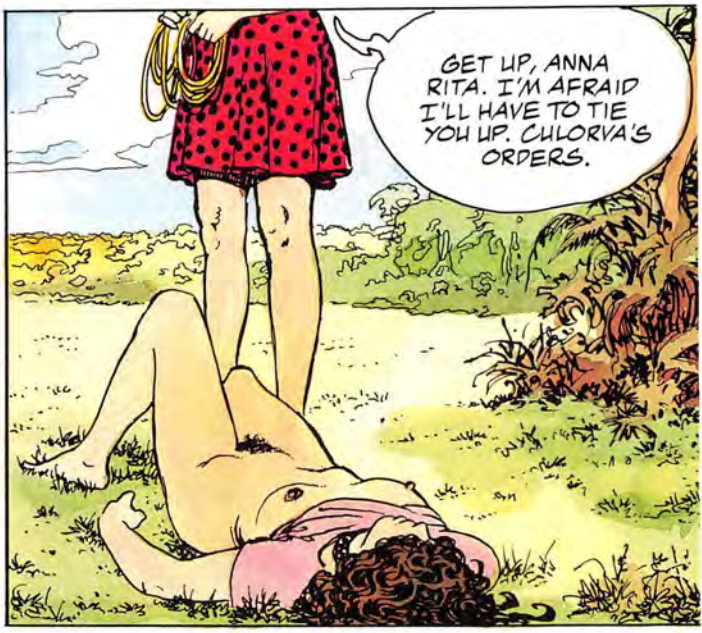

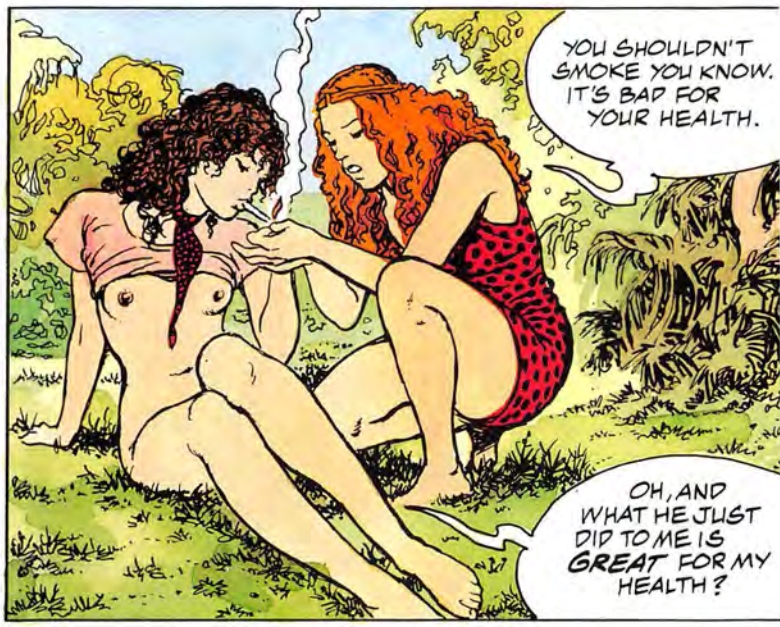

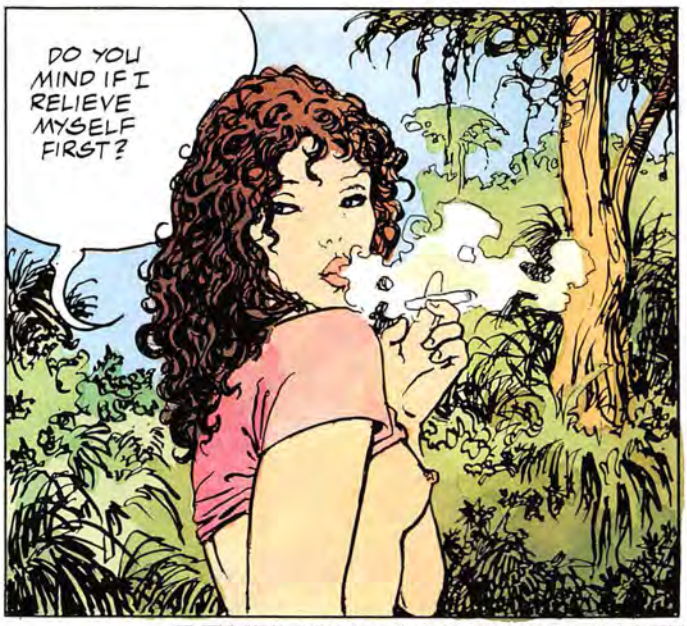

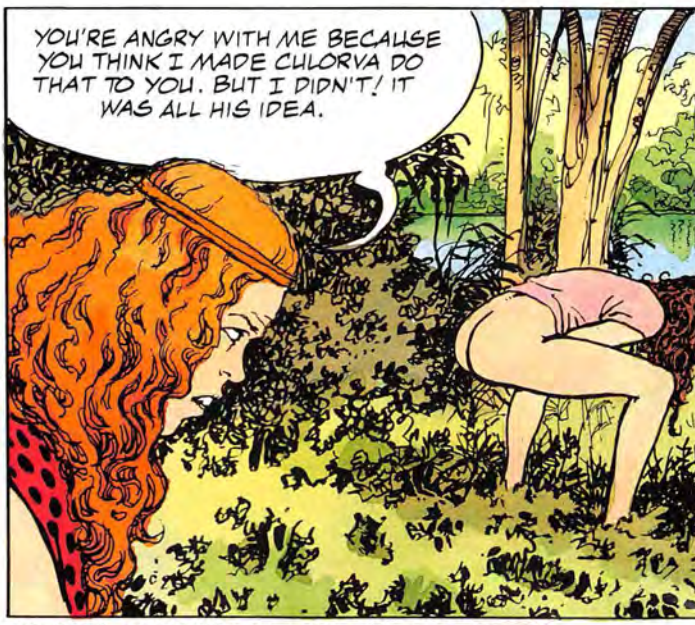

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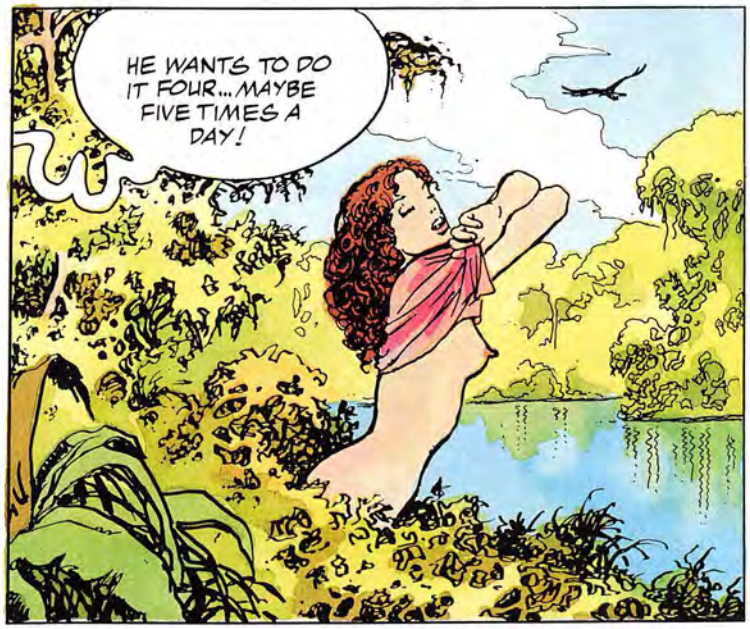
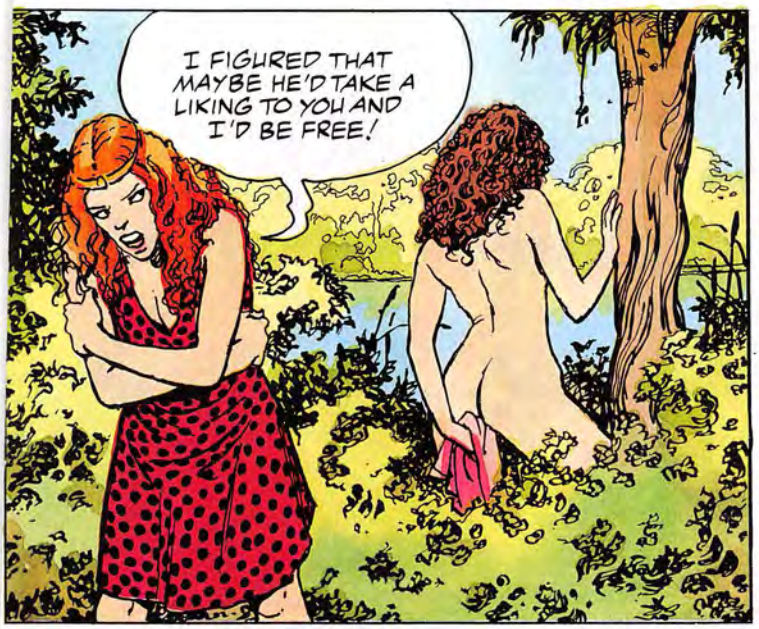
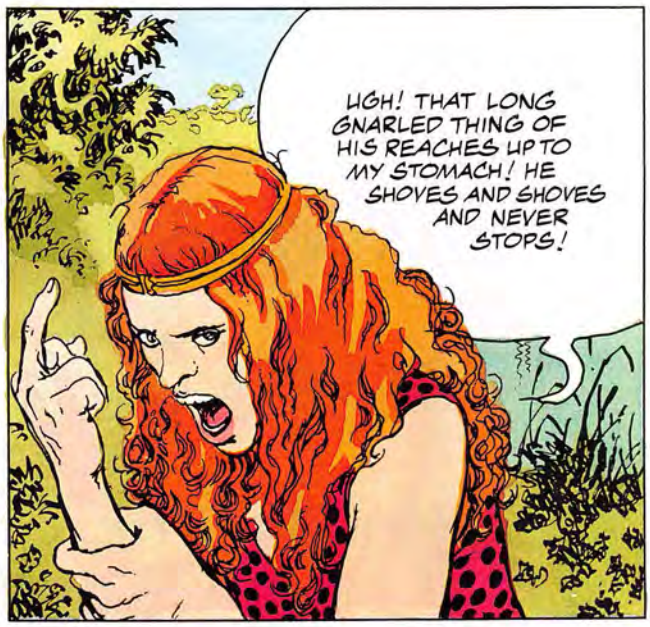
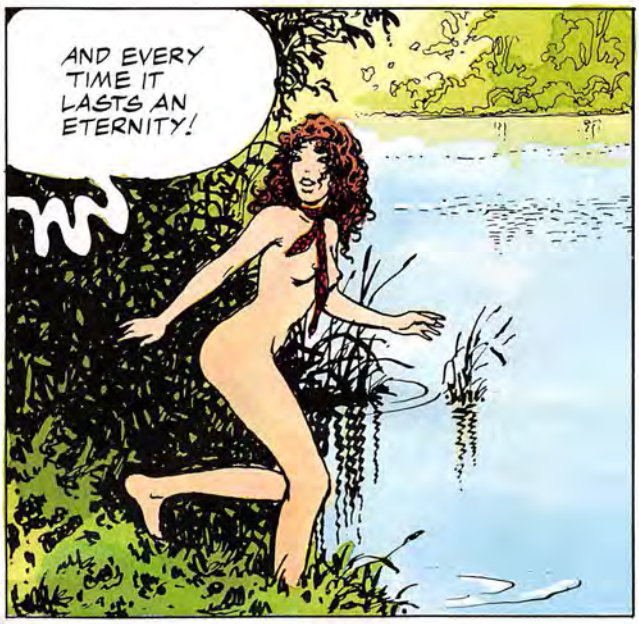
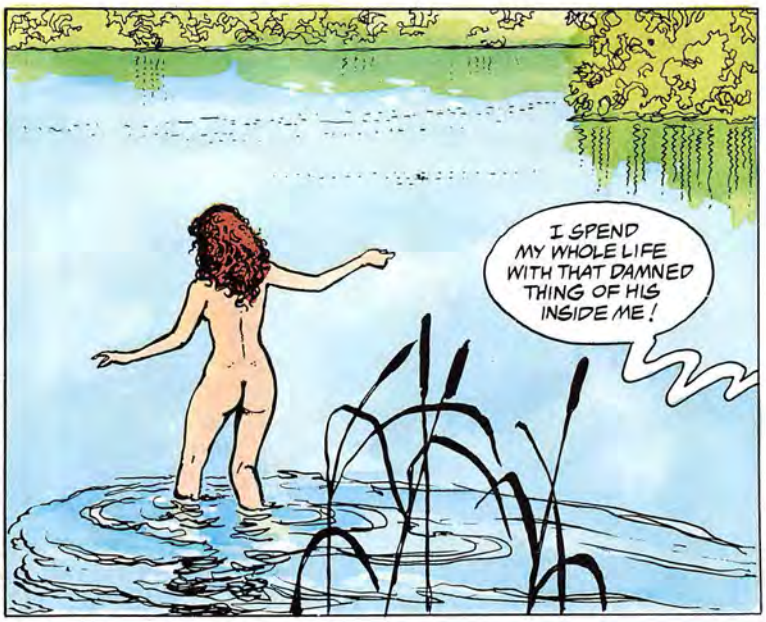
YOU CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT MY LIFE IS LIKE WITH THAT PIG!

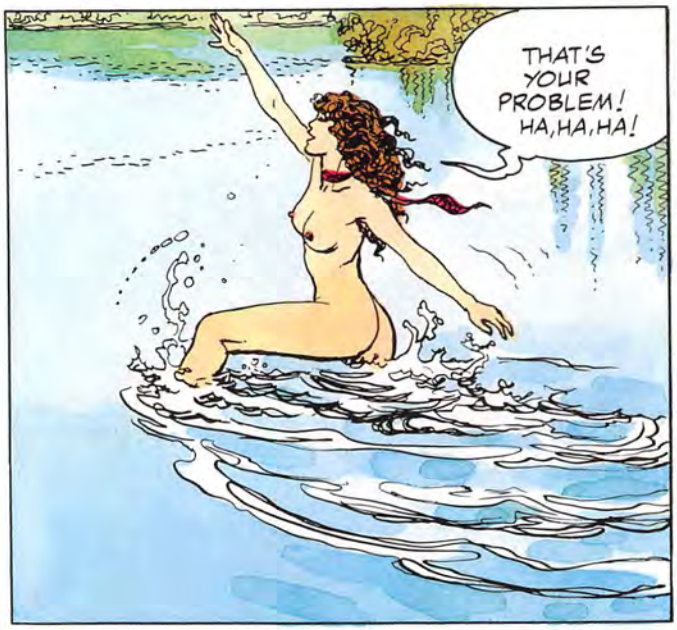

HE WANTS TO DO IT FOUR... MAYBE FIVE TIMES A DAY!

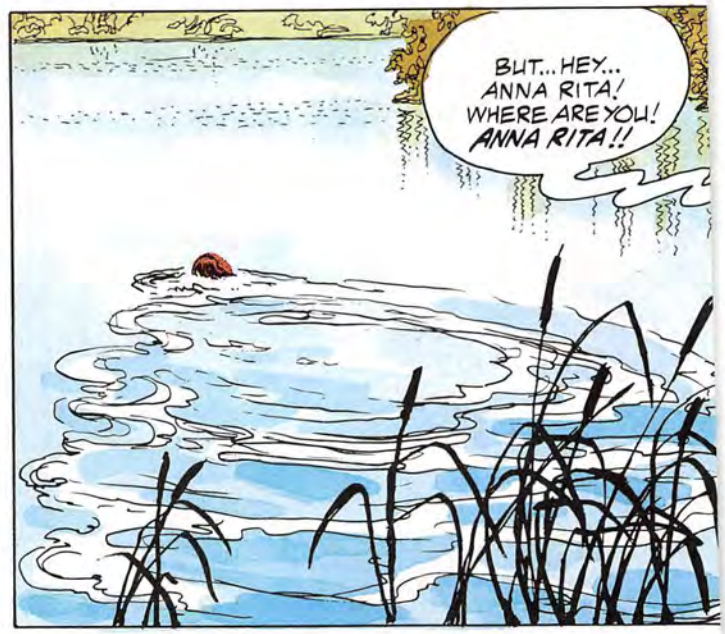

I FIGURED THAT MAYBE HE'D TAKE A LIKING TO YOU AND I'D BE FREE!

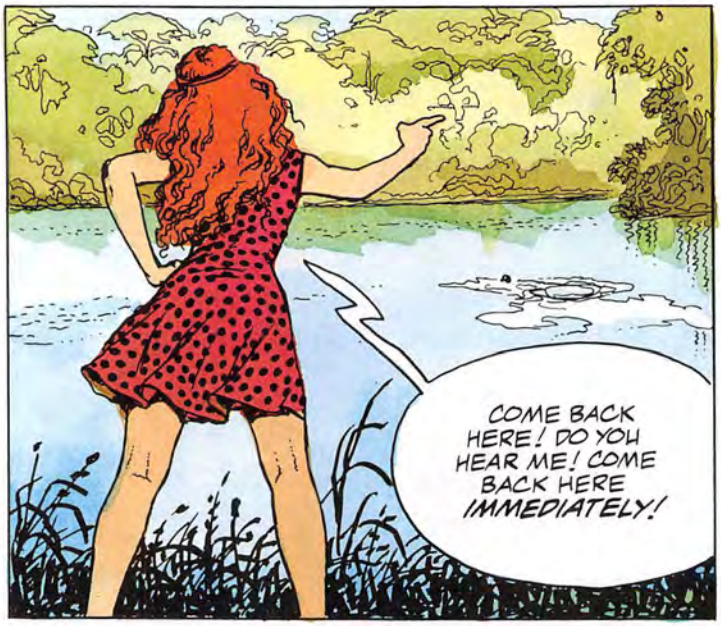

UGH! THAT LONG GNARLED THING OF HIS REACHES UP TO MY STOMACH! HE SHOVES AND SHOVES AND NEVER STOPS!


AND EVERY TIME IT LASTS AN ETERNITY!

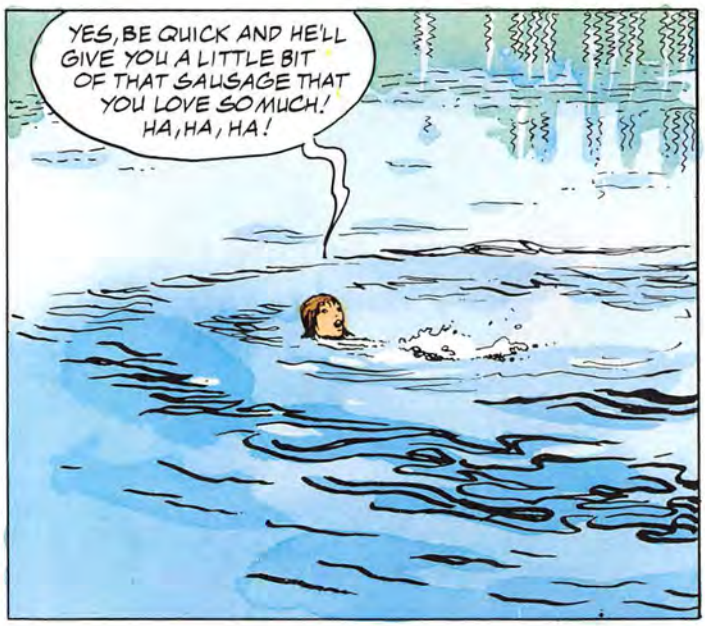

I SPEND MY WHOLE LIFE WITH THAT DAMNED THING OF HIS INSIDE ME!

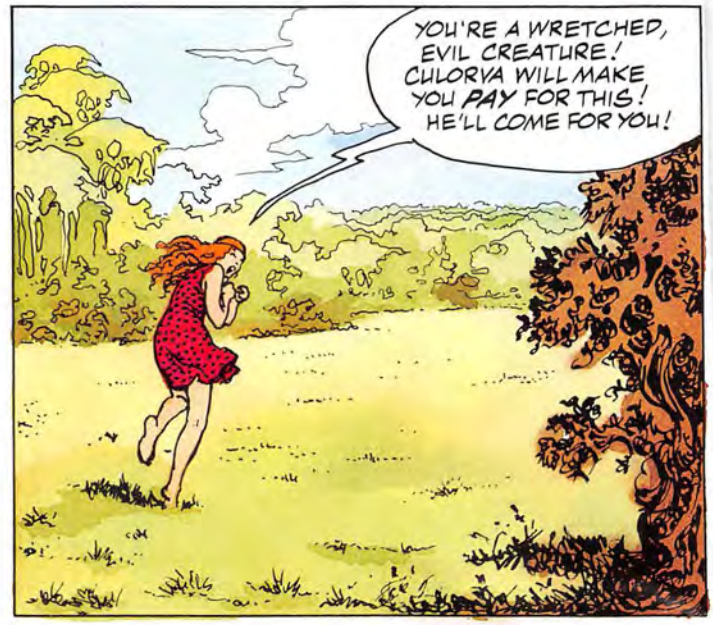

THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM! HA,HA,HA!

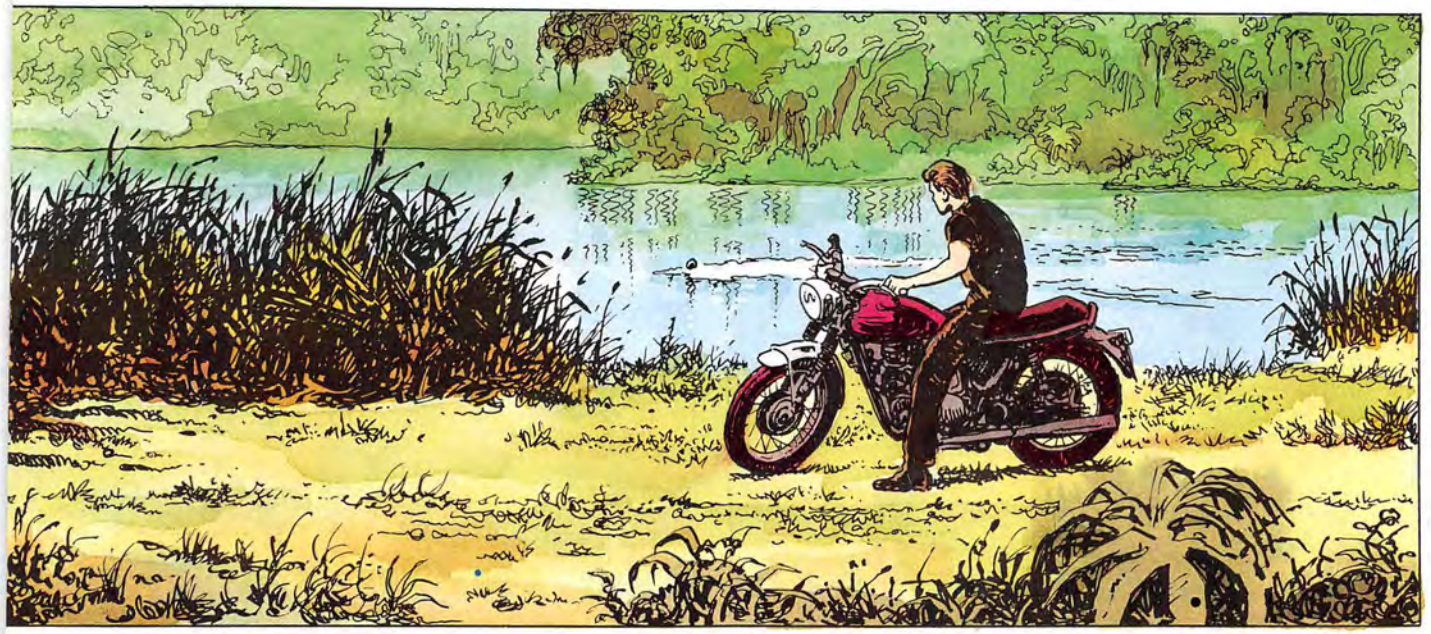

BUT... HEY... ANNA RITA! WHERE ARE YOU! ANNA RITA!!

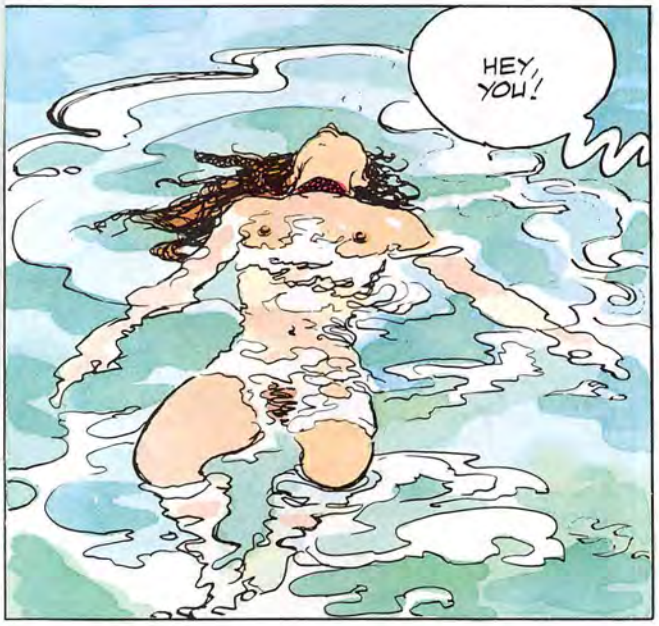

COME BACK HERE! DO YOU HEAR ME! COME BACK HERE IMMEDIATELY!

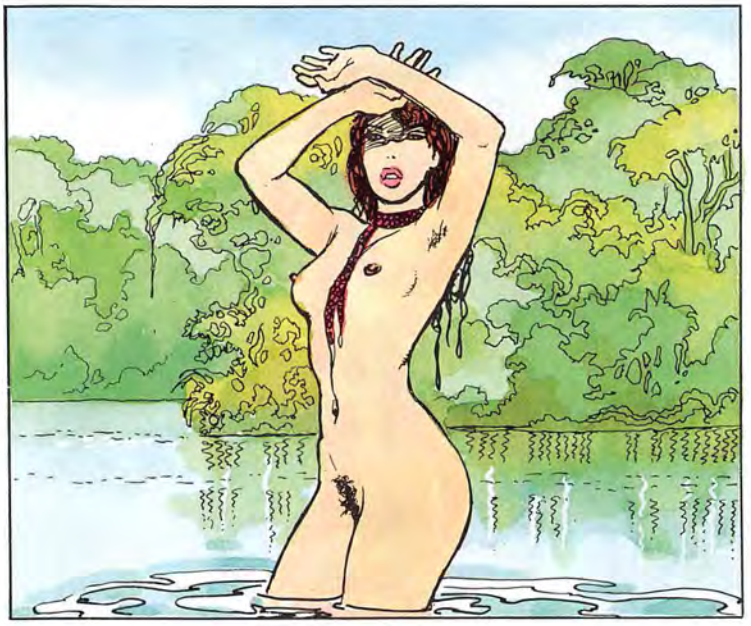
I'M GOING TO CALL CULORVA!

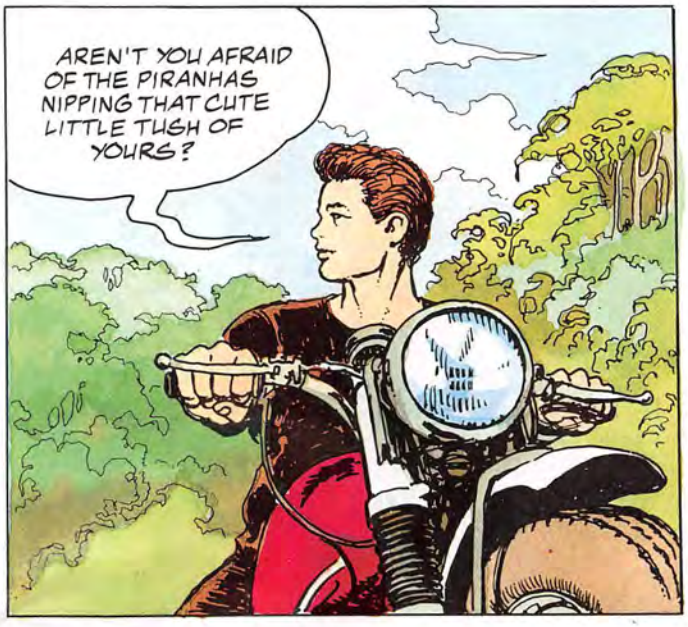

YES, BE QUICK AND HE'LL GIVE YOU A LITTLE BIT OF THAT SAUSAGE THAT YOU LOVE SO MUCH! HA, HA, HA!

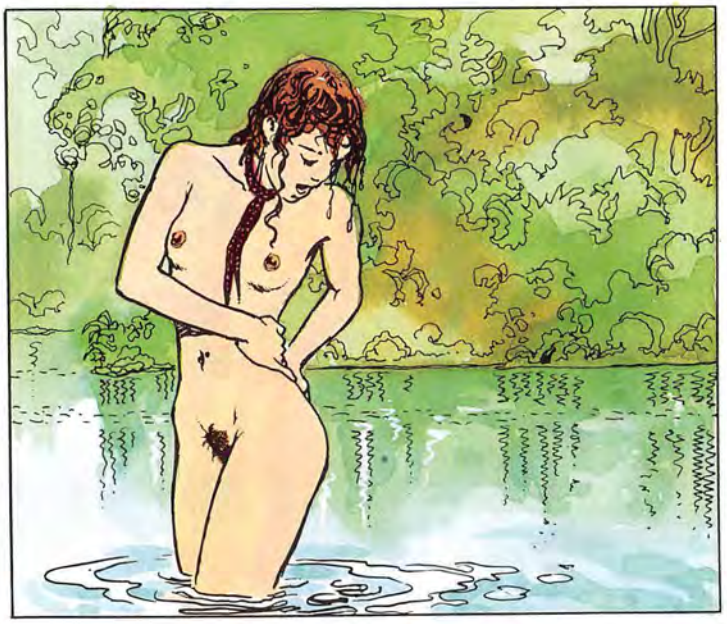

YOU'RE A WRETCHED, EVIL CREATURE! CULORVA WILL MAKE YOU PAY FOR THIS! HE'LL COME FOR YOU!

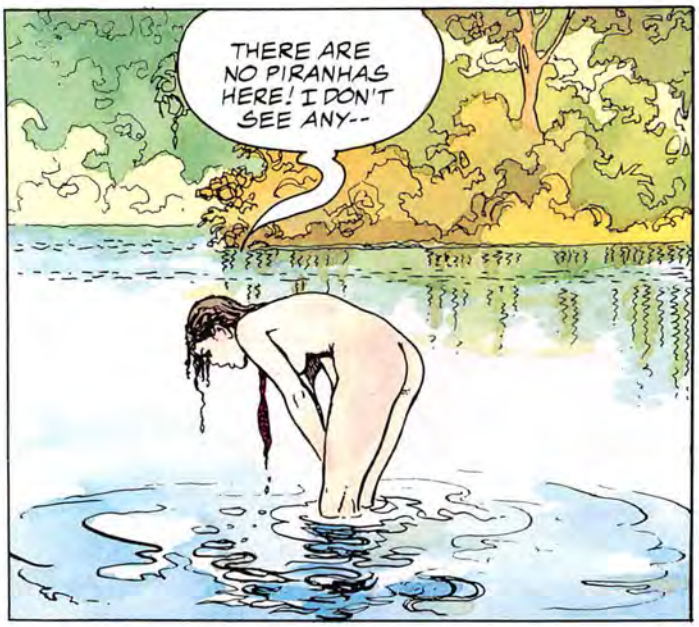


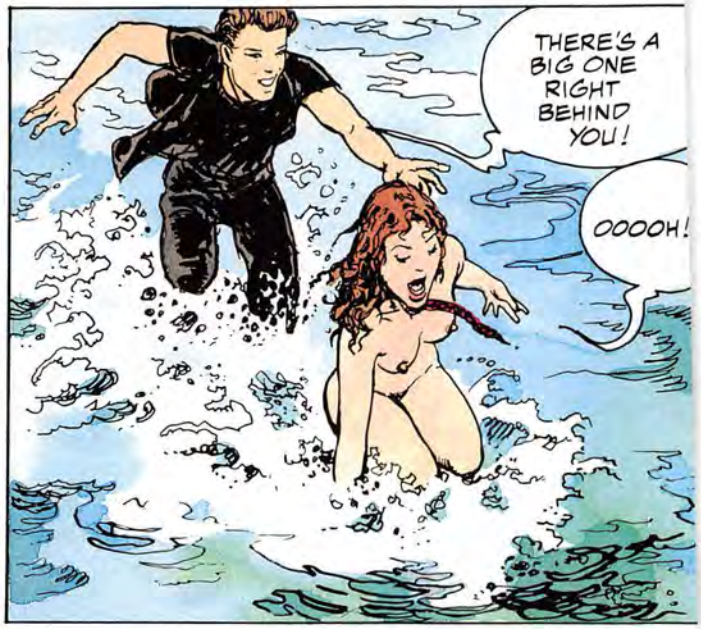

HEY, YOU!



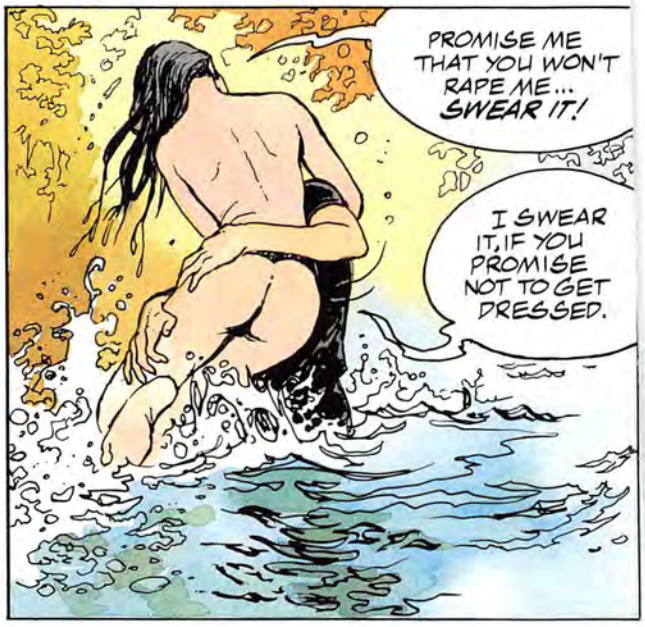

AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF THE PIRANHAS NIPPING THAT CUTE LITTLE TUSH OF YOURS?

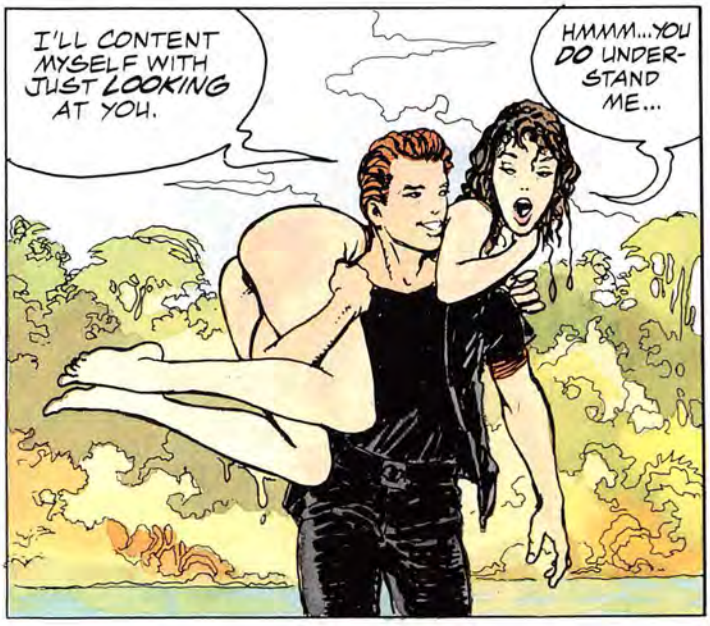


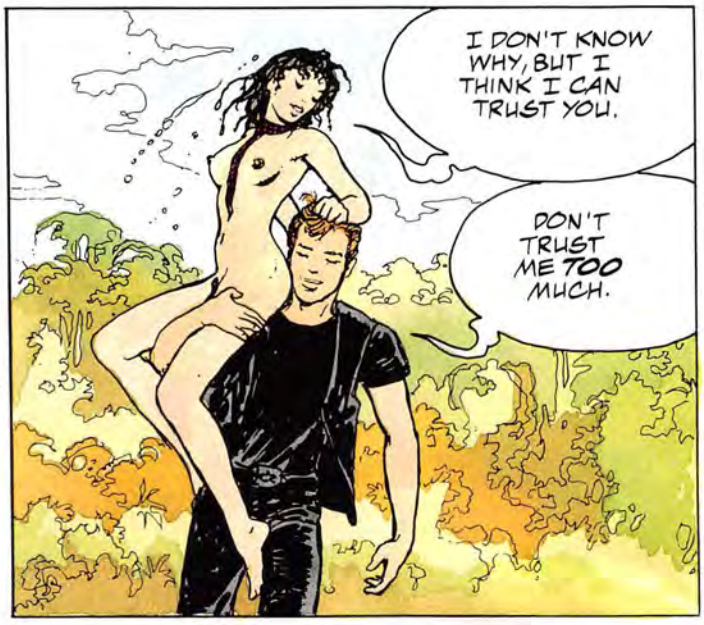

THERE ARE NO PIRANHAS HERE! I DON'T SEE ANY--

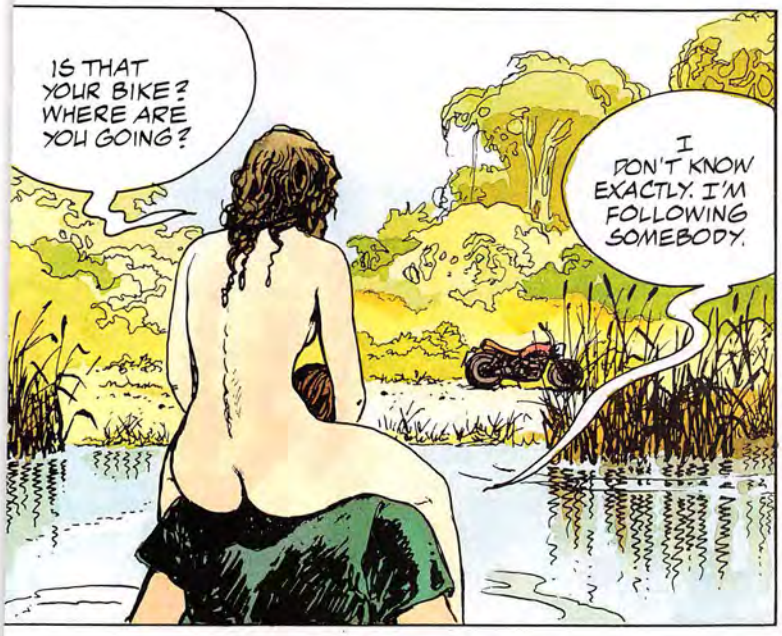

THERE'S A BIG ONE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
OOOOH!

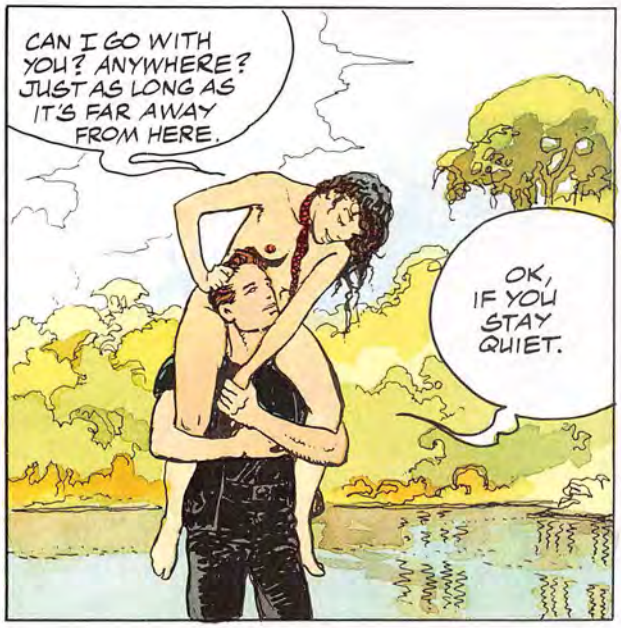
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO EAT ME, ARE YOU?
NOT UNLESS YOU WANT ME TO...

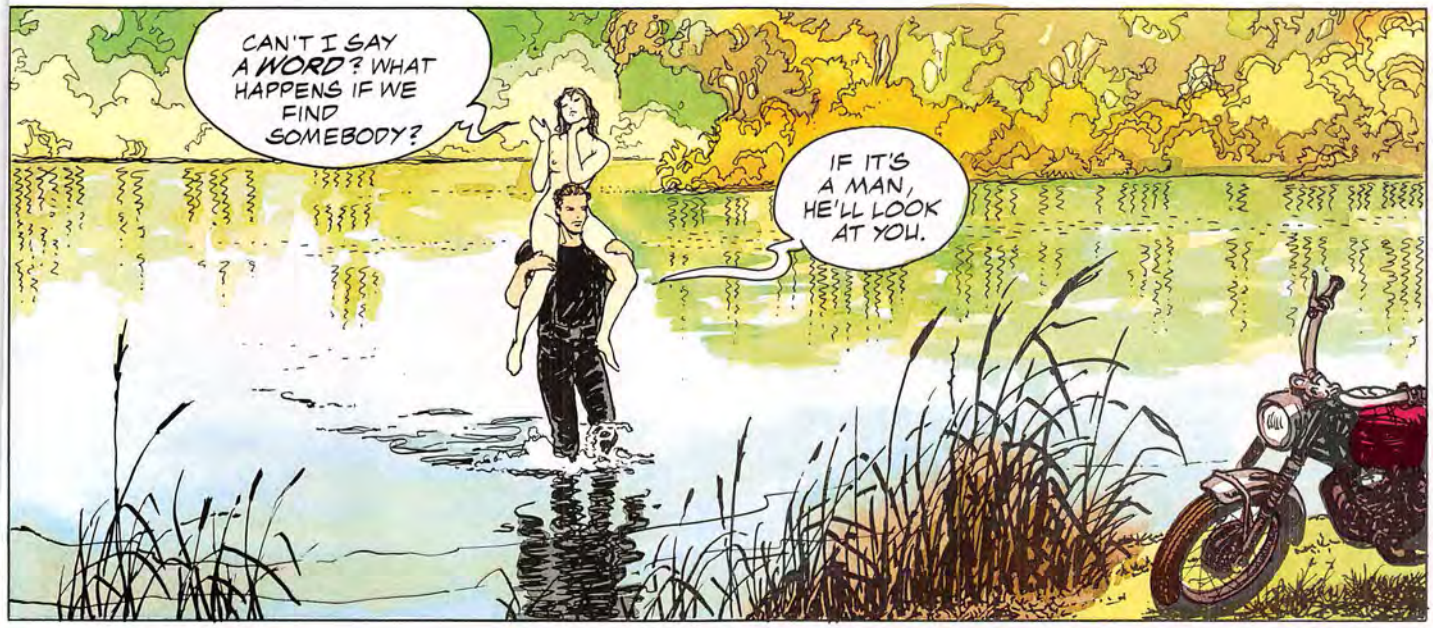

PROMISE ME THAT YOU WON'T RAPE ME... SWEAR IT!
I SWEAR IT, IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO GET DRESSED.

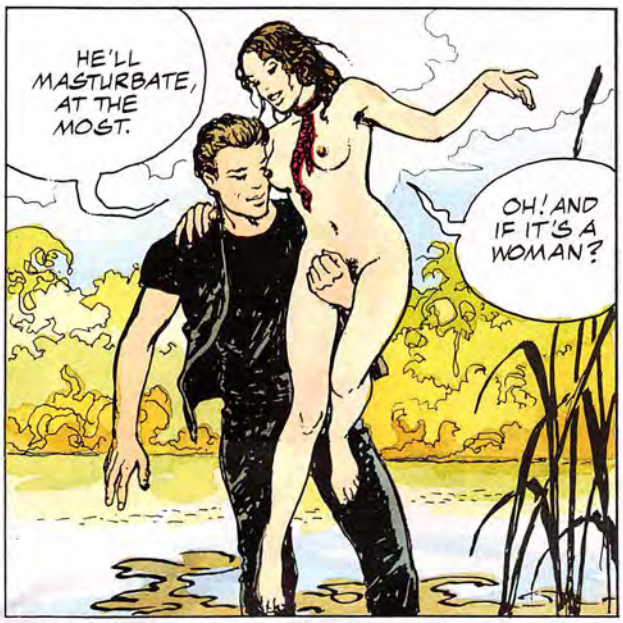

I'LL CONTENT MYSELF WITH JUST LOOKING AT YOU.
HMMM...YOU DO UNDER-STAND ME...

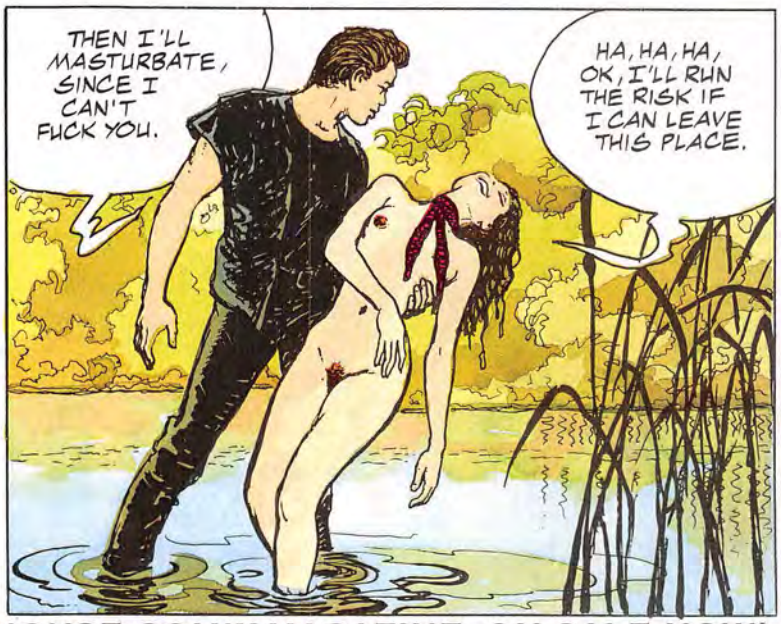

I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I THINK I CAN TRUST YOU.
DON'T TRUST ME TOO MUCH.











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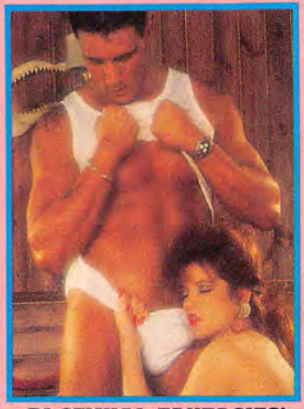

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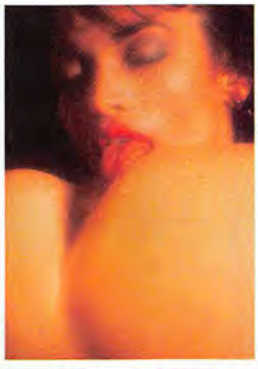

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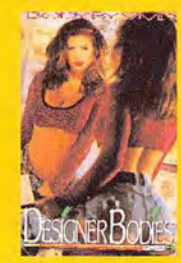

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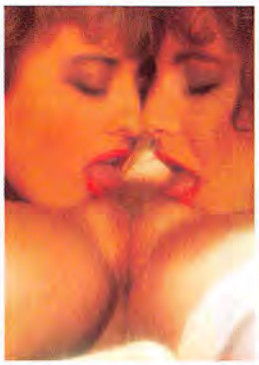

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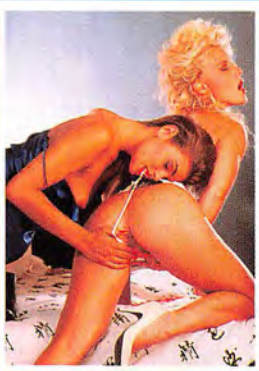

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It is an established fact that sexual subliminal material inflame women with erotic desire. Exposure to this subliminal video triggers her autonomic system to send messages to her vagina to swell, to lubricate and to become intensely sensitive. This reaction causes SEXUAL TENSION, and because the messages tell her she loves you, she'll demand sex and a climax from you. Besides the messages telling her you are fondling her in "FOREPLAY" she is seeing a great variety of acts leading to wild, multiple orgasms. See Video order form.

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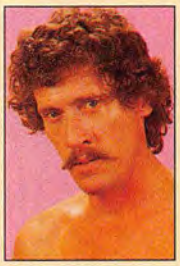

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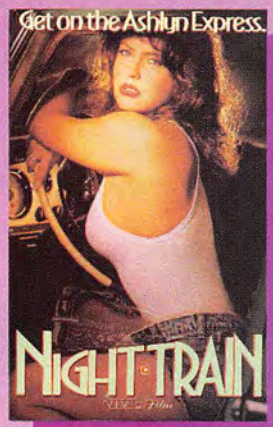

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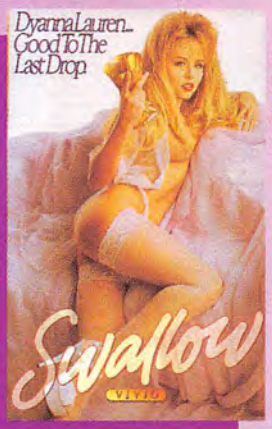

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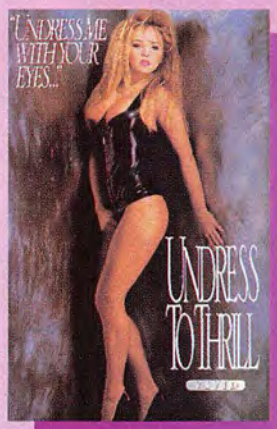

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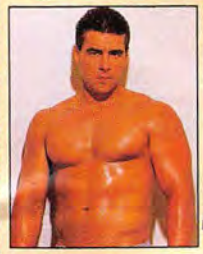

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COMING IN THE OCTOBER

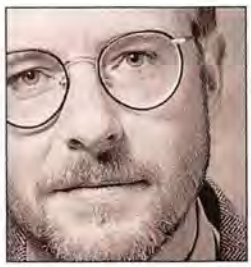
PENTHOUSE

WOMAN AS GODDESS

Camille Paglia took America by storm just a few years ago when her iconoclastic views on art, literature, and sexuality were first published. Since then she's become notorious for her controversial views on the roles of men, women, and sex in society. For example, Paglia has rankled fellow feminists by asserting that "rape is male power fighting female power" and that pornography is art. In this spirit, we thought it would be interesting to take the professor, who admits she is bisexual, out on the town to sample New York's best-known strip clubs and comment on their implications for the arena of sexual politics. A brash, fast-talking Paglia, who maintains that stripping is "a sacred dance of pagan origins," was all too eager to oblige.

THE 20 WORST FOOTBALL TEAMS

The college football season is once again upon us, and for the 16th year in a row, Larry Linderman, *Penthouse*'s peerless (and fearless) pigskin prognosticator, is set to identify these schools' most hapless boys of autumn. This time around, Linderman provides bonus coverage: Ignoring Division 1-A small-fries, he zones in exclusively on major schools that spend fortunes on football and produce nothing in the way of results.



THE INDIAN QUESTION

"Imagine, if you will, the international outcry of horror that would arise if the professional soccer team of Germany's capital was named after the people it tried to exterminate." Dennis McAuliffe, Jr., is an angry man who, until fairly recently, didn't even know how angry he was. "We've all popped the question," he writes, in an excerpt from his new book, *The Deaths of Sybil Bolton: An American History* (Times Books). "'How much Indian blood do you have?' I've asked. But I've never asked a black. I've never asked an Asian.... But I've sure asked an Indian, and I've sure been asked." One thing is for sure: You will never think about Native Americans—or about Americans in general—the same way after you read this powerful essay.

SANTA CLAUS OF SEX

"When I was growing up," recalls Ron McAllister with a grin, "I never dreamed I'd be making dicks for a living." McAllister is the brains behind many of the products manufactured by a company called Doc Johnson. These are the folks who bring you dildos, inflatable dolls, lubricants, cock rings, trouser snakes, windup walking penises, and 2,200 other sexual toys that spring forth from Mac's imagination. The hosers that come out of the Doc Johnson factory in California's San Fernando Valley are, apparently, fulfilling somebody's dreams—in just 20 years, the company has grown into a large worldwide enterprise. In "The Penis Page," you'll take a tour through McAllister's factory and even learn some of his secrets.

THE ULTIMATE FIGHTING CHAMPIONSHIP II

Aside from boxing title fights, Pay-Per-View television has become a repository of trash sports not worth your time or money. But now, a new and controversial martial-arts competition—perhaps the most dangerous in the world—is taking viewers by storm. And the international field of competitors, who hold black belts in virtually every martial art, is fighting with fury to capture the event's championship and first-place prize of $60,000. *Penthouse* takes readers behind the scenes at the Ultimate Fighting Championship II, which features no rules, no weight classes, and no holds barred.

An innovative but controversial martial-arts tournament —perhaps

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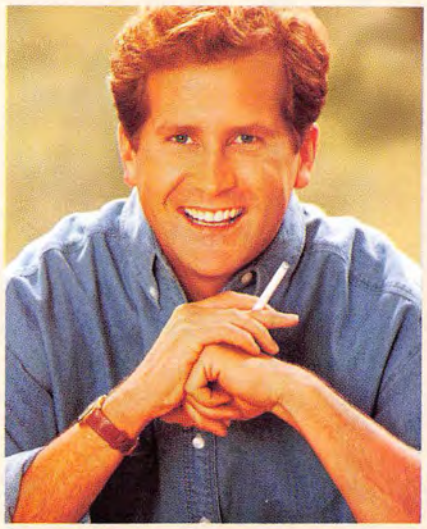

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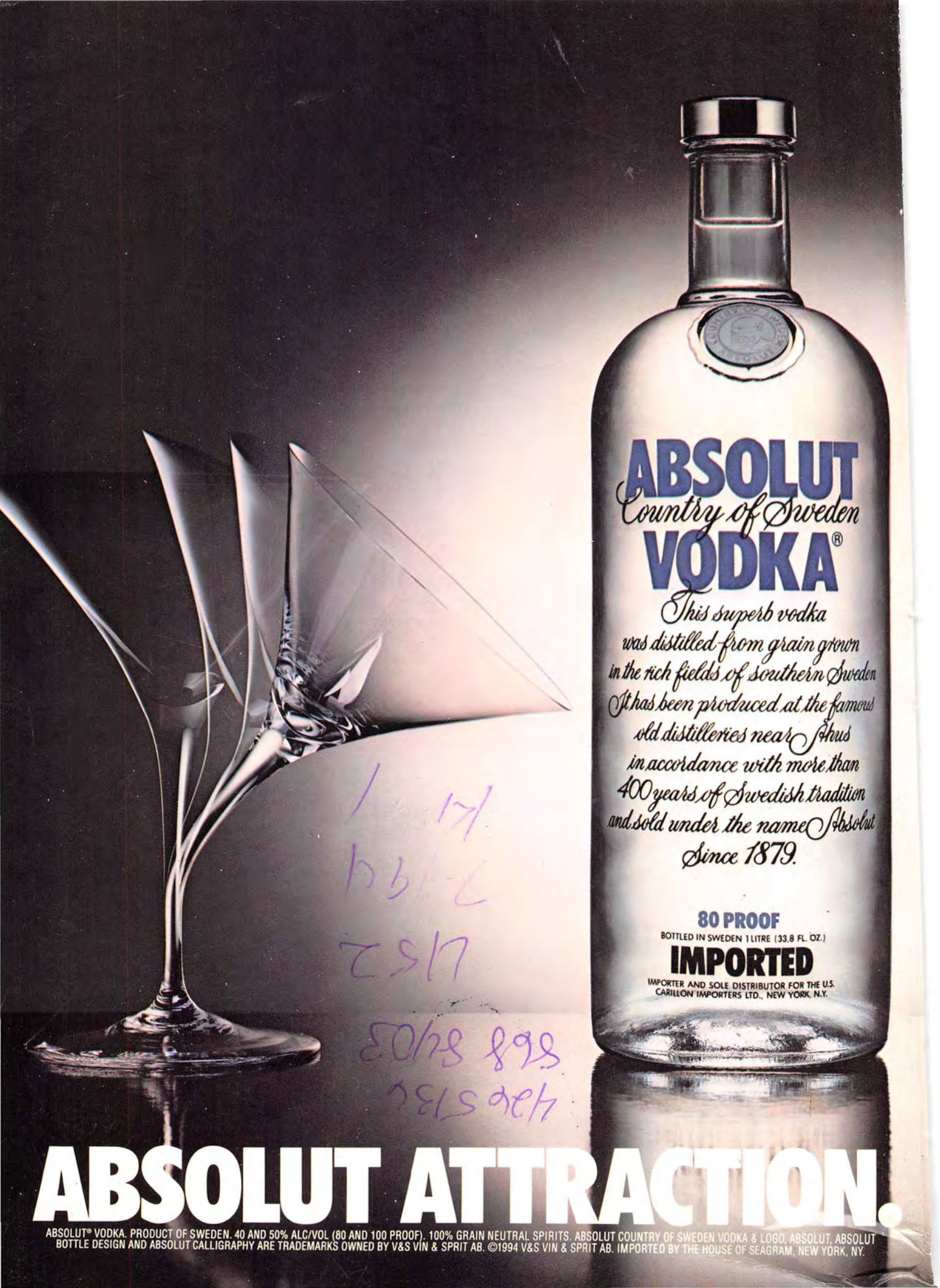
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